My BOOKHOUSE IN THE NURSERY

MY BOOK HOUSE
In the Nursery

In the Nursery

SUNSHINE in the nursery,
Sunshine everywhere;
Floods of pure and golden light,
Not a shadow there.

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In THE NURSERY *of* *MY* BOOKHOUSE

EDITED BY
Olive Beaupré Miller

PUBLISHERS
The BOOKHOUSE *for* CHILDREN
CHICAGO TORONTO

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Publishers of

My BOOKHOUSE
Six Volumes

My TRAVELSHIP
Three Volumes

My BOOK *of* HISTORY
Six Volumes

Printed in U.S.A.

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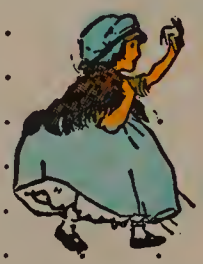

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IN THE NURSERY

THE world is so full
of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all
be as happy as kings.

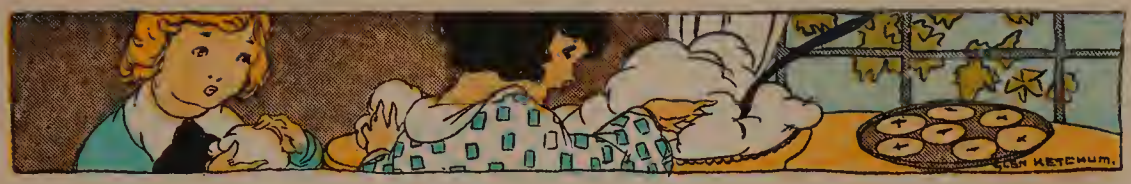
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

DANCE, little Baby, dance up high!
Never mind, Baby, Mother is by.
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little Baby, there you go!
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards,
round and round,
Dance, little Baby, and Mother will sing
With a merry carol, ding! ding! ding!

SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other down,
This is the way to London town.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby,
thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady,
and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer,
and drums for the king.

IN THE NURSERY



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Make me a cake as fast as you can;
Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

HOW many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday—
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THIS little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home!"

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind and sweet and gentle child.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

OH, here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

IN THE NURSERY

RING around the roses,
Pocket full of posies;
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
We're all tumbled down.

HUSH, baby, my dolly, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and some milk by and by,
Or perhaps you like custard, or, maybe, a tart—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my heart.

PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

THE SLEEPY SONG

AS soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft;
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader, nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill,
They quietly slip away;
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—*Josephine Daskam Bacon.*

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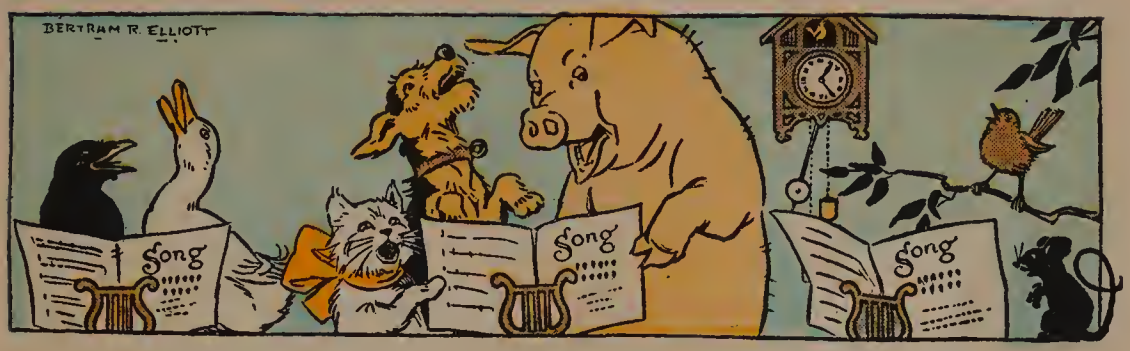
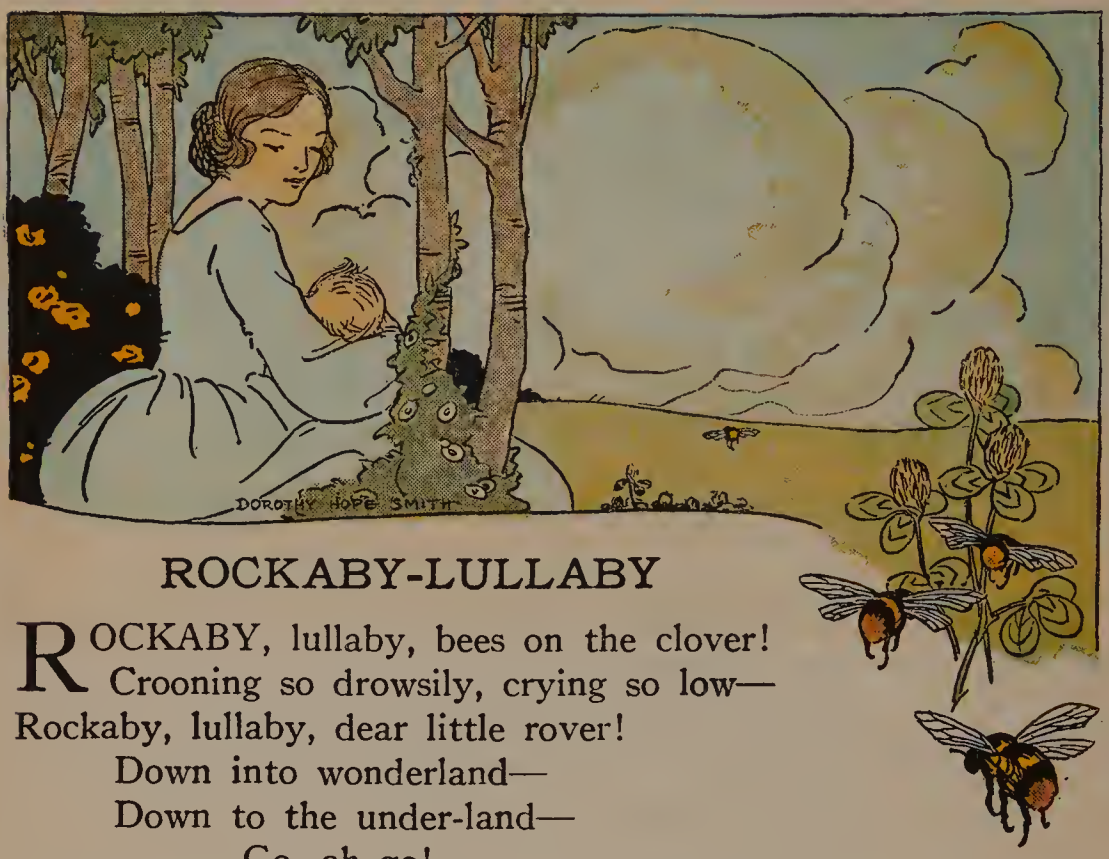


"BOW, WOW," SAYS THE DOG

"BOW, wow," says the dog,
"Mew, mew," says the cat,
"Grunt, grunt," goes the hog,
And "Squeak!" goes the rat.
"Chirp, chirp," says the sparrow,
"Caw, caw," says the crow,
"Quack, quack," says the duck,
And the cuckoo you know.

So with sparrows and cuckoos,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs!
A fine song I've made
To please you, my dear,
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

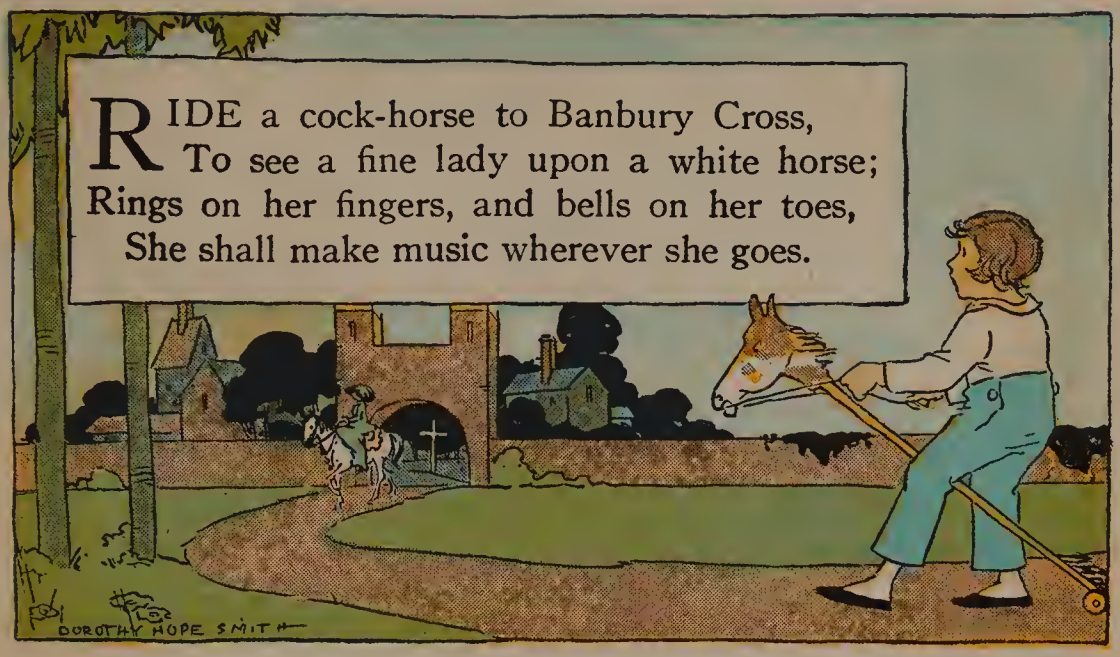


ROCKABY-LULLABY

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees on the clover!
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland—
Down to the under-land—
Go, oh go!
Down into wonderland, go! —*J. G. Holland*

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.


RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall make music wherever she goes.
DOROTHY HOPE SMITH

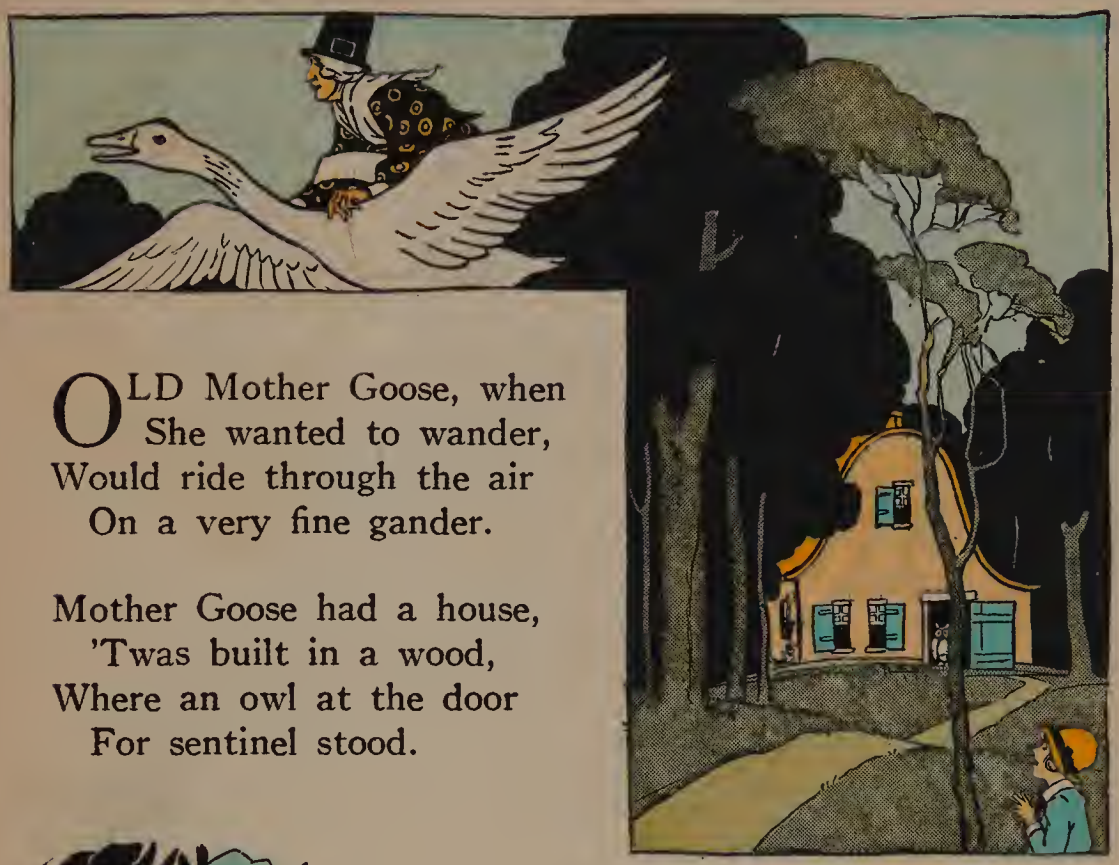
THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Tri-tre-tre-tree,
Tri-tre-tre-tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri-tre-tre-tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!

DICKORY, dickory, dock! The mouse ran up
the clock;
The clock struck one, the mouse
ran down,
Dickory, dickory, dock!

GOOSEY, Goosey, Gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.

HEY diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

IN THE NURSERY



OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

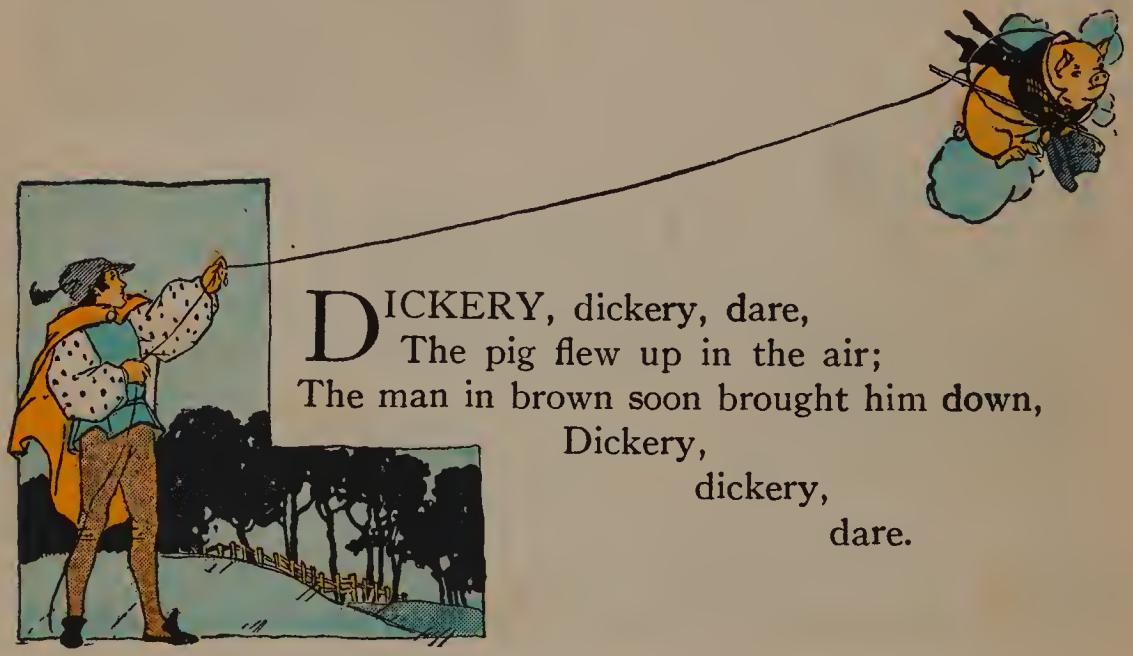
Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail,
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

BOW, wow, wow, whose dog art thou?
Little Tommy Tincker's dog, bow, wow, wow.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

RIDE away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
He shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.



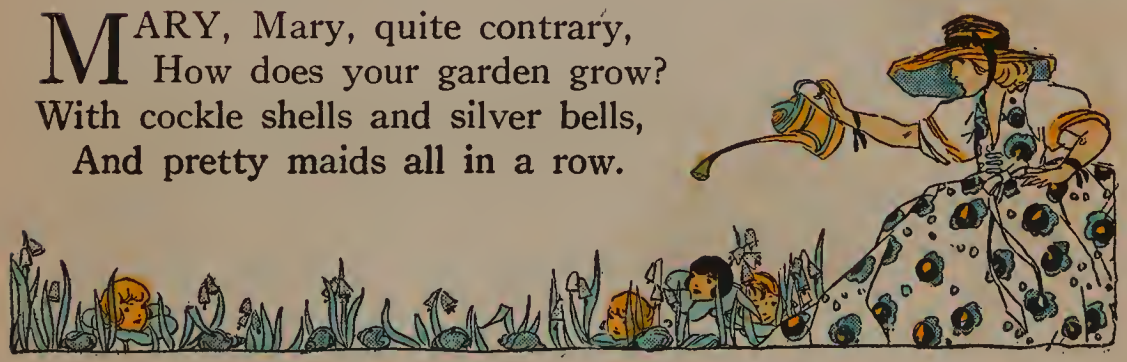
DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery,
dickery,
dare.

IN THE NURSERY

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And away he flew.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

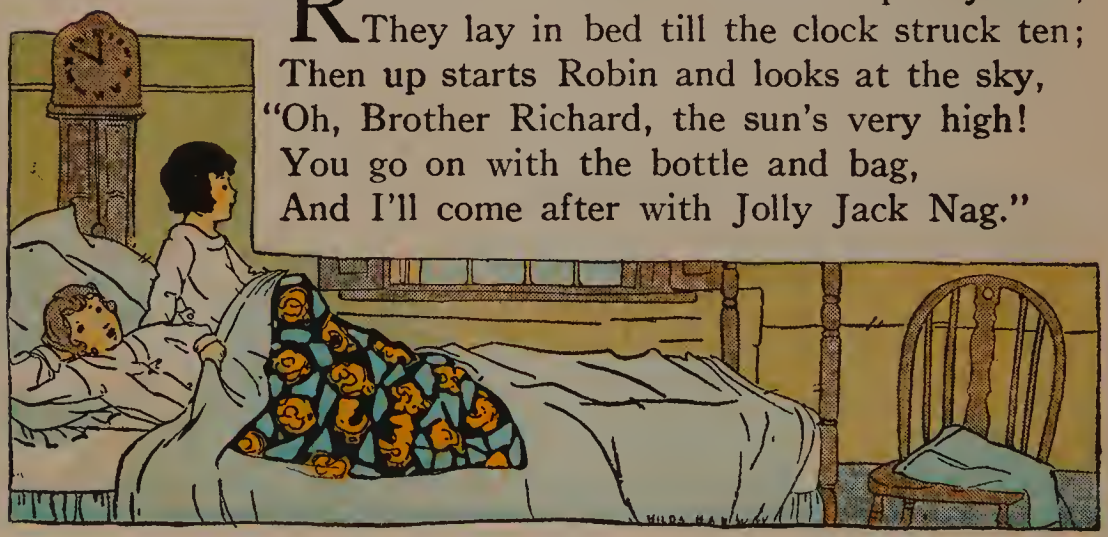
MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

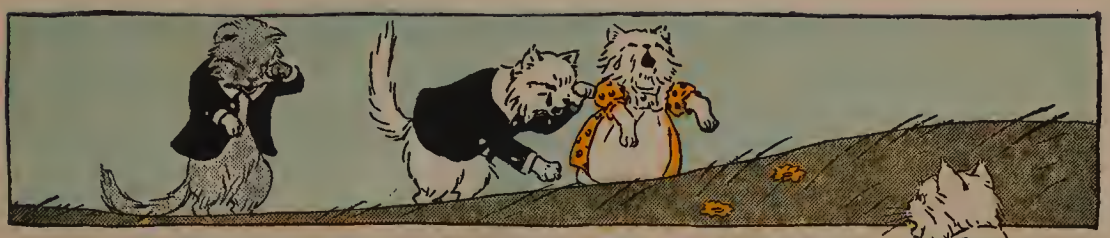


THERE was an old woman of Harrow,
Who visited in a wheelbarrow,
And her servant before
Knocked loud at each door
To announce the old woman of Harrow.

LUCY Locket lost her pocket;
Kittie Fisher found it;
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it!

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
"Oh, Brother Richard, the sun's very high!
You go on with the bottle and bag,
And I'll come after with Jolly Jack Nag."





THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"Oh! Mother dear,
We sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens."

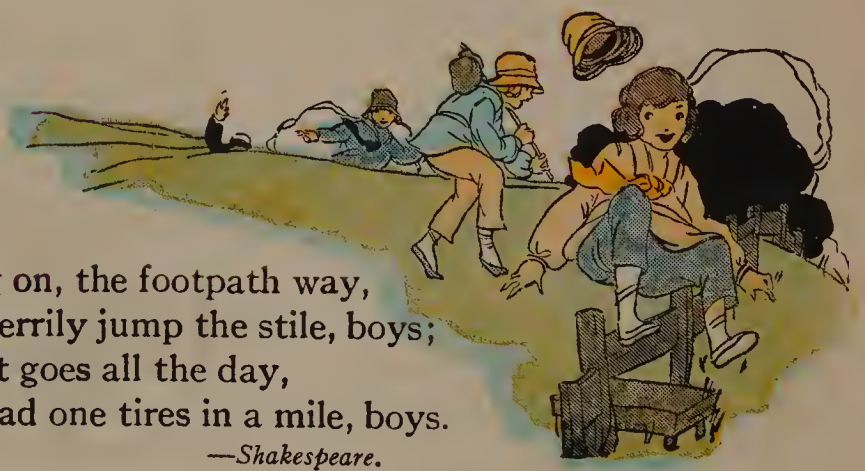
"Lost your mittens!
You careless kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"
"No, you shall have no pie!"
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"Oh! Mother dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens!"

"What, found your mittens,
You little kittens!
Then you shall have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, thank you for the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his night-gown,
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds,
For now it's eight o'clock?"

HIPPETY hop to the barber shop,
To get a stick of candy,
One for you and one for me,
And one for Sister Mandy.



JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the stile, boys;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

—*Shakespeare.*

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea,
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one, sleep,
my pretty one, sleep. —*Tennyson*

CRADLE SONG

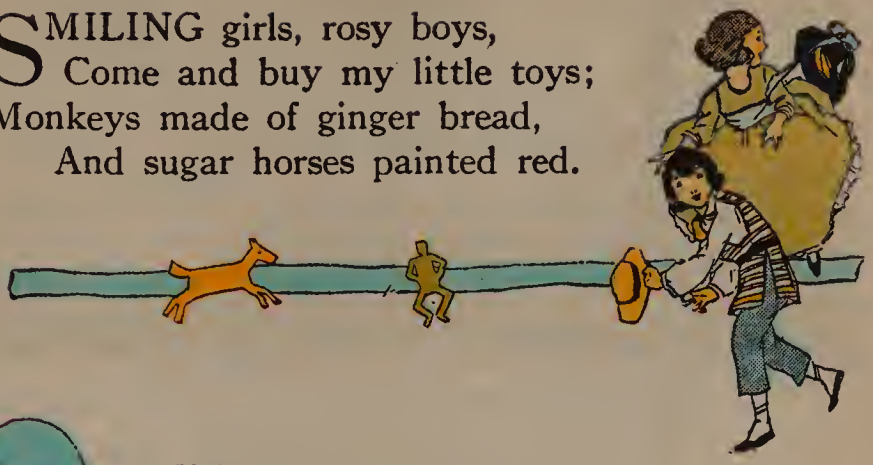
SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father's watching the sheep;
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

IN THE NURSERY

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys;
Monkeys made of ginger bread,
And sugar horses painted red.



THERE was an old man
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

UP in the green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see;
The apples are ripe, and ready to fall,
And Reuben and Robin shall gather them all.

LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep—
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick
And knows not what to do!
Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.
Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing cock a doodle doo!

HERE am I, little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

IN THE NURSERY

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep.

HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a baker's shop,
And pleased, away ran, hop, hop, hop.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, dancing a jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

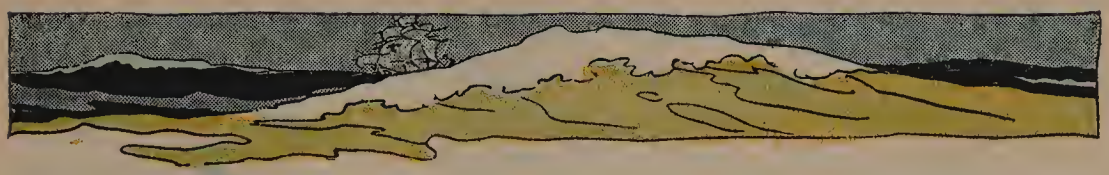
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

LITTLE King Boggin built a fine hall,
Pie crust and pastry crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Learned to play when he was young,
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe did make such a noise,
That he surely pleased both the girls and the boys,
And they all stood still, for to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard him, they began to dance;
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

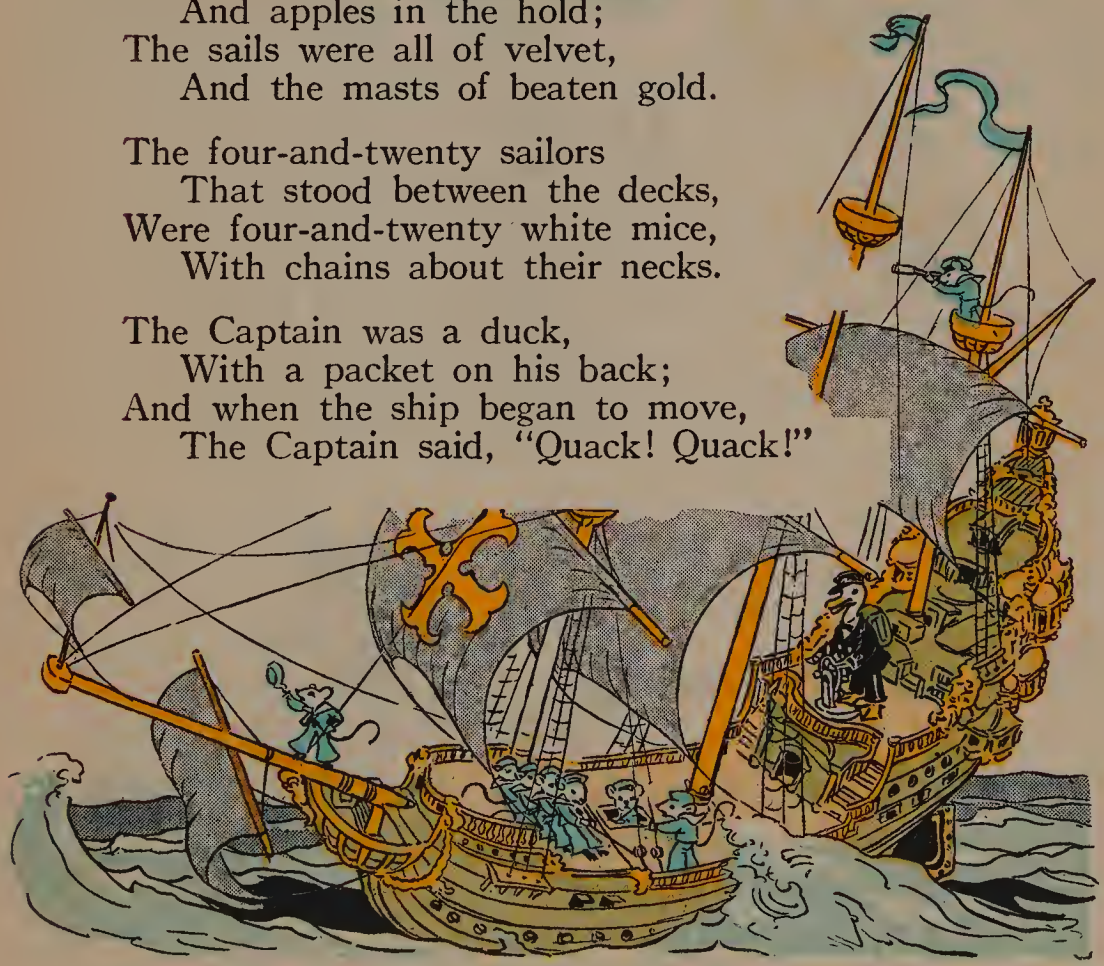


I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me!

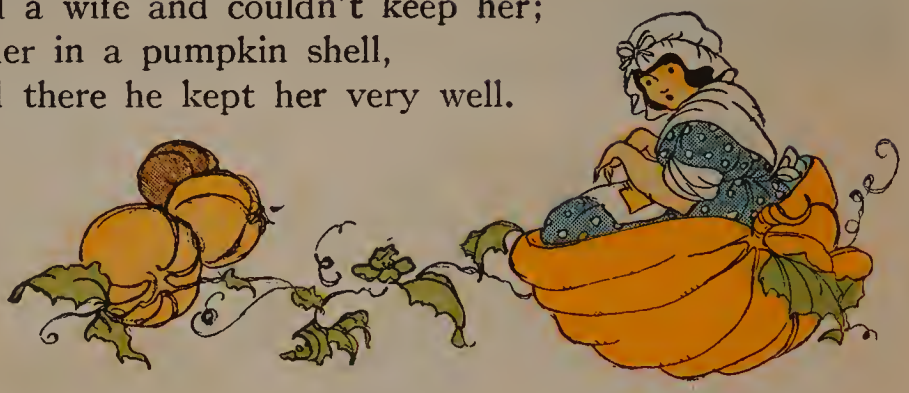
There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were all of velvet,
And the masts of beaten gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

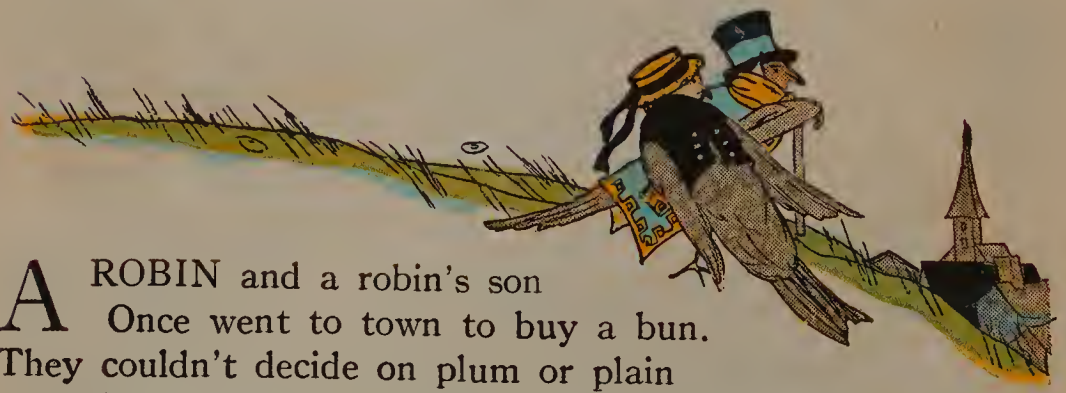
The Captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The Captain said, "Quack! Quack!"



PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.



PUSSY sits beside the fire,
How can she be fair?
In comes the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray how do you do?"
"I thank you, little Doggie,
I fare as well as you."



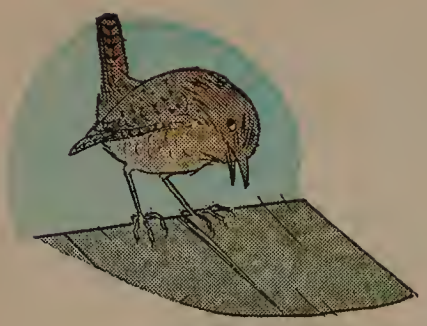
A ROBIN and a robin's son
Once went to town to buy a bun.
They couldn't decide on plum or plain
And so they went back home again.

IN THE NURSERY

WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

I HAD a little nut-tree, and nothing would it bear
Save a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off and the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.



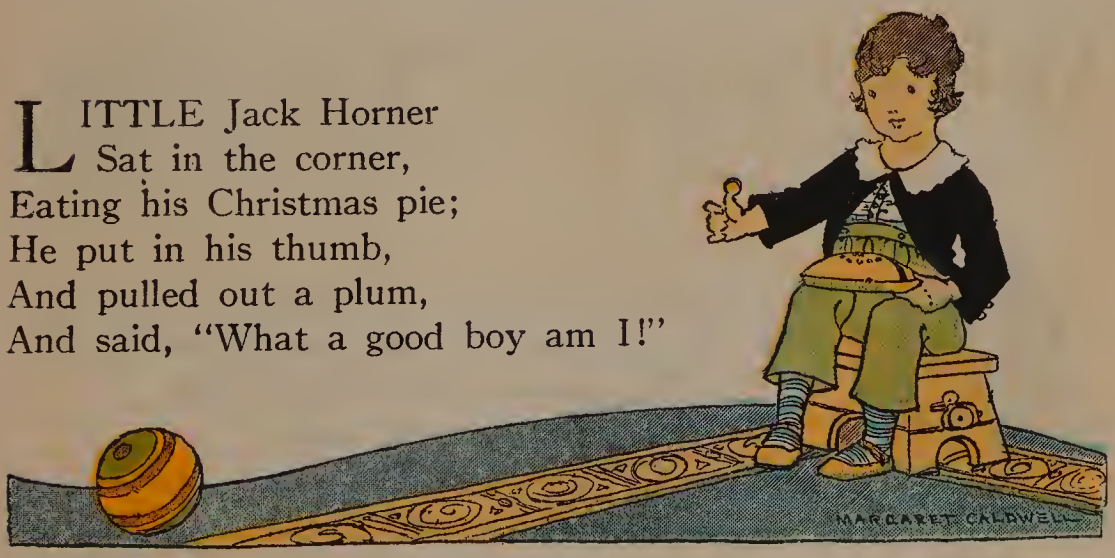
AS little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed,
She waggled with her tail
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed.

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack-a-Nory—
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
About Jack, his brother—
And now my story's done.

LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.
MARGARET CALDWELL

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,
And all of them gone to sea.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

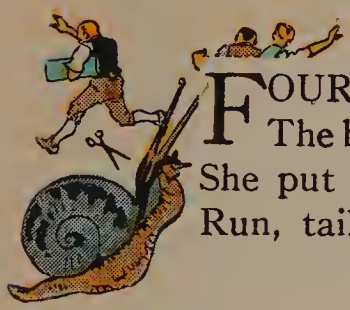
WILLIE boy, Willie boy,
Where are you going?
Oh, let us go with you,
This sunshiny day.

I'm going to the meadow,
To see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help the girls
Turn the new hay.

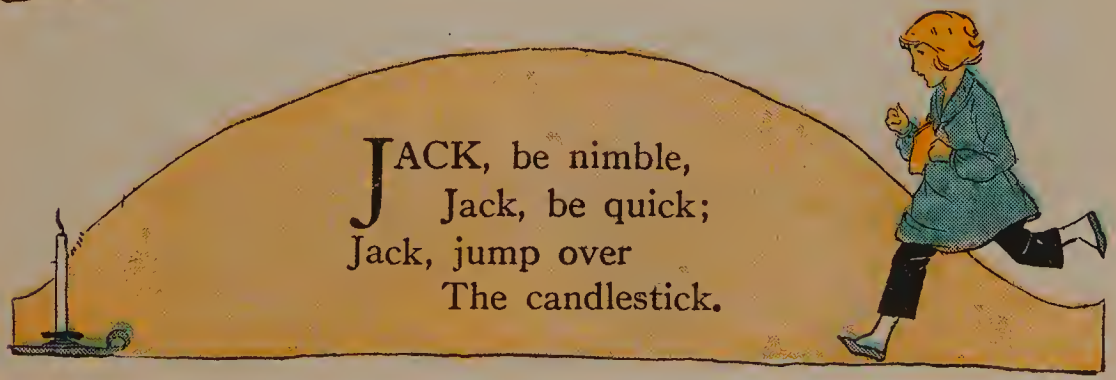
HECTOR Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen;
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

IN THE NURSERY

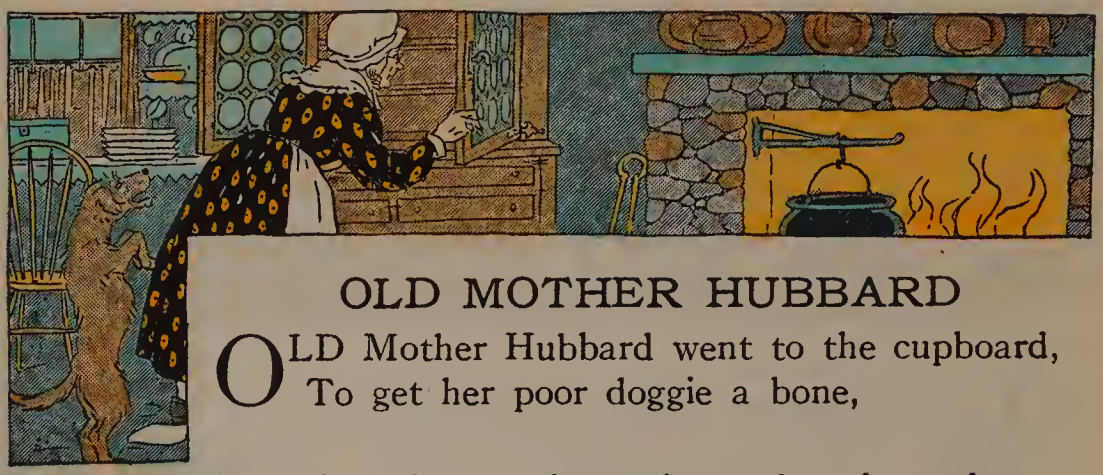
BOYS and girls, come out to play;
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or don't you come at all!
Up with the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in less than an hour.



FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went to catch a snail;
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow.
Run, tailors, run, or she'll butt you all just now.



JACK, be nimble,
Jack, be quick;
Jack, jump over
The candlestick.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggie a bone,

But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none.

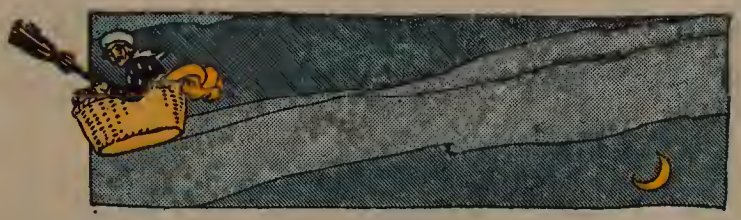
She went to the Hatter's to buy him a hat,
And when she came back he was feeding the cat.

She went to the Tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came back he was riding the goat.

She went to the Barber's to buy him a wig,
And when she came back he was dancing a jig.

The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant"; the dog said, "Bow-wow."

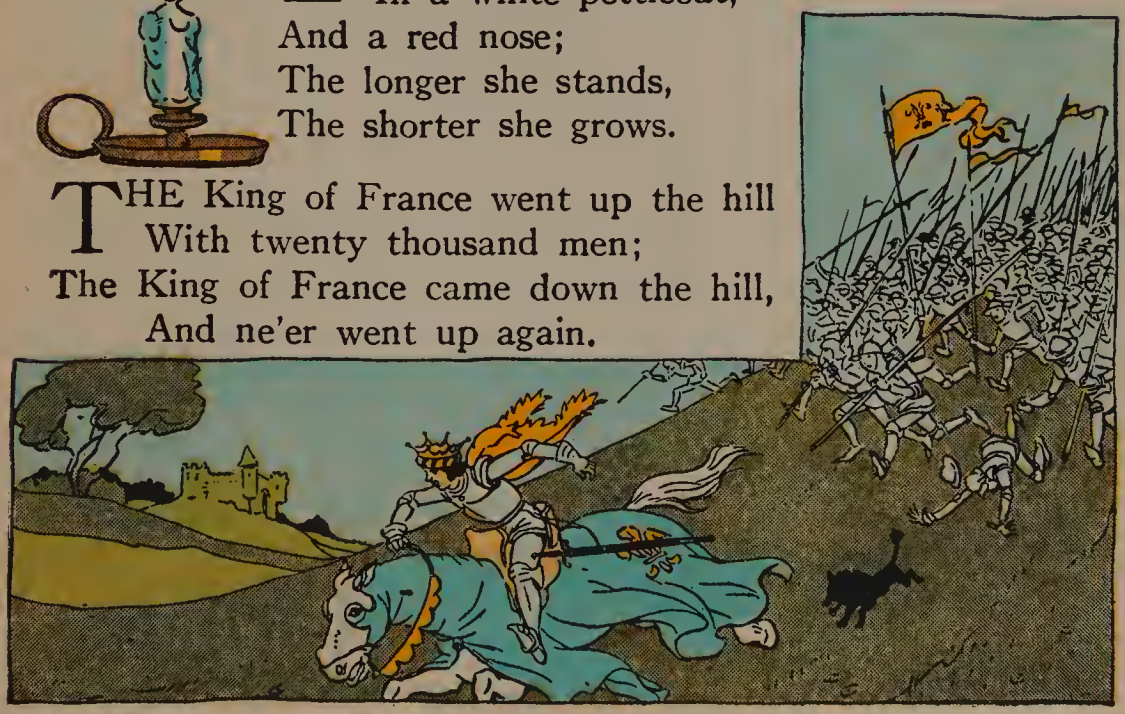
IN THE NURSERY



THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon,
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Oh whither, Oh whither, Oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Ay, by and by."

LITTLE Nanny Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

THE King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

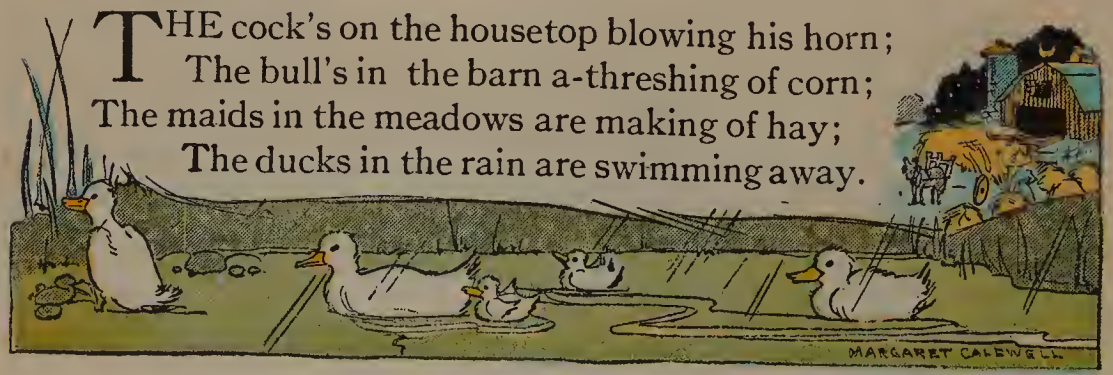


BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Say when will your wedding be.
If it be tomorrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.

He began to compliment
And I began to grin,
With "How do you do," and "How do you do,"
And "How do you do again?"

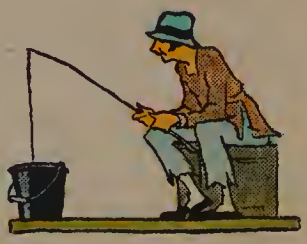
THE cock's on the housetop blowing his horn;
The bull's in the barn a-threshing of corn;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay;
The ducks in the rain are swimming away.



THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-man,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Let me taste your ware."

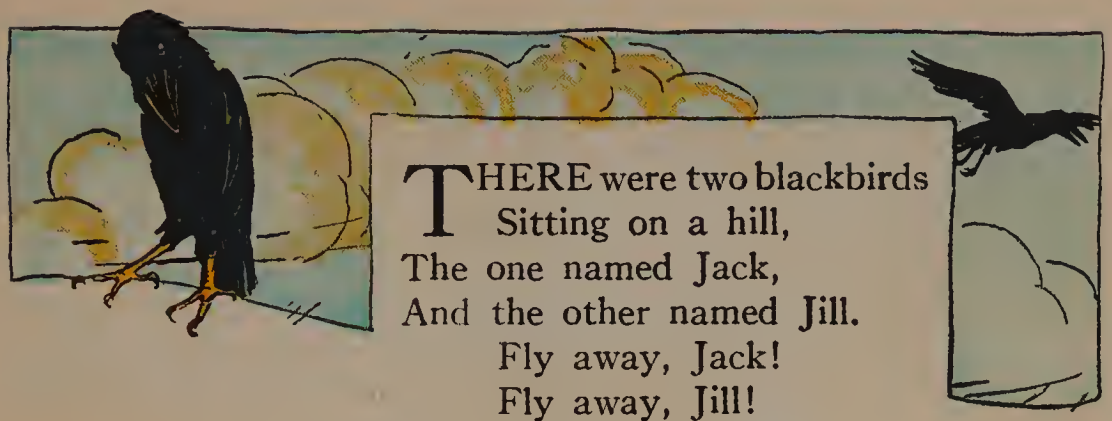
Said the pie-man to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Indeed, I have not any."



Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!

I'M glad the sky is painted blue,
And earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

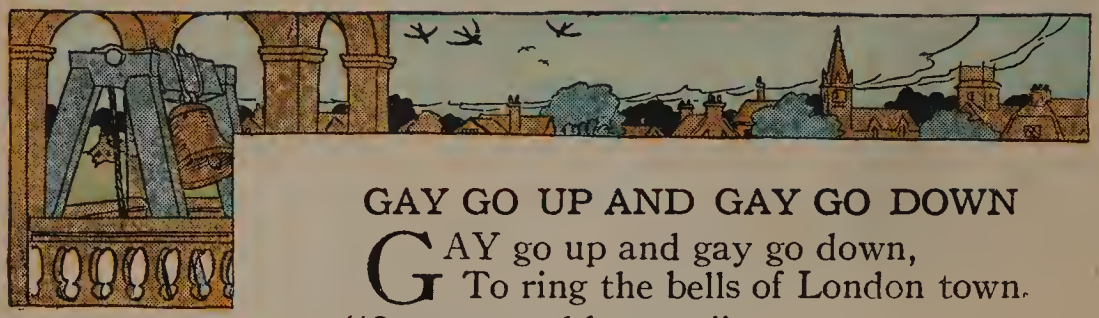
IN THE NURSERY



THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
And the other named Jill.
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

MY maid Mary she minds the dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Gaily run the reel and the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master.
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.



GAY GO UP AND GAY GO DOWN

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

"Oranges and lemons,"
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

"You owe me ten shillin's,"
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

"Pray when will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.

"I am sure I don't know."
Says the great bell at Bow.

"Brickbats and tiles,"
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

"Halfpence and farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

"Pancakes and fritters,"
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

"Two sticks and an apple,"
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

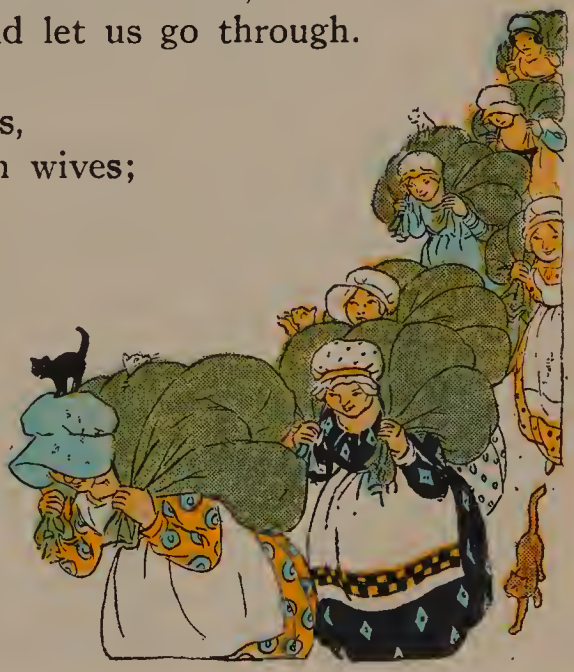
"Pokers and tongs,"
Say the bells of St. John's.

"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

IN THE NURSERY

HOW many miles to Babylon?
Three-score and ten.
Will we be there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.
Open your gates and let us go through.
Not without a beck and a boo.
There's a beck and there's a boo;
Open your gates and let us go through.

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks;
Each sack had seven cats;
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going
to St. Ives?



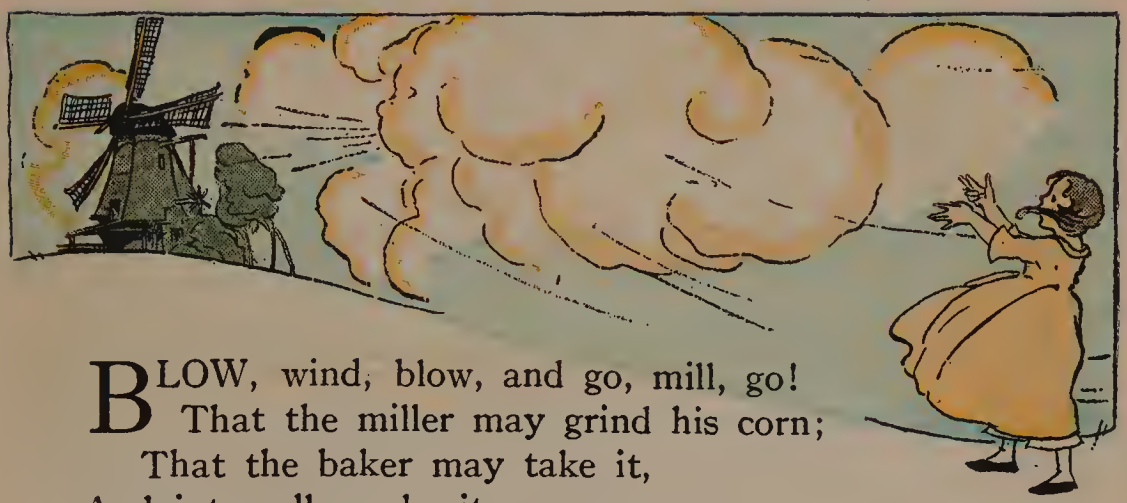
OH, THE grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up a great big hill,
And he marched them down again.

And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down;
And when they were neither down nor up,
They were neither up nor down.

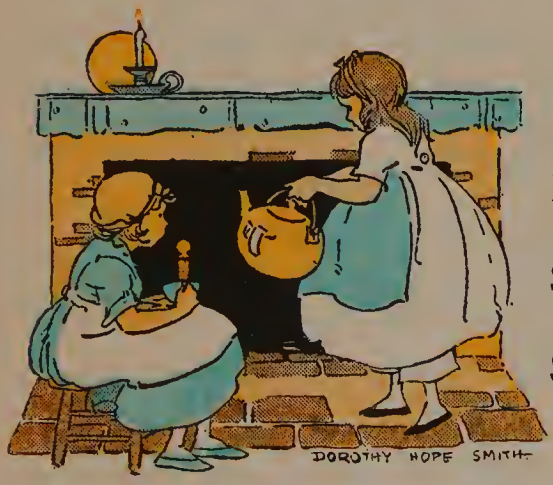
THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were, "Fiddle, faddle, feedle."

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh the doxy over the dale!
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the springtime reigns in the winter's pale!

—*Shakespeare.*

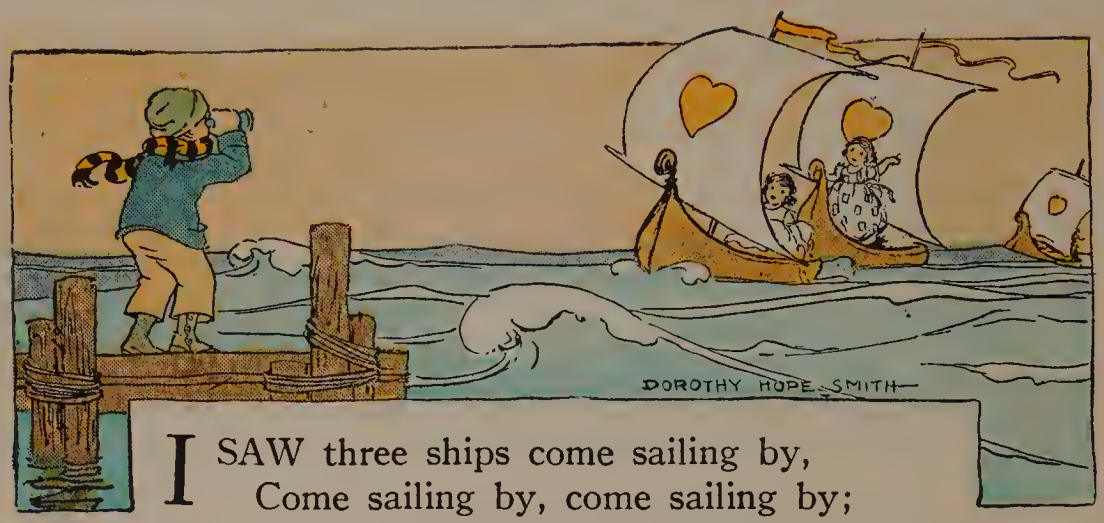


BLOW, wind, blow, and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.



POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea.
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again
They're all gone away.

SING, sing!—What shall I sing?
The Cat's run away with the Pudding Bag String.
Do, do!—What shall I do?
The Cat has bitten it quite in two.

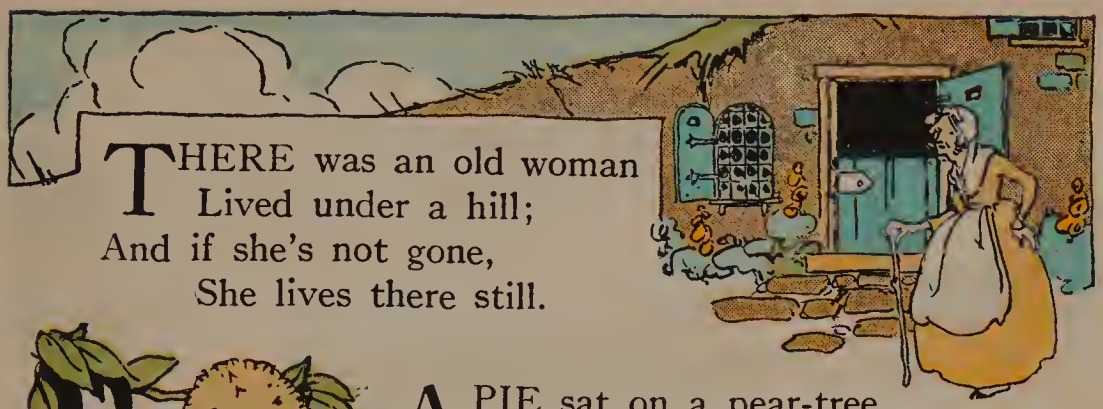


I SAW three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

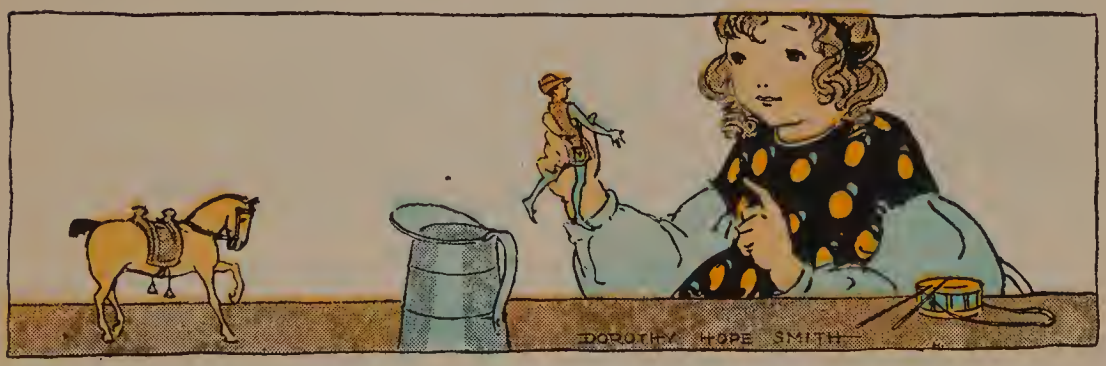
RAIN, rain, go away;
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play.
Rain, rain, go to Spain;
Don't come back again.



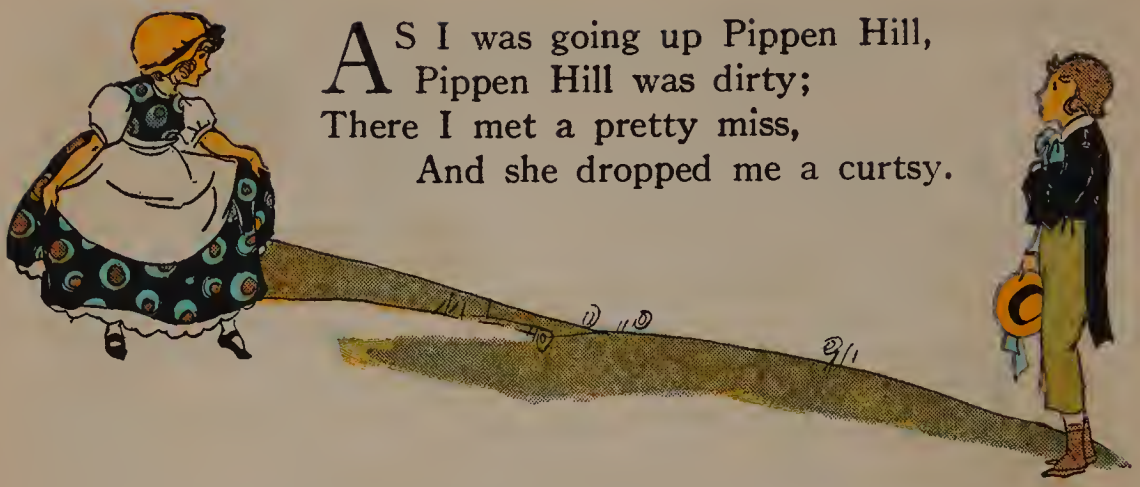
THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

A PIE sat on a pear-tree,
A pie sat on a pear-tree,
A pie sat on a pear-tree,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

Once so merrily hopped she,
Twice so merrily hopped she,
Thrice so merrily hopped she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

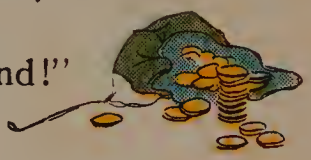


I HAD a little husband no bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot and there I bade him drum;
I bought a little handkerchief to wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.
I bought a little horse that galloped up and down;
I bridled him and saddled him and sent him out of town.

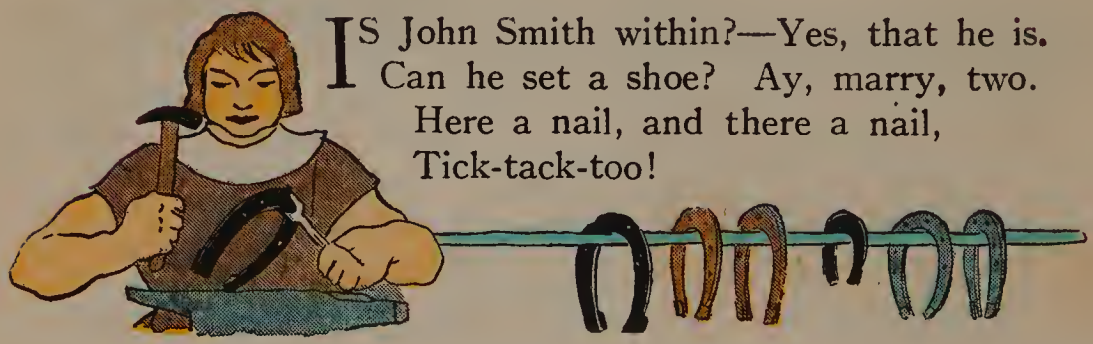


AS I was going up Pippen Hill,
Pippen Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!"



If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell,
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"

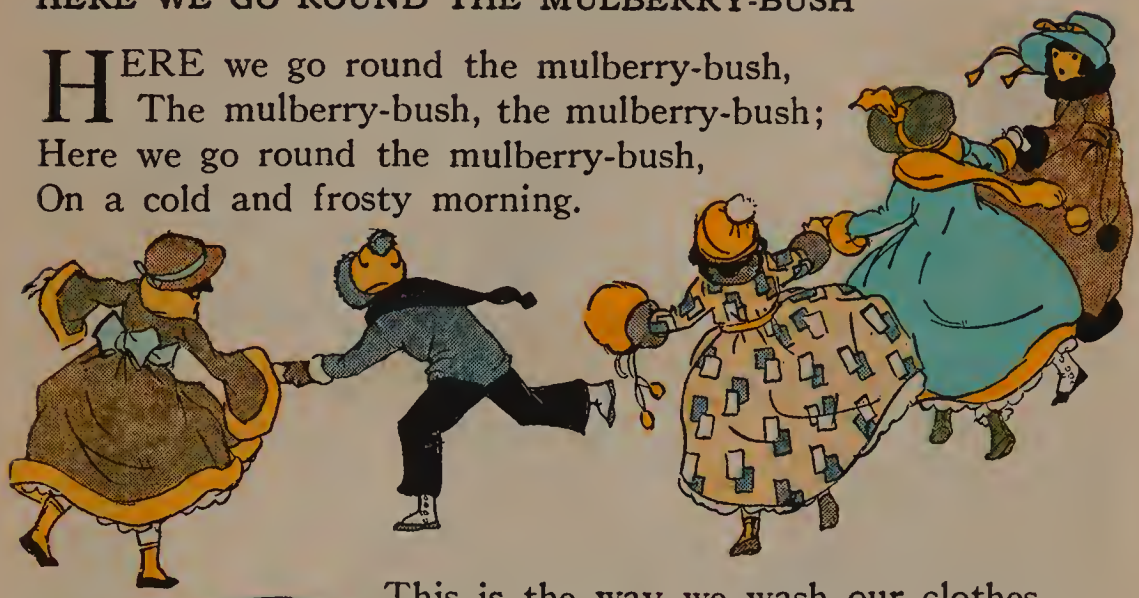


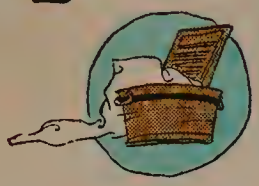
IS John Smith within?—Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick-tack-too!

IN THE NURSERY

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY-BUSH

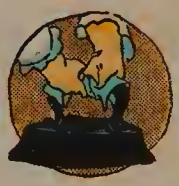
HERE we go round the mulberry-bush,
The mulberry-bush, the mulberry-bush;
Here we go round the mulberry-bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.





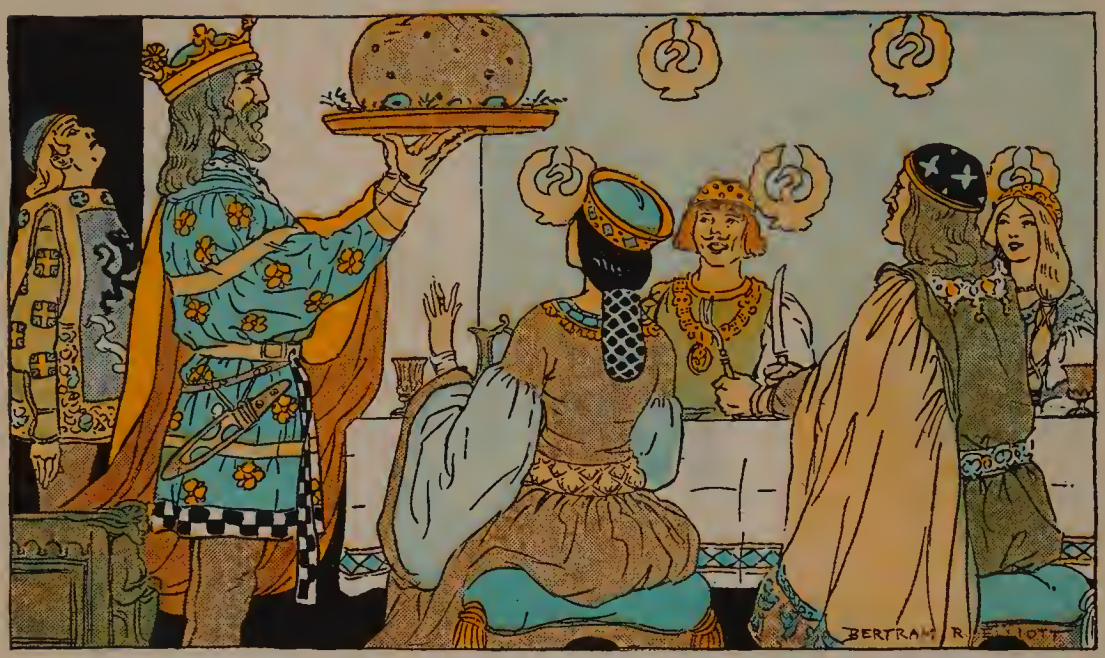
This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes;
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes;
This is the way we iron our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.



This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands;
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school;
This is the way we go to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.



WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

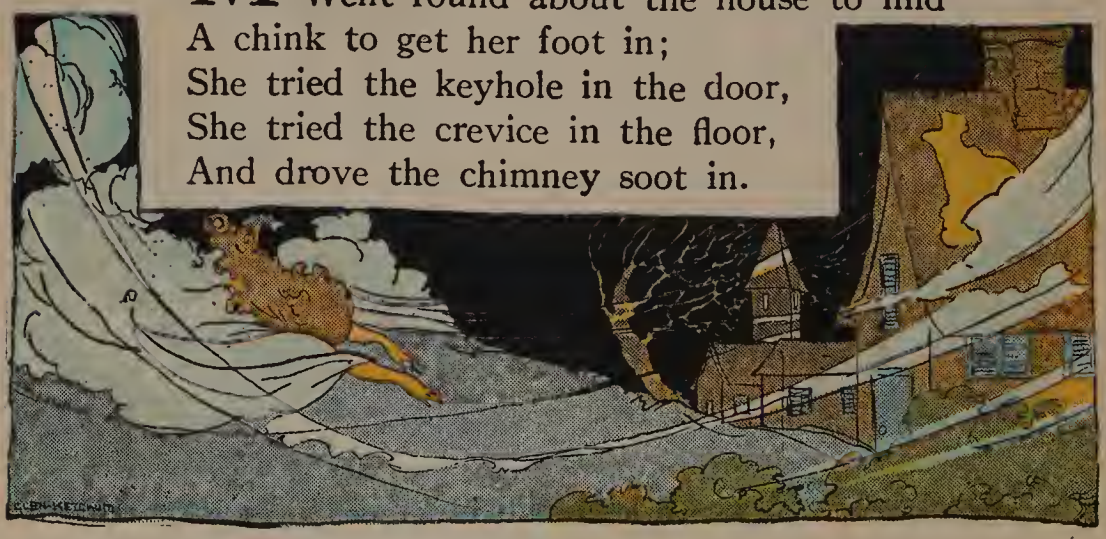
BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, Sir, Yes, Sir, three bags full;
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy who lives in the lane.

THERE was a piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday!"

THE Man in the wilderness
Asked me
How many strawberries
Grew in the sea;
I answered him as I thought good,
"As many red herrings
as grow in the wood."



MY lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

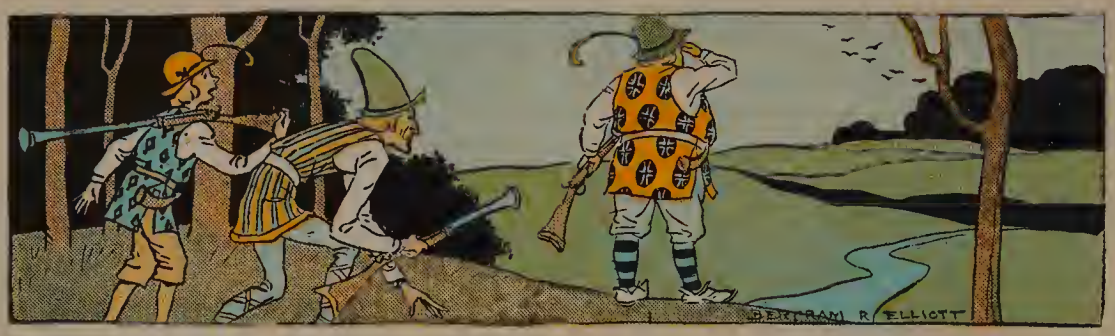
BILLY, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day.
Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.

Billy, Billy, have you seen
Sam and Betsy on the green?
Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new-mown grass.

Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song.
Oh, then, Polly, I'll make haste;
Not one moment will I waste.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

CHARLEY NAG
Ate the pudding and left the bag.



THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other, he said nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other, he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

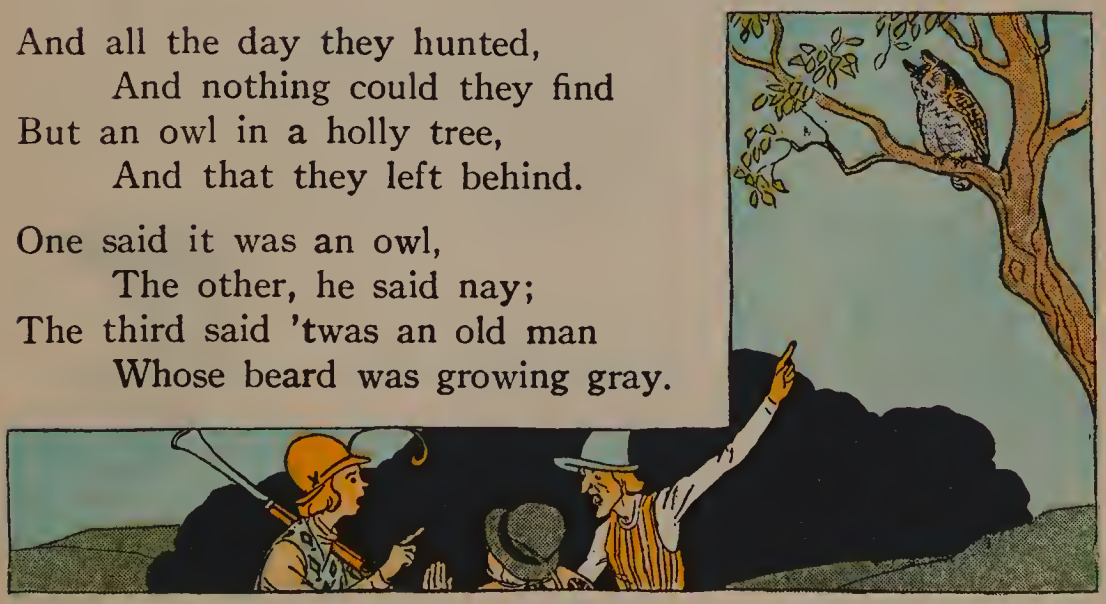
The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second, he said nay;
The third said 'twas a pin-cushion,
With the pin stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field
And that they left behind.

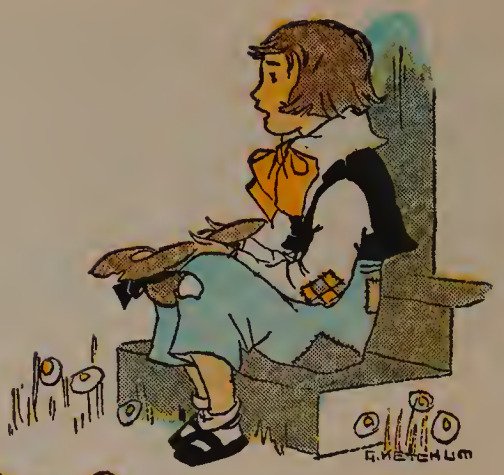
The first said it was a hare,
The second, he said nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other, he said nay;
The third said 'twas an old man
Whose beard was growing gray.



LITTLE Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall we give him?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry
Without e'er a wife?



INTERY, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east, and one flew west,
And one flew over the Cuckoo's nest.

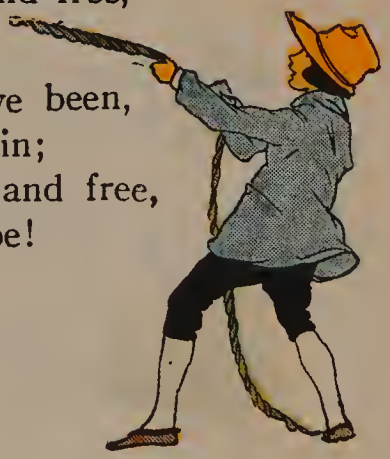
IF wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

IN THE NURSERY

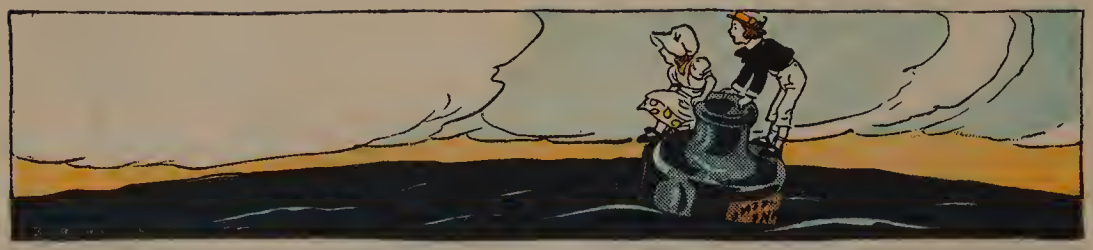
BUTTONS, a farthing a pair!
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty,
And fit for girls of the city!
Come, who will buy them of me?
Buttons, a farthing a pair!

MERRY are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!



MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.



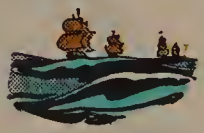
IF all the world were water,
And all the water ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree;
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone;
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple;
When she ate two, she had eaten a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill;
When he went on, he stood not still.



There was a navy went to Spain;
When it returned, it came back again.

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.
A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.

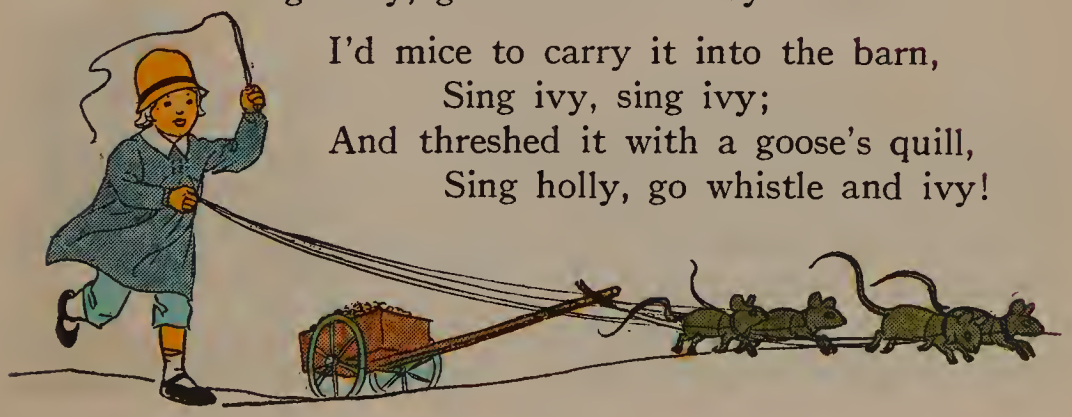
MY FATHER LEFT ME THREE ACRES OF LAND

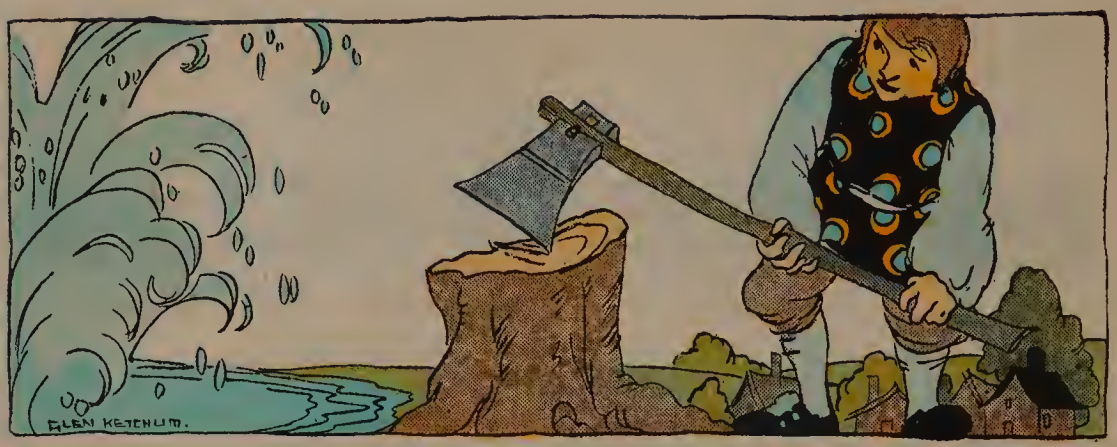
MY father left me three acres of land,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
My father left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I ploughed it with a crooked ram's horn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And sowed it over with one pepper-corn,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

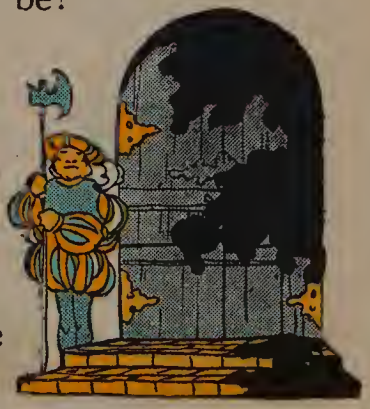
I'd mice to carry it into the barn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And threshed it with a goose's quill,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!





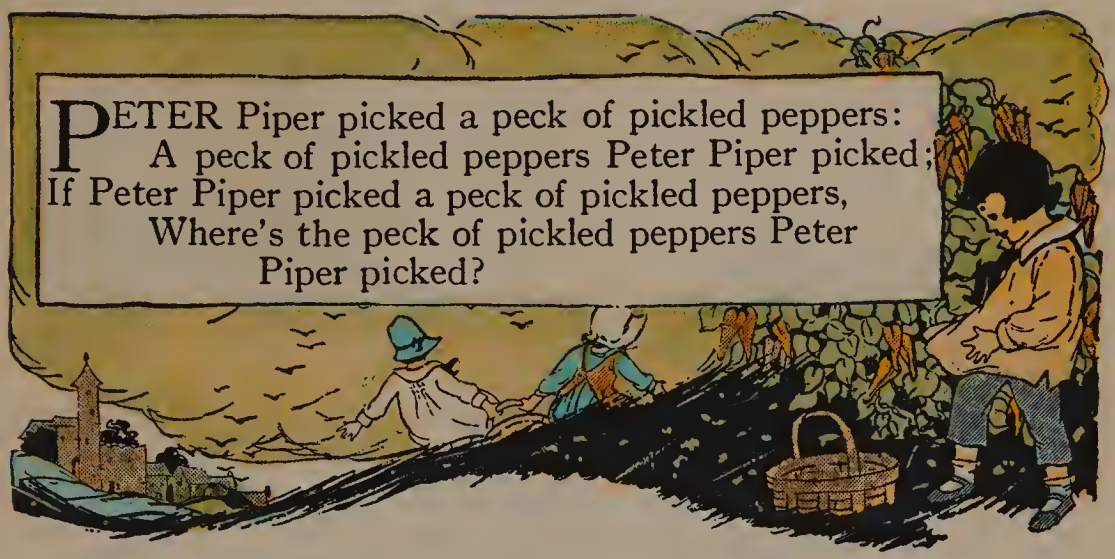
IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great sea* that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great tree* that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great axe* that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great man* that would be!
And if the *great man* took the *great axe*,
And cut down the *great tree*,
And let it fall into the *great sea*,
What a *splish-splash* that would be!

SUNSHINE



HICK-A-MORE, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen door.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more
Off the King's kitchen door.

IN THE NURSERY



PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers:
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter
Piper picked?

I WENT up one pair of stairs."
"Just like me."
"I went up two pair of stairs."
"Just like me."
"I went into a room."
"Just like me."
"I looked out a window."
"Just like me."
"And there I saw a monkey."
"Just like me! ! !"

GREAT A, little a, bouncing B,
The Cat's in the cupboard
and she can't see.

A DILLER, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

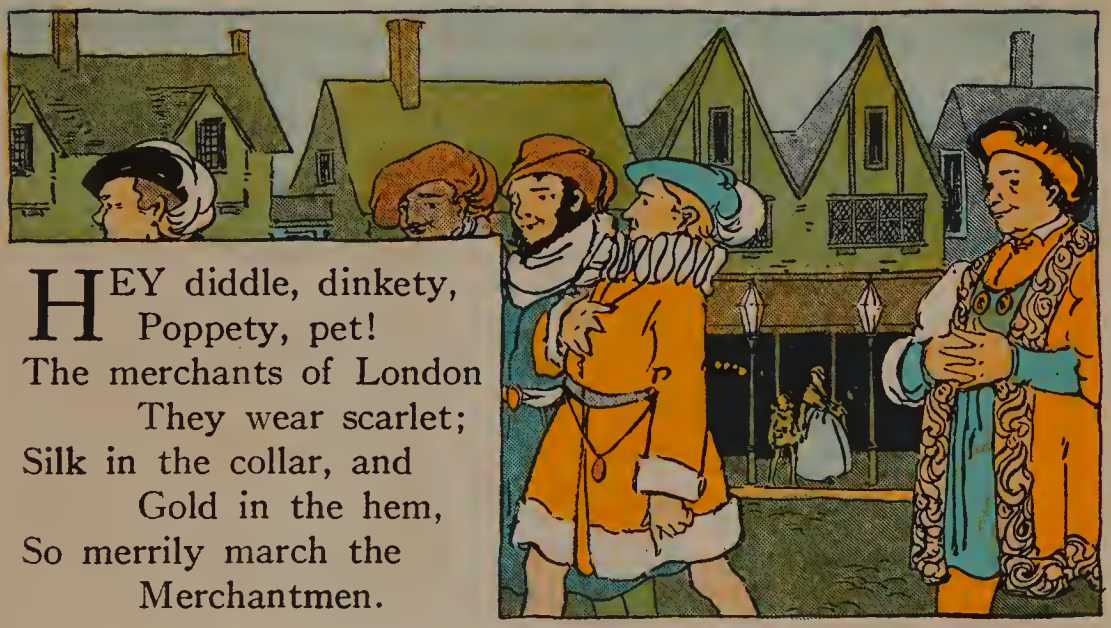
THERE'S a neat little clock—
In the schoolroom it stands—
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S and T, U, V,
W, X, Y and Z.
Now I've said my A, B, C,
Tell me what you think of me.

IN THE NURSERY

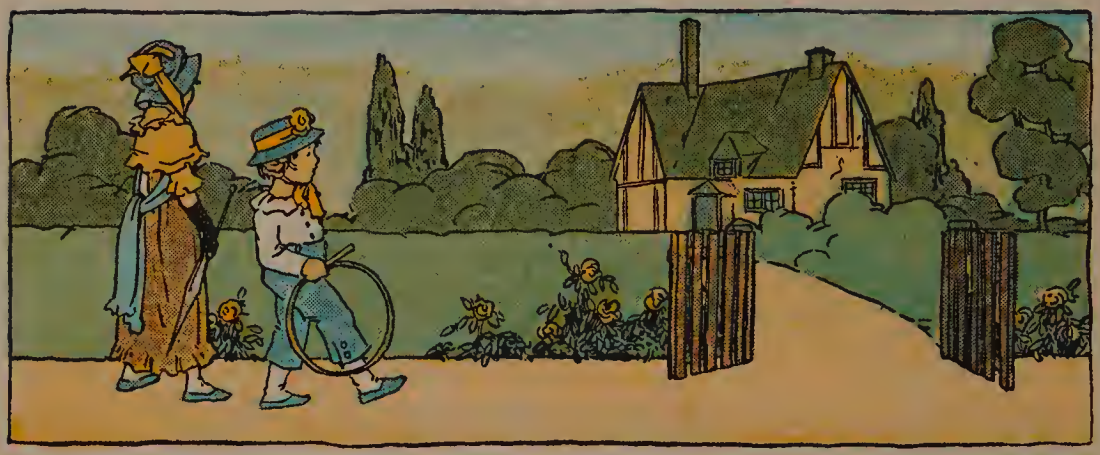
ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, knock at the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a big fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.



HEY diddle, dinkety,
Poppety, pet!
The merchants of London
They wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar, and
Gold in the hem,
So merrily march the
Merchantmen.

MIND YOUR COMMAS!

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet,
All this is true, without deceit.



GOING TO SEE GRANDMAMMA

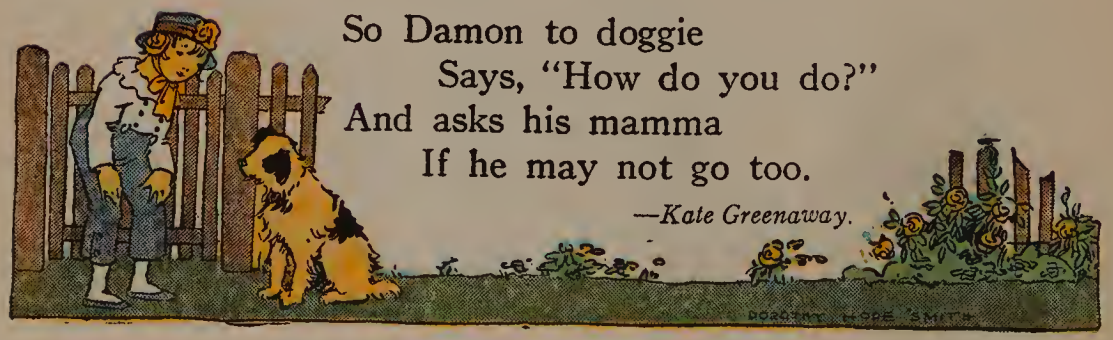
LITTLE Molly and Damon
Are walking so far,
For they're going to see
Their kind Grandmamma.

And they very well know,
When they get there she'll take
From out of the cupboard
Some very nice cake.

And into her garden
They know they may run,
And pick some red currants,
And have lots of fun.

So Damon to doggie
Says, "How do you do?"
And asks his mamma
If he may not go too.

—*Kate Greenaway.*



IN THE NURSERY

THE TEA PARTY

IN the pleasant green Garden
We sat down to tea;
"Do you take sugar?" and
"Do you take milk?"
She'd got a new gown on—
A smart one of silk.

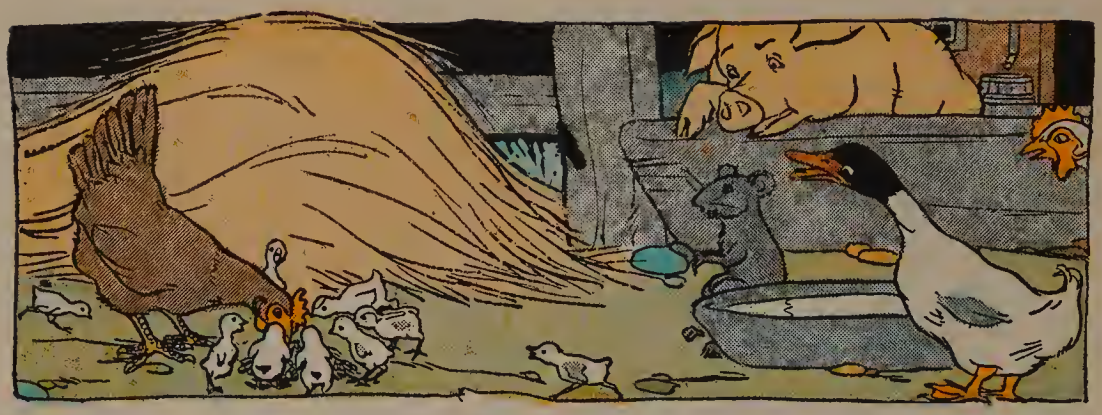
We all were as happy
As happy could be,
On that bright summer's day
When she asked us to tea.

—Kate Greenaway.

LITTLE WIND

LITTLE wind, blow on the hill top;
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine;
Little wind, blow off the rain.

—Kate Greenaway.



The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat

AN ENGLISH FOLK TALE

THE Little Red Hen was in the farmyard with her chicks looking for something to eat.

She found some grains of wheat and she said:

"Cut, cut, cut, cudawcut!
These grains of wheat I'll sow;
The rain and warm spring sunshine
Will surely make them grow.

Now who will help me sow the wheat?"

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Mouse.

"Not I," said the Pig.

"Then I'll sow it myself," said Little Red Hen.

And she did.

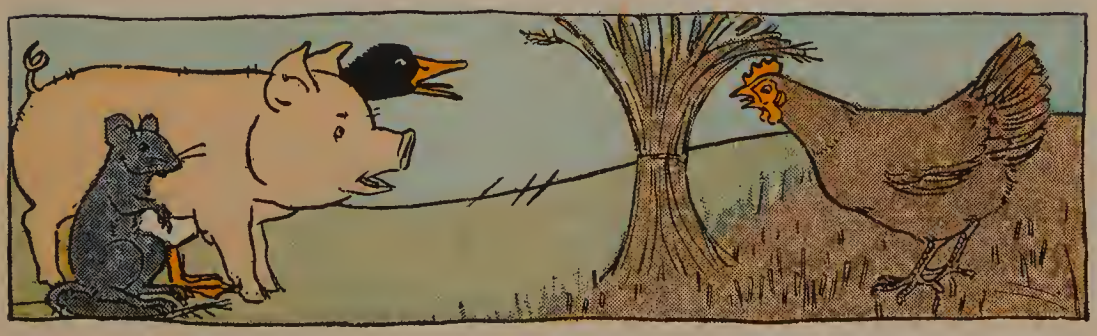
When the grain had grown up tall and was ready to cut, Little Red Hen said:

"Cut, cut, cut, cudawcut!
I'll cut, cut, cut this grain;
It's nodding ripe and golden,
From days of sun and rain.

Now who will help me cut the wheat?"
"Not I," said the Duck.
"Not I," said the Mouse.
"Not I," said the Pig.
"Then I'll cut it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.
When the wheat was cut, Little Red Hen said:

"Cut, cut, cut, cudawcut!
It's time to thresh the wheat;
Each little grain so precious
From out the chaff I'll beat.

Now who will help me thresh the wheat?"



"Not I," said the Duck.
"Not I," said the Mouse.
"Not I," said the Pig.
"Then I'll thresh it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.
When the wheat was threshed, Little Red Hen said:

"See where the windmill's great, long arms
Go whirling round and round!
I'll take this grain straight to the mill;
To flour it shall be ground.

Cluck! Cluck! Who'll help me carry the grain to the mill?"
"Not I," said the Duck.
"Not I," said the Mouse.
"Not I," said the Pig.
"Then I'll carry it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.
When the wheat was ground, Little Red Hen said:

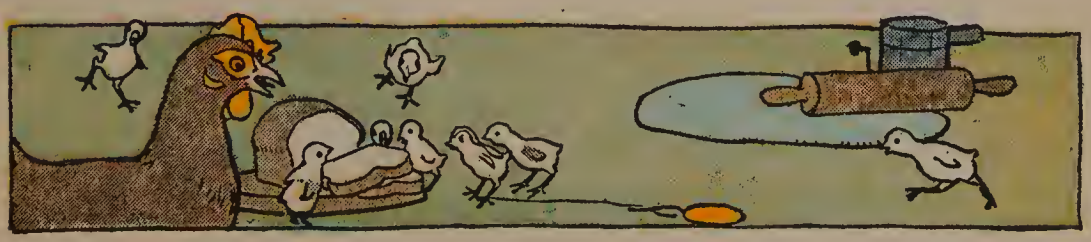
"I've sowed and reaped and threshed, cluck, cluck!
I've carried to the mill,
And now I'll bake a loaf of bread,
With greatest care and skill.

Who'll help me bake the bread?"

"Not I," said the Duck.
"Not I," said the Mouse.
"Not I," said the Pig.
"Then I'll bake it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.
When the bread was baked, Little Red Hen said:

"Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
The bread is done,
It's light and sweet,
Now who will come
And help me *eat?*"

"*I will,*" quacked the Duck.
"*I will,*" squeaked the Mouse.
"*I will,*" grunted the Pig.
"*No! You won't,*" said Little Red Hen. "I'll do it myself. Cluck! Cluck! My chicks! I earned this bread for you! Eat it up! Eat it up!"
And they did.



OVER IN THE MEADOW

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink," said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim," said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived an old mother-bluebird
And her little birdies three.

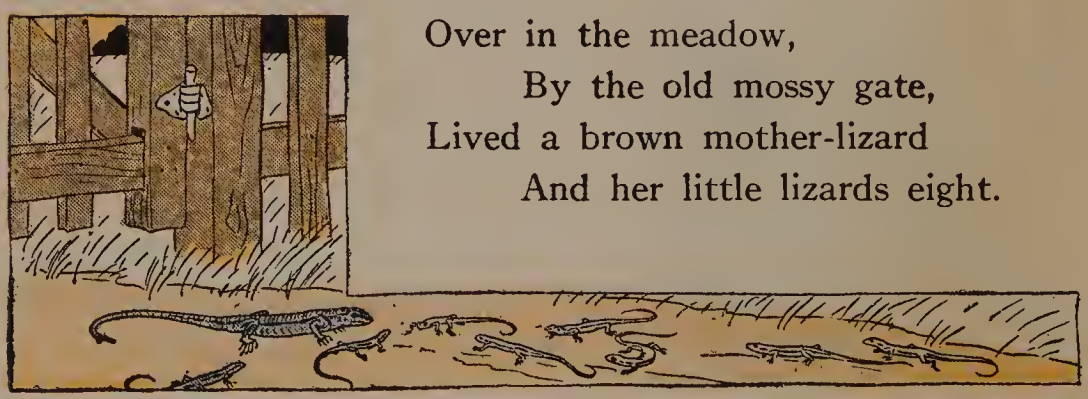
"Sing," said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her ratties four.
"Dive," said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug bee-hive,
Lived a mother honey bee
And her little bees five.
"Buzz," said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug bee-hive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw," said the mother;
"We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

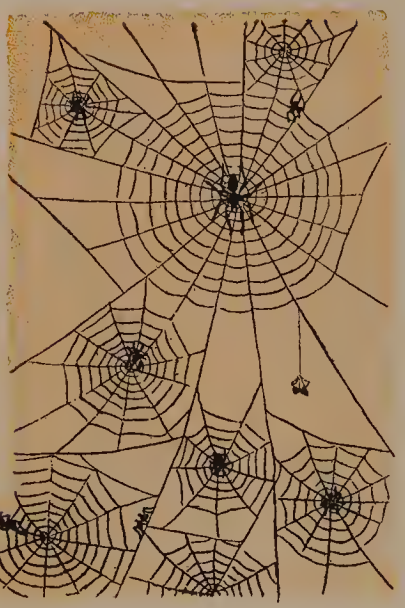
Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp," said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.



Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.

"Bask," said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the quiet pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak," said the mother,
"We croak," said the nine—
So they croaked and they splashed
Where the quiet pools shine.



Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin," said the mother,
"We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW

MOON, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky.
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air.

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hills at last.
Sometime I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed.

—*Matthias Barr.*

IN THE NURSERY

What the Moon Saw

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

LISTEN to what old Mr. Moon told me.

"I have seen many happy people as I travel about," said the Moon, "but I have never seen greater joy than I saw last night. I peeped in a window, and there stood a child, a little four-year-old girl.

"She had on a very pretty new dress and a pink hat. They had just been put on, and the people who stood about were calling for lights. My own light, as it shone through the window, was not strong enough for them to see her. They must have something brighter altogether to look at anything so pretty.

"When the candles came and were all ablaze, there stood the little girl as stiff as any doll. She was holding her arms away from the dress so as not to touch it, and each finger stuck out straight and stiff. Oh, how her eyes shone and her whole face beamed with gladness!

" 'Tomorrow you shall go out in your new clothes,' said the mother; and the little one looked down at her frock and smiled so happily.

" 'Mother,' she said, 'what do you suppose the DOGS will think when they see me in all my pretty things!' "

—Adapted.

The "Wake-Up" Story

EUDORA BUMSTEAD

THE sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said: "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

From *The Youth's Companion*

The good old pump by the orchard path,
Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopped at the wood-pile, and said: "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path,
Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath,
And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said: "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray. Will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

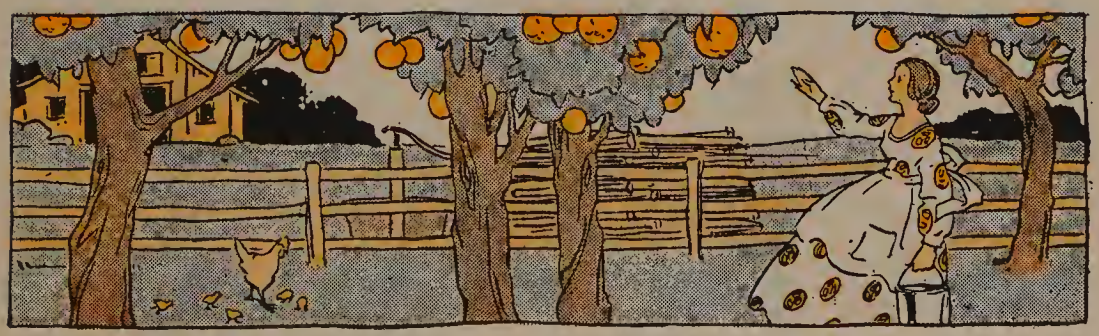
Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratch-

ing in the straw: "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray. Will you give me a new laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path,
Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the top-knot Biddy an egg, new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a Red June apple tree: "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me



a new-laid egg for dear little Ray. Will you give me a pretty red apple?" And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his nightgown, looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the "Wake-Up" story that I am telling you:

The good old pump by the orchard path,
Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
The top-knot Biddy an egg, new and white;
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.

GOING TO LONDON

MARY MAPES DODGE

UP, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Sunny road and shady.
I'm the papa,
You're the ma'ma,
You're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
See how fast we're going!
Feel the jar
Of the car?
Feel the wind a-blowing?

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we are this minute!
Rock-a-chair
Anywhere,
When we two are in it.

From *Rhymes and Jingles*. Copyright, 1874, by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.; 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

THOMAS HOOD

"WHERE are you going to, you little pig?"
"I'm leaving my mother, I'm growing so big!"
"So big, young pig,
So young, so big!
What! Leaving your mother, you foolish young pig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"
"I've got a new spade, and I'm going to dig."
"To dig, little pig?
A little pig dig!
Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!"

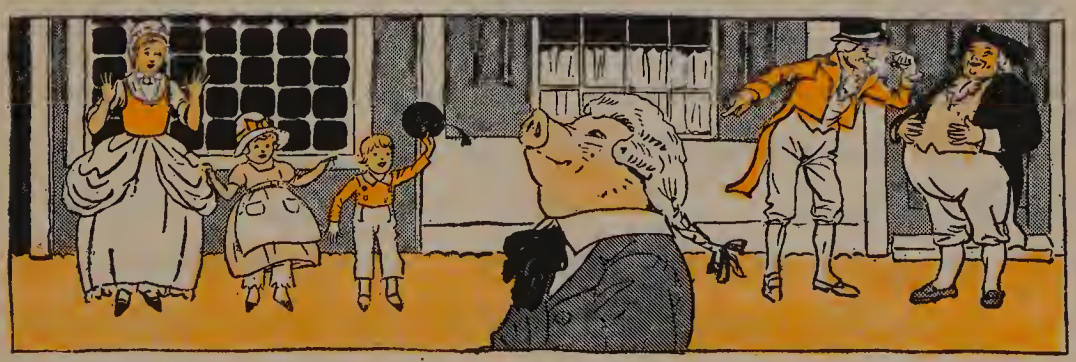
"Where are you going to, you little pig?"
"Why, I'm going to have a nice ride in a gig!"
"In a gig, little pig!
What! A pig in a gig!
Well, I never saw a pig ride in a gig!"

IN THE NURSERY

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"
"Well, I'm going to the ball to dance a fine jig!"
"A jig, little pig!
A pig dance a jig!
Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"
"I'm going to the fair to run a fine rig."
"A rig, little pig!
A pig run a rig!
Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"
"I'm going to the barber's to buy me a wig!"
"A wig, little pig!
A pig in a wig!
Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig!"



The Cat and the Mouse

AN ENGLISH FOLK TALE

THE cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss," cried the mouse, "give me my tail."

"No, no," says the cat. "I'll not give you your tail till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the cow and thus she began:

"Pray, Cow, give me some milk that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"No, no," said the cow. "I'll give you no milk till you go to the farmer and get me some hay."

First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the farmer and thus she began:

"Pray, Farmer, give me some hay that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"No, no," says the farmer, "I'll give no hay till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the butcher and thus she began:

"Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the baker and thus she began:

"Pray, Baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"Yes," says the baker, "I'll give you some bread,
But don't eat my meal or I'll cut off your head!"

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her tail again.

Johnny and the Three Goats

A Norse Tale

NOW you shall hear!

Once there was a boy named Johnny, and he had three goats. All day long those goats leaped and pranced and skipped and climbed way up on the top of a hill, but every night Johnny went to fetch them and drove them home. One evening the frisky things leaped out of the road and over a fence and into a turnip-field, and, try as he would, Johnny could not get them to come out again. There they were and there they stayed. Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried and cried and cried. As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

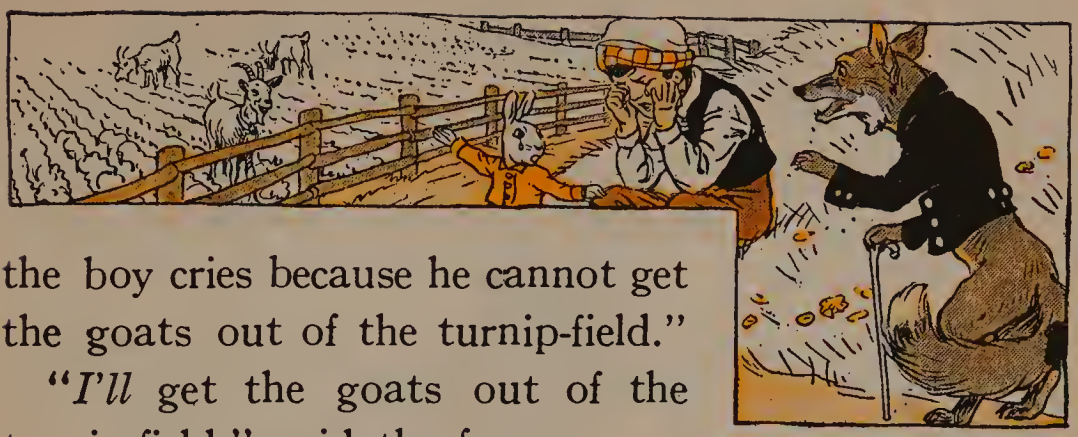
"I cry because I can't get the goats out of the turnip-field," answered Johnny.

"*I'll* get the goats out of the turnip-field," said the hare. So he tried and he tried, but the goats would not come. Then the hare sat down beside Johnny and began to cry, too.

Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I cry because the boy cries," said the hare, "and



the boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the turnip-field."

"*I'll* get the goats out of the turnip-field," said the fox.

So the fox tried and he tried and he tried, but the goats would not come. Then the fox sat down beside Johnny and the hare and began to cry, too.

Pretty soon along came a wolf.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I cry because the hare cries," said the fox, "and the hare cries because the boy cries, and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip-field."

"*I'll* get the goats out of the turnip-field," said the wolf. So he tried and he tried and he tried and he tried, but the goats would not leave the field. So the wolf sat down beside Johnny and the hare and the fox and began to cry, too.

After a little a bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying away for dear life, "Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo."

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I cry because the fox cries, and the fox cries because the hare cries, and the hare cries because the boy cries, and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip-field."

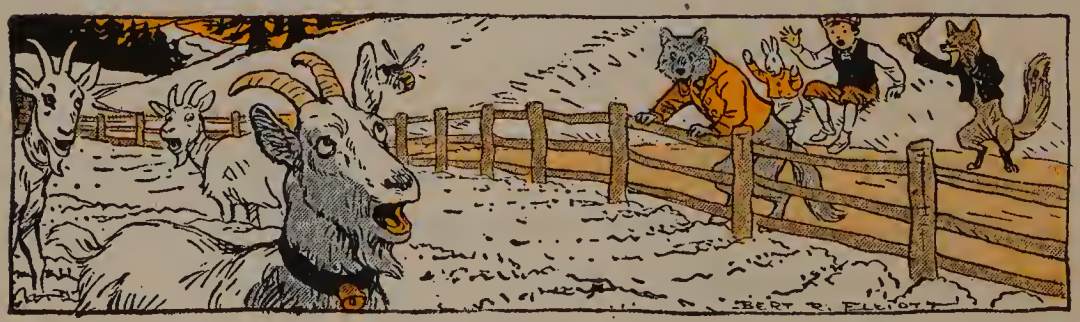
"Much good it does to sit there and cry about it," said the bee. "*I'll* get the goats out of the turnip-field."

Then the great big wolf, and the great big fox, and the great big hare, and the great big boy all stopped boo-hooing a moment to poke fun at the tiny bee.

"*You* get the goats out of the turnip-field, indeed, when we could not. Ho, ho, ho, and hah, hah, hah. Ridiculous little creature."

But the tiny bee flew away into the turnip-field and lit in the ear of one of the goats, and all he did was say, "Buzz-z-z. Buzz-z-z. Buz-z-z."

And out ran the goats every one.

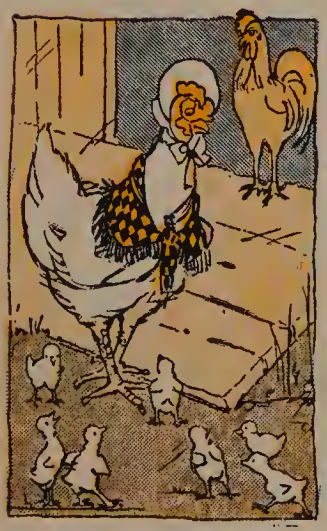


THE CLUCKING HEN

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, today?
There's barley in the barley field,
And hayseed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clucking hen;
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you."

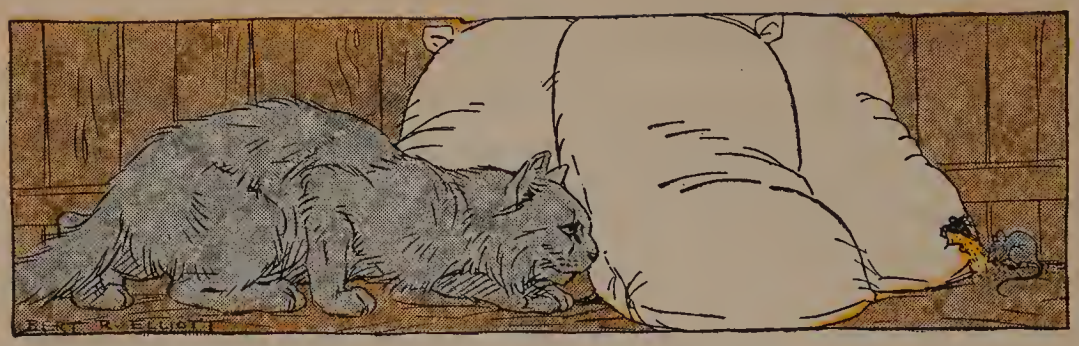
The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it on the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.



Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small;
"Cluck," said the clucking hen,
"Now I have you all.

"Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hello!" said the barn-door cock.
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

—*From Aunt Effie's Rhymes.*



Belling the Cat

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

LONG ago the Mice all came together to talk over what they could do to keep themselves safe from the Cat. They sat around in a great circle under an old wash tub, with a candle for light, and wiggled their whiskers, and blinked their eyes, and looked very wise indeed. Some said, "Let us do this," and others said, "Let us do that," but at last a young Mouse got up, proudly swished his tail, and looked about as though to say he knew more than all the rest of them put together.

"I have thought of something," said he, "that will be sure to keep us safe from the Cat."

"Tell us what it is then," squeaked the other Mice.

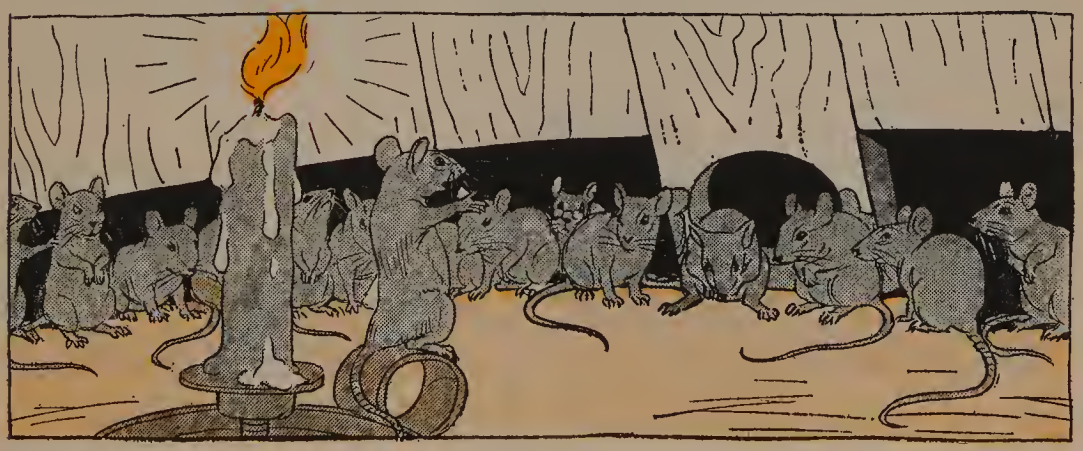
"You all know," said the young Mouse, "it is because Pussy creeps up on us so very quietly, that she is right upon us before we see her. If we could

only plan something which would let us know when she is coming, we should always have plenty of time to scamper out of her way. Now I say, let us get a small bell and tie it by a ribbon around her neck. Then she will not be able to move at all without jingling the bell. When we hear the bell tinkle, we shall always know that she is about and can easily keep out of her reach."

As the young Mouse sat down, very proud of himself, all the others clapped their paws and squeaked:

"Just the thing! Just the thing! Big-Whiskers has told us what we should do!"

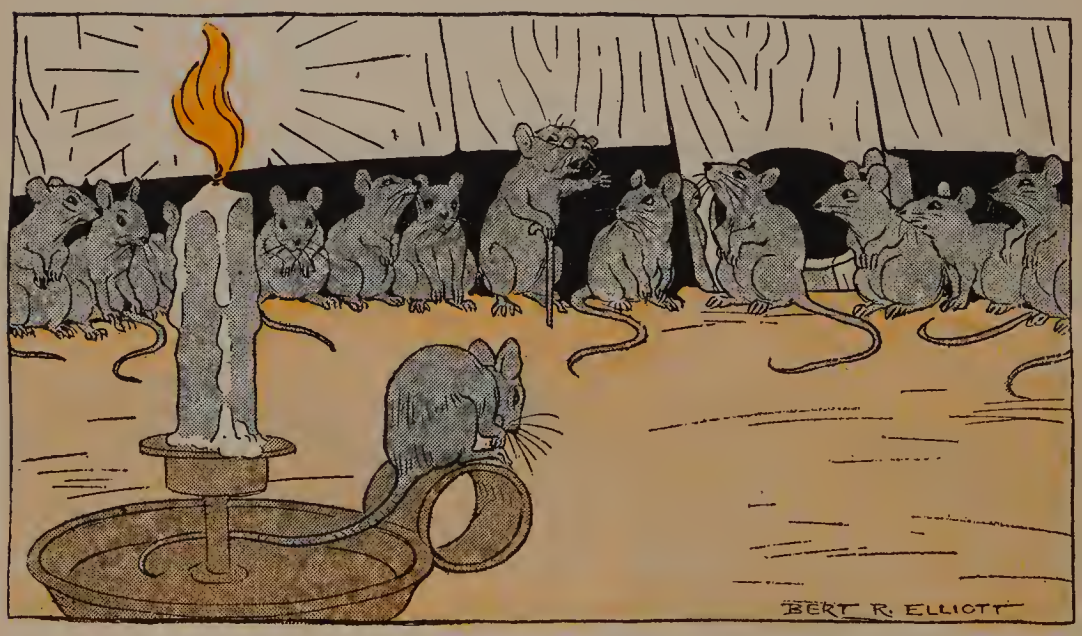
They even began talking about whether they should get a silver bell or a brass one, and whether they should use a blue ribbon or a pink one. But at last an old Mouse got slowly up from his seat and said:



"What Big Whiskers has said is all very well, but pray tell me, *who is going to put the bell on the cat?*"

At these words the Mice all looked very foolish, and nobody spoke a word. Who indeed would dare to go straight up to Pussy and tie the bell about her neck? Big-Whiskers looked the most foolish of all. He made himself as small as he could and slunk off into a corner, for he had never, never thought to do such a thing himself. Then the old Mouse said:

"It is all very well to *talk* about doing great things, but all that really counts is to *do* them."



IN THE NURSERY

WHAT THEY SAY

MARY MAPES DODGE

WHAT does the drum say? "Rub-a-dub-dub!
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! Pound away, bub!
Make as much racket as ever you can.
Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! Go it, my man!"

What does the trumpet say? "Toot-a-toot-too!
Toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot! Hurrah for you!
Blow in this end, sir, and hold me out, so.
Toot-a-toot! Toot-a-toot! Why don't you blow?"

What does the whip say? "Snaperty-snap!
Call *that* a crack, sir—flipperty flap!
Up with the handle, and down with the lash.
Snaperty! Snaperty! Done in a flash."

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The Little Big Man

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I AM small because I am a little child. I shall be big when I am as old as my father is.

My teacher will come and say, "It is late. Bring your slate and your books."

I shall tell him, "Do you not know I am as big as Father? And I must not have lessons any more."

My master will wonder and say, "He can leave his books if he likes, for he is grown up."

I shall dress myself and walk to the fair where the crowd is thick.

My uncle will come rushing up to me and say, "You will get lost, my boy. Let me carry you."

From *The Crescent Moon.* Copyright, 1913. Used by courteous permission of The Macmillan Company.

I shall answer, "Can't you see, Uncle, I am as big as Father? I must go to the fair alone."

Uncle will say, "Yes, he can go wherever he likes, for he is grown up."

Mother will come from her bath when I am giving money to my nurse, for I shall know how to open the box with my key.

Mother will say, "What are you about, naughty child?"

I shall tell her, "Mother, don't you know, I am as big as Father, and I must give silver to my nurse."

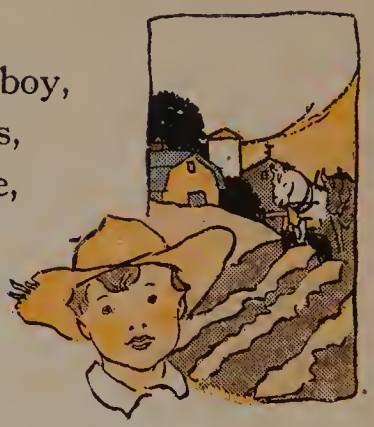
Mother will say to herself, "He can give money to whom he likes, for he is grown up."

In the holiday time in October Father will come home and, thinking that I am still a baby, will bring for me from the town little shoes and small silken frocks.

I shall say, "Father, give them to my dada, for I am as big as you are."

Father will think and say, "He can buy his own clothes if he likes, for he is grown up."

THE FARMER'S BOY



WHEN I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's horses,
With a gee-wo here, and a gee-wo there,
Here a gee, and there a gee,
And everywhere a gee-wo.

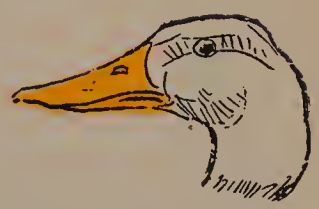
When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's cows,
With a moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there,
Here a moo, and there a moo,
And everywhere a moo-moo.

When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's chickens,
With a cluck-cluck here, and a cluck-cluck there,
Here a cluck, and there a cluck,
And everywhere a cluck-cluck!

When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's dogs,
With a bow-wow here, and a bow-wow there,
Here a bow, and there a wow,
And everywhere a bow-wow!

IN THE NURSERY

When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's ducks,
With a quack-quack here, and a quack-quack there,
Here a quack, and there a quack,
And everywhere a quack, quack!



When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's turkeys,
With a gobble-gobble here, and a gobble-gobble there,
Here a gobble, there a gobble,
Everywhere a gobble-gobble!

When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's lambs,
With a baa-baa here, and a baa-baa there,
Here a baa, and there a baa,
And everywhere a baa-baa!

When I was a farmer, a farmer's boy,
I used to keep my master's pigs,
With a grunt-grunt here, and a grunt-grunt there,
Here a grunt, and there a grunt,
And everywhere a grunt-grunt!

The Little Gray Pony

MAUD LINDSAY

THERE was once a man who owned a little gray pony.

Every morning when the dewdrops were still hanging on the pink clover in the meadows, and the birds were singing their morning song, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clap!

The pony's four small hoofs played the jolliest tune on the smooth pike road, the pony's head was always high in the air, and the pony's two little ears were always pricked up; for he was a merry, gray pony, and loved to go clippety, clippety, clap!

The man rode to town and to country, to church and to market, up hill and down hill; and one day he

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heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horseshoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do,
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?"

Then down he jumped, in a great hurry, and looked at one of the pony's forefeet; but nothing was wrong. He lifted the other forefoot, but the shoe was still there. He examined one of the hindfeet, and began to think that he was mistaken; but when he looked at the last foot, he cried again:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony *has* lost a shoe!"

Then he made haste to go to the blacksmith; and when he saw the smith, he called out to him:

"Blacksmith!
Blacksmith! I've
come to you;
My little gray
pony has lost a
shoe!"

But the blacksmith answered and said:

"How can I shoe your pony's feet,
Without some coal the iron to heat?"

The man was downcast when he heard this; but he left his little gray pony in the blacksmith's care, while he hurried here and there to buy the coal.

First of all he went to the store; and when he got there, he said:

"Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

But the storekeeper answered and said:

"Now I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

Then the man went away sighing, and saying:

"What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

By and by he met a farmer coming to town with a wagon full of good things, and he said:

"Farmer! Farmer! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

Then the farmer answered the man and said:

"I've bushels of corn, and hay, and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

So the farmer drove away and left the man standing in the road, sighing and saying:

"What shall
I do? What
shall I do?
My little gray
pony has lost
a shoe!"

In the farmer's wagon, full of good things, he

saw corn, which made him think of the mill; so he hastened there, and called to the dusty miller:

"Miller! Miller! I've
come to you;
My little gray pony
has lost a shoe,
And I want some
coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith
may shoe my pony's
feet."

The miller came to the door in surprise; and when he heard what was needed, he said:

"I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones to turn till the grain is ground;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

Then the man turned away sorrowfully, and sat down on a rock near the roadside, sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

After a while a very old woman came down the road, driving a flock of geese to market; and when she came near the man, she stopped to ask him his trouble. He told her all about it; and when she had heard it all, she laughed till her geese joined in with a cackle; and she said:

"If you would know where the coal is found,
You must go to the miner, who works in the ground."

Then the man sprang to his feet, and, thanking the old woman, he ran to the miner. Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine, under the ground, where it was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to light him at his work. He had plenty of black coal ready and gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them in haste to the blacksmith.

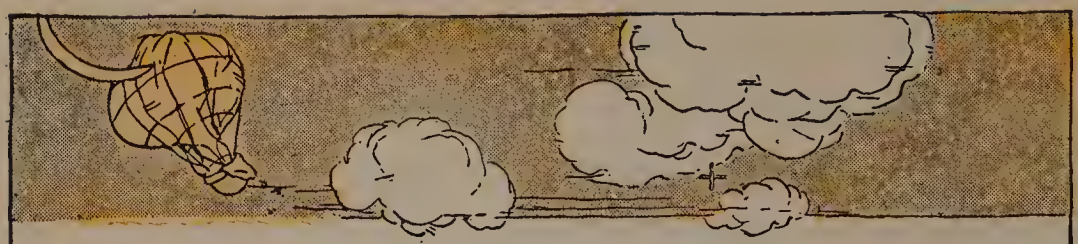
The blacksmith lighted his great, red fire, and hammered out four, fine new shoes, with a cling, and a clang. And fastened them on with a rap, and a tap! Then away rode the man on his little gray pony—clippety, clippety, clap!

YANKEE DOODLE

YANKEE Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him macaroni.

THE KEY OF THE KINGDOM

THIS is the key of the Kingdom—
In that Kingdom there is a city;
In that city there is a town;
In that town there is a street;
In that street there is a lane;
In that lane there is a yard;
In that yard there is a house;
In that house there is a room;
In that room there is a bed;
On that bed there is a basket;
In that basket there are some flowers.
Flowers in the basket,
Basket on the bed,
Bed in the room,
Room in the house,
House in the yard,
Yard in the lane,
Lane in the street,
Street in the town,
Town in the city,
City in the Kingdom,
And this is the key
to the Kingdom.



THE DARING PRINCE

A DARING Prince, of the realm Rangg Dhune,
Once went up in a big balloon
That caught and stuck on the horns of the moon,
And he hung up there until next day noon—
When all at once he exclaimed, "Hoot-toot!"
And then came down in his parachute.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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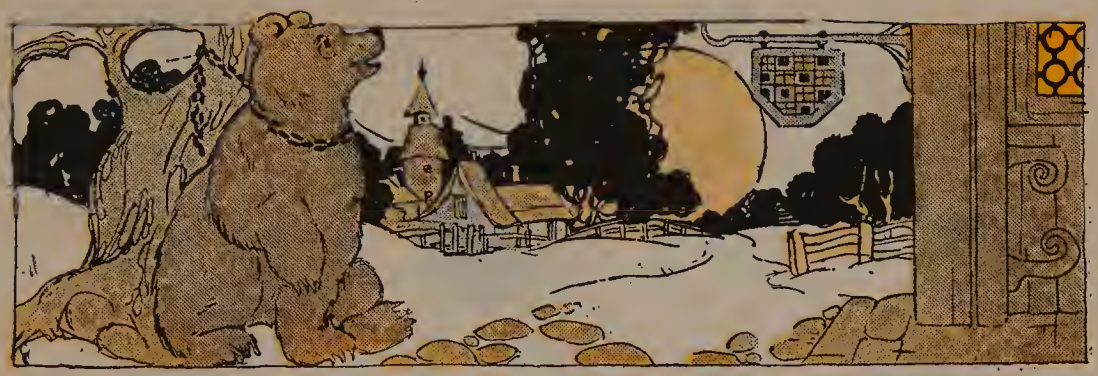


What Else the Moon Saw

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

MR. MOON told me many things that he had seen as he travelled around the world.

"Once," he said, "the master of a dancing bear tied his great shaggy beast to a tree while he ate his supper. In an upper room of the inn where the man was eating, three little children played. I looked in at the window and saw them. They were romping and laughing, when all of a sudden, 'Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!' was heard on the stairs—'Tramp! Tramp!' and a clanking of chains! Who could it be? The children stood still and listened.

"In a moment the door flew open, and lo and behold, there stood the bear—the huge, shaggy bear—with his chain dragging along on the floor behind him! Tired of standing alone so long in the yard, he had

broken away from the tree, and found his way up the staircase of the inn.

"At first the children cried out in alarm when they saw him and ran into a corner to hide. But the bear found them all and, snuffling, put his muzzle up to them, but did not harm them in the least.

" 'He must be a big dog,' thought the children; and they began to pet and stroke him. The bear lay down and stretched himself out on the floor; the youngest boy rolled over him and nestled his curly head in the shaggy black fur. Then the oldest boy ran to get his drum and began to thump away on it with all his might, 'Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub!' At that the bear stood up on his hind legs and began to dance. What fun! Each boy shouldered his gun; they gave the bear a gun, too, and he held it tight and straight as any soldier! There was a playmate for

them! Away they marched, all round the room.—One, two!—One, two!—One, two!

"All at once the door opened, and there stood the children's mother. You should have seen her face when she saw her children playing with a bear! But the youngest boy laughed with joy and cried, 'Mamma, we are all playing soldier!'

"Just at that moment the man came in and took his bear away."—*Adapted.*

NELL AND HER BIRD

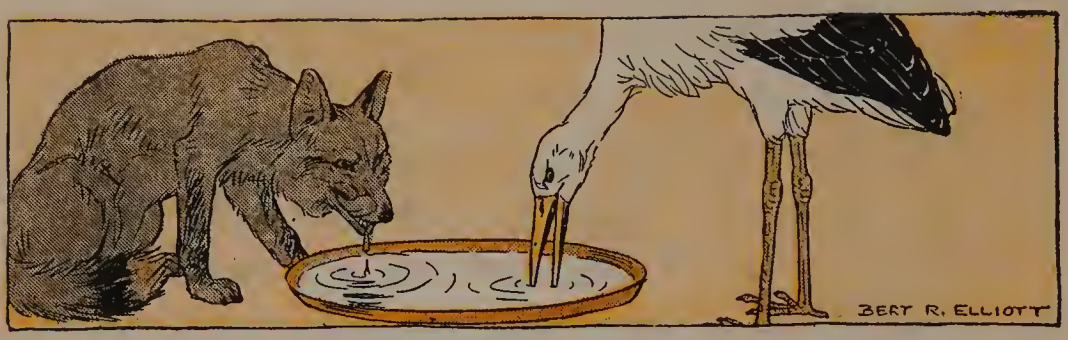
MARY MAPES DODGE

GOOD-BY, little birdie!
Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-by.

Tell all the other birds,
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

I'd like to go with you
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful
Up in the sky!

From *Rhymes and Jingles.* Copyright, 1874, by Scribner, Armstrong & Company; 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.



The Fox and the Stork

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

AT one time the Fox and the Stork were very good friends and used often to visit each other. So the Fox invited the Stork one day to dinner. But, when they were ready to eat, Mr. Fox thought to play a joke on Miss Stork. He put before her nothing at all except some soup in a very shallow dish. This the Fox could easily lap up with his tongue, but the Stork could only wet the tip-end of her long bill in it. So she could get nothing to eat and left the meal as hungry as when she began.

"I am sorry," said the Fox, chuckling to himself, "that you do not like the soup."

"Oh, pray do not say anything about it," said the Stork, "I hope you will return this visit and come soon to eat dinner with me."

So a day was set when the Fox should visit the

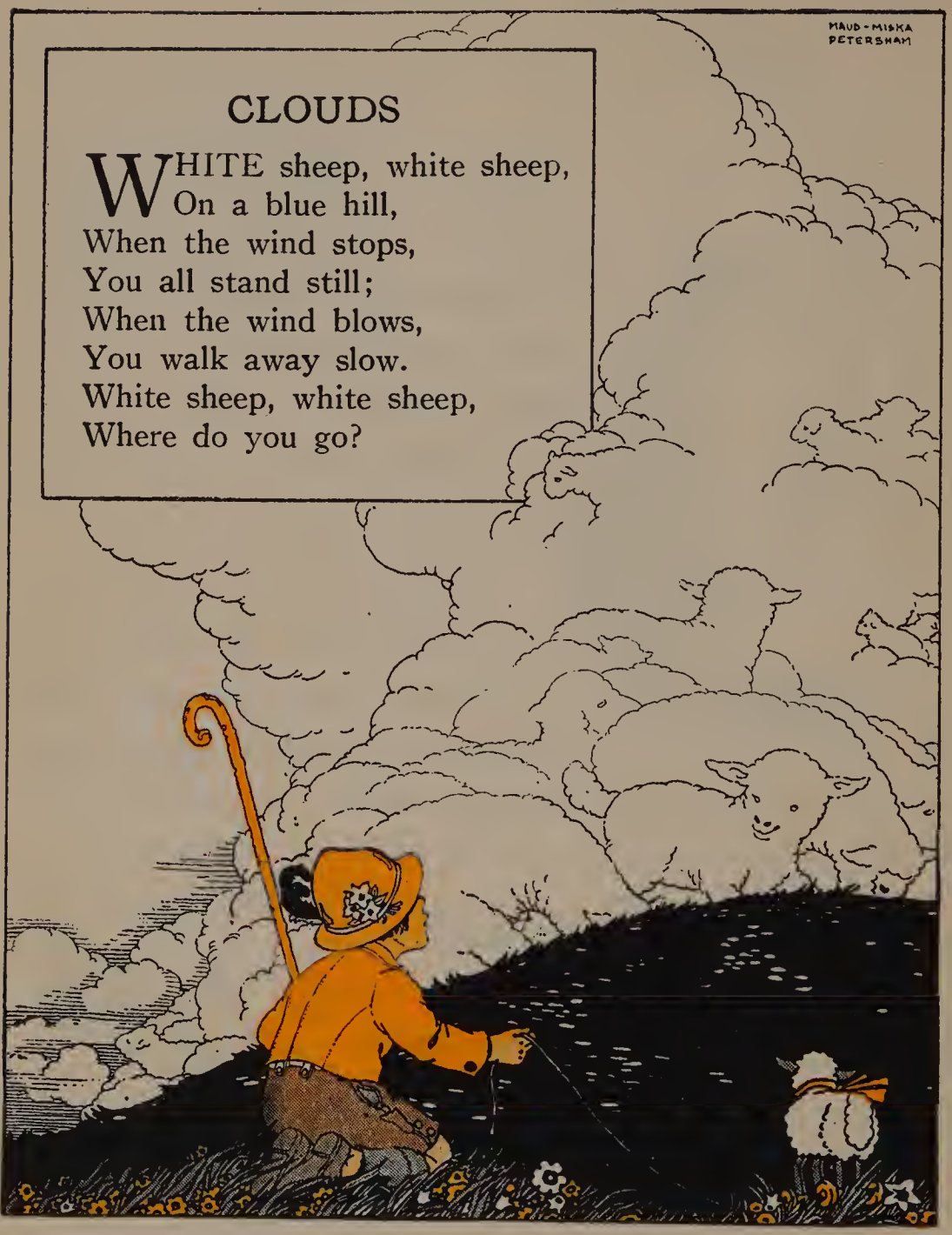
Stork. But when they were seated at table, all that the Stork had made ready for dinner was held in a very slim, long-necked jar, with a narrow mouth.

Down into this the Stork could easily reach her slender bill, but the Fox could not get his thick snout into it. So all he could manage to do was to lick the outside of the jar.

"I will not say I am sorry you have eaten so little," said the Stork, "for as you treat others, so must you expect others to treat you."

PIGEON AND WREN

COO-OO, coo-oo,
It's as much as a pigeon can do
To maintain two;
But the little wren can maintain ten,
And bring them all up like gentlemen.
—*English Folk Rhyme.*



CLOUDS

WHITE sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still;
When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

Clouds and Waves

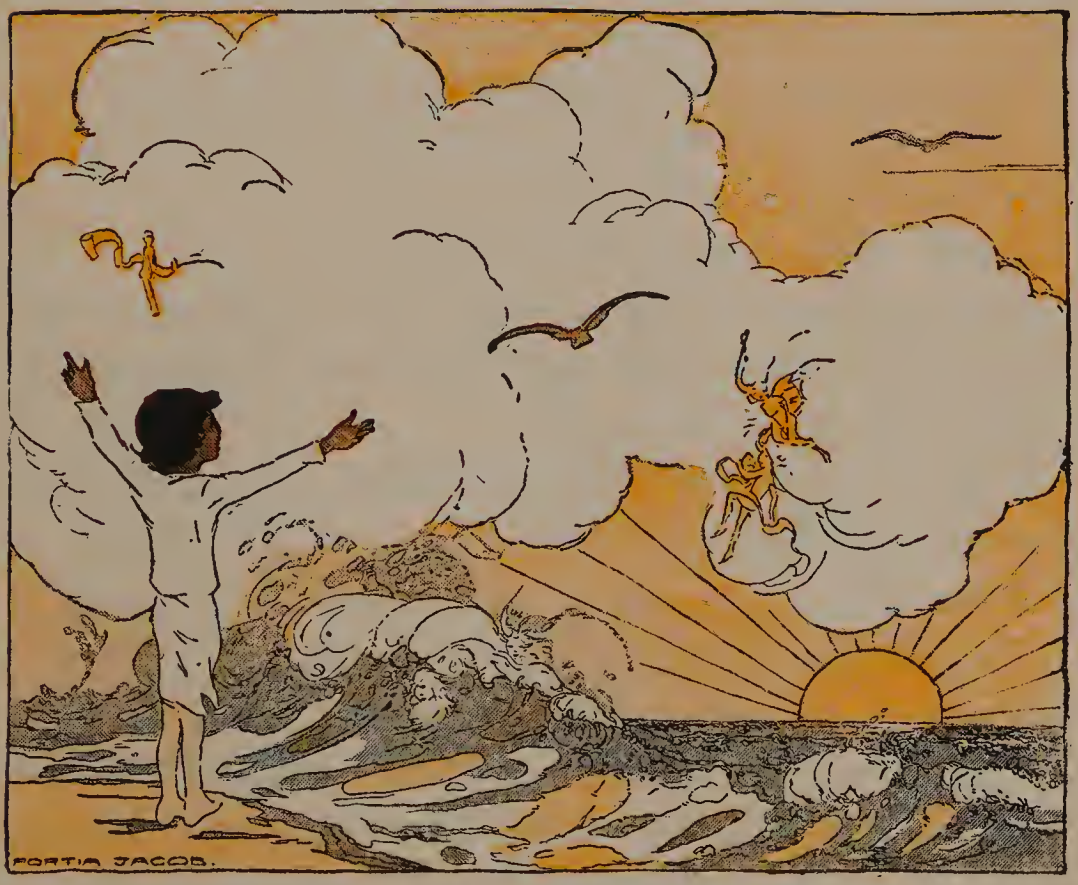
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

MOTHER, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me—

"We play from the time we wake till the day ends. We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon."

I ask, "But, how am I to get up to you?"

They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift



From *The Crescent Moon*. Copyright, 1913. Used by courteous permission of The Macmillan Company.

up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds."

"My mother is waiting for me at home," I say. "How can I leave her and come?"

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, Mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both hands, and our house-top will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me—

"We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass."

I ask, "But, how am I to join you?"

They tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves."

I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the evening—how can I leave her and go?"

Then they smile, dance, and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on, and on and on, and break upon your lap with laughter. And no one in the world will know where we both are.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

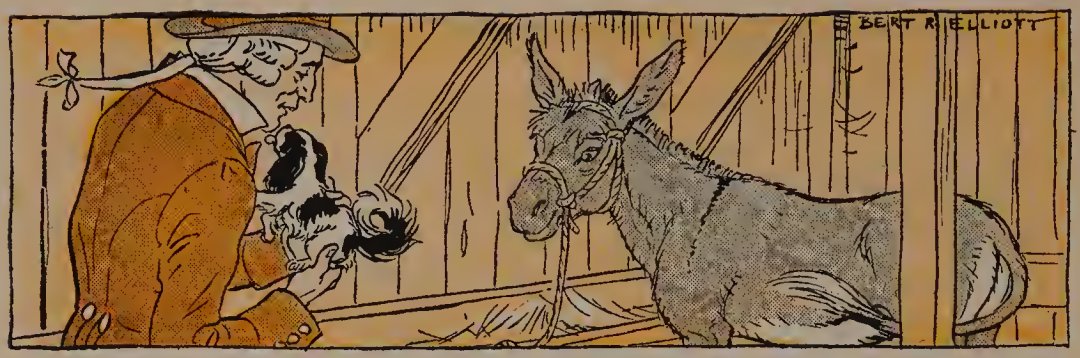
CLARA DOTY BATES

"I" SAID the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted a towsled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree-toad at his gray back door;
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weatherproof."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain-coat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool,
That I find on my way to school."



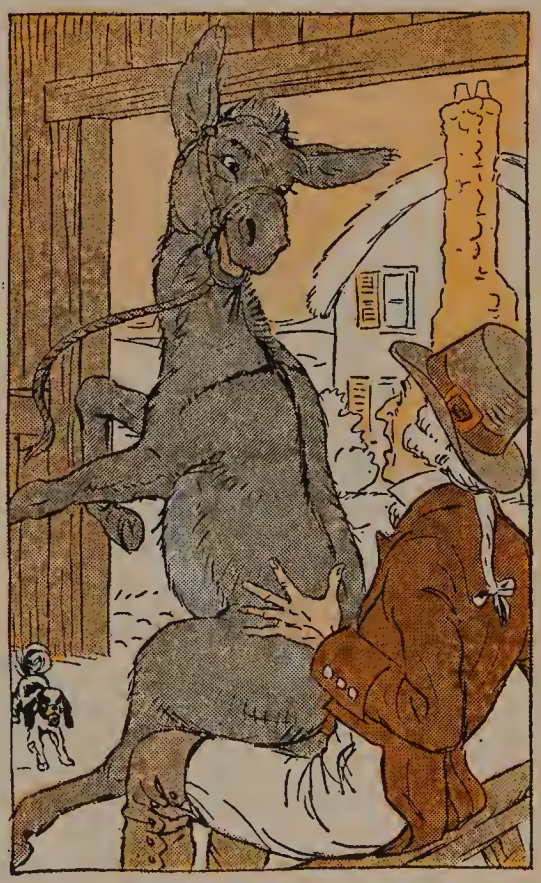
The Donkey and the Lap-Dog

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

A FARMER one day went to his stable to see the beasts that were there. Among these was his favorite Donkey. He was a big, shaggy, gray animal, always well fed and cared for, and every day the Farmer rode upon his back. The Farmer looked about to see that all in the stable was as it should be.

Now with him had come his little white Lap-Dog, a teeny, tiny fluff of a creature, who danced and frisked about and licked his master's hand. The Farmer watched his dainty frolic with a smile on his lips. Then he sat down and gave the Lap-Dog a piece of sugar. When he had finished eating the sweetmeat, the teeny, tiny fluff of a creature jumped into his master's lap and lay there, curled up and blinking, while the Farmer petted him and stroked his ears.

The Donkey, seeing how his master petted the Lap-Dog for his dainty ways, suddenly thought to get himself stroked and petted in the same way. So he broke loose from his halter and commenced dancing and prancing about just as the Lap-Dog had done. The Farmer held his sides with laughter. There the great, big, clumsy beast went capering about, standing up on his hind legs, waving his hoofs absurdly, and cocking his great shaggy head foolishly on one side. At last he went up to his master, put his hoofs on the Farmer's shoulder, and tried to climb up into the little Dog's place in his lap. But at that, the Farmer's servants rushed up and drove the Donkey away, for they had to teach him that if he wanted people to love him, he must be himself, and not try to act like someone else.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the King?

The King was in the counting house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.

The Maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And snapped off her nose.

The Two Crabs

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

ONE fine, sunny day two Crabs came out from their home in the deep blue sea to take a walk on the yellow sand. There was one Big Crab and one Little Crab.

"Child," said the Big Crab, turning his eyes this way and that to see who was looking at them, "you are walking very awkwardly, twisting all the time from side to side. I don't like to be seen out walking with you. I wish you would learn to go straight forward and stop waddling."

The Little Crab looked at the Big Crab to learn

from him just what was the right way to walk. There he saw the Big Crab making his way proudly along between speckled green lobsters, bright colored star-fish, and all the other little sea creatures that stood in a row to watch them. But lo and behold—the Big Crab himself was going waddle, waddle, twist and hitch! Waddle, waddle, twist and hitch!

"Well, well, well!" said the Little Crab, "if you want me to stop waddling, you will have to show me how by first walking straight forward yourself! The best way to teach others how to do what is right is to do right yourself!"

SIR ROBIN

ROLLICKING Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it! Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Hear the jolly bird laugh.
"That isn't the best of the story, by half."

—Lucy Larcom.

The Tale of a Black Cat

AN AMERICAN TALE

ONCE there was a little boy named Tommy; and there's a That stands for Tommy.

Tommy's house was not a very good one. So he built a new wall on this side of it.

And then he built a new wall on that side of it.

You can see now that he had two nice rooms in his house, though not very large. Next he put in windows to look out of—one in this room —and one in that room.

Then he made a tall chimney on this side of his house.

And then he made a tall chimney on the other side of his house.

After that he started some grass beside his door, like this.

Not far away from Tommy's house lived a little girl named Sally;

and there's an That stands for Sally.

When Tommy had finished his house he thought he would like to go and tell Sally what he

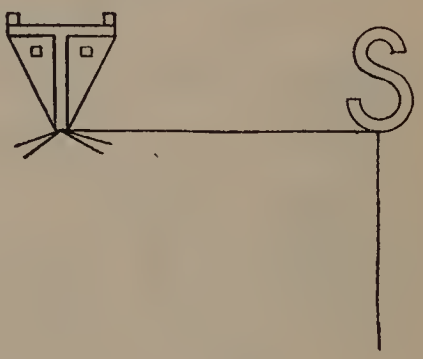
From *The Oak Tree Fairy Book*. Used by the courteous permission of Little, Brown & Company.

had been doing, so he came out of his door and walked along, this way, over to where she lived.

Sally was glad to see him, and he went into the kitchen and sat down and explained to her how he had built two new walls to his house and put in windows and made two tall chimneys, and how he had started the grass in front of his door. "And now, Sally," said he, "I want you to come over and see how well I've fixed things."

"I'll put on my bonnet and go right back with you," said Sally; but when she was ready to start she said, "We might go down cellar first and get some apples to eat on the way."

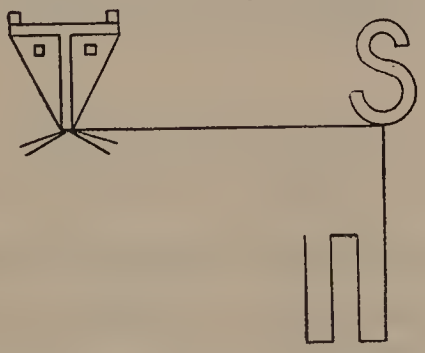
So they went down cellar, like this.



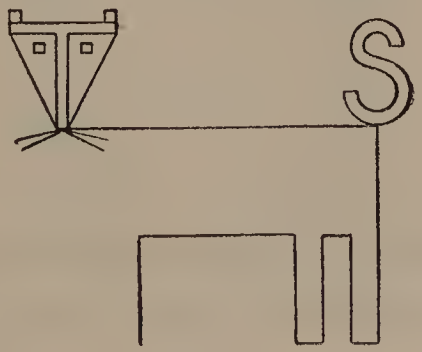
They got some apples, and then they came up outdoors by the hatchway, like this.

Now they started for Tommy's house, but the walking was bad, and they had gone only a few steps when they tumbled down, like this.

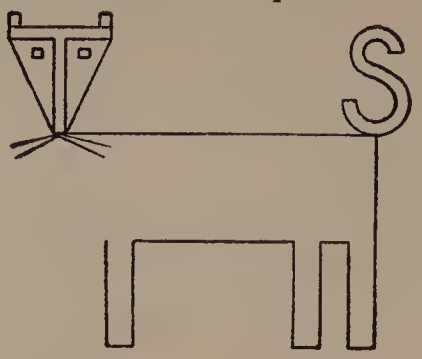
However, they were quickly up, like this.



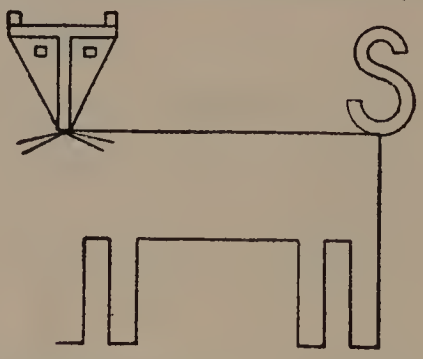
And they walked along until they were nearly to Tommy's house when they tumbled down again, like this.



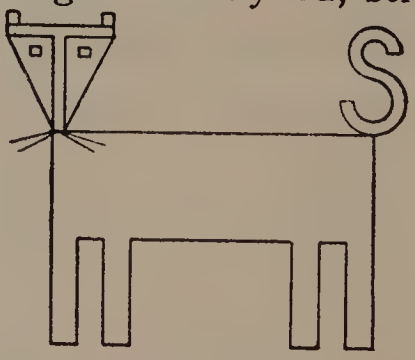
And they were no sooner up on their feet, like this,



than they tumbled down once more, like this.



But they were nearly to Tommy's house now, and they got up and were going in to the yard, straight toward the door, like this—



when Sally pointed toward the doorstep and cried out, "O-o-o-o-o-o-oh! See that big *Black Cat!*"

—*Clifton Johnson.*

The Wind and the Sun

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

THE Wind once blustered to the Sun as he shook the tall treetops and set all the leaves a-trembling:

"Ho! Ho! Friend Sun, see how strong I am. You could never do that! Watch me! I can bend the great trees and break the little flowers off their stems."

The Sun answered, quietly, "Yes, but I can melt the ice and make the flowers and trees blossom."

Still the Wind went on blustering and boasting and shaking the treetops.

Presently they saw a man coming down the road. Then the Sun said: "I know how we can prove which one of us is the stronger. Whichever can make that man take off his coat, will be shown to be stronger than the other. You try first."

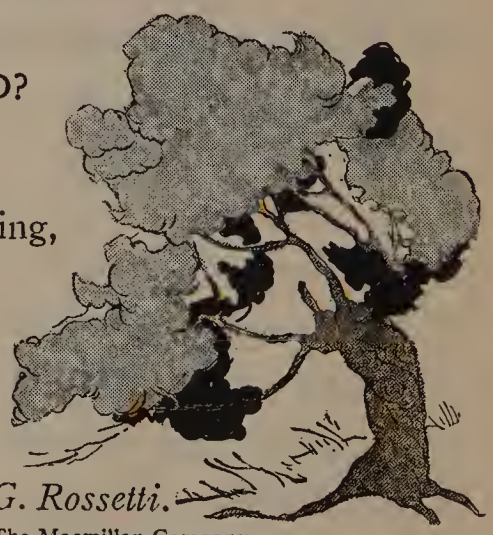
So the Sun hid his big round face behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the man. He raged and he snarled

and he howled! He whipped and he tore and he tugged! But the harder he tried in these ways to force the man to take off his coat, the more closely did the man wrap it around him, till at last the Wind found that he could do nothing, and he had to give up trying altogether.

Then the Sun came gently out from behind the clouds. Warm and bright, he shone on the man; joyous and sparkling he smiled on him, till at last the man felt that warmth all through and through. He looked up with an answering smile at the shining round face in the sky; then of his own wish he took off his coat. So the Sun had proved that his mild gentleness was far more powerful than all the wild bluster of the Wind.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down
their heads,
The wind is passing by.—*Christina G. Rossetti.*



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The Gingerbread Man

A New England Tale

ONCE upon a time there were a little old woman and a little old man. They hadn't any little boys or girls of their own, so they lived in a little old house all alone. One day the little old woman was making gingerbread.

"I will make a little Gingerbread Boy," she said. So she rolled the dough out flat, and cut it in the shape of a little boy. She put a nice little jacket of chocolate on him, and a row of currants down the front for buttons. Then she made eyes of fat raisins, a mouth of pink sugar frosting, and a little peaked cap of pink frosting. She pinched his gingerbread nose and ears into shape, and made two nice, good-sized feet.

"Hah! hah! Now we'll have a little Gingerbread Boy," laughed she.

She laid him flat on his back in the pan, popped him into the oven, and closed the door; then she went about her work, sweeping and cleaning the house—sweeping and cleaning, and she forgot all about the little Gingerbread Boy.

He baked, he got glossy brown all over, he got hot—very hot; and still the old woman swept and cleaned, and cleaned and swept.

"Mercy!" said the little old woman at last, sniffing the air, "the Gingerbread Boy is burning."

She ran to the oven, opened the door, and up jumped the Gingerbread Boy, hopped on the floor, ran across the kitchen, out of the door, down the walk, through the gate and down the road as fast as his gingerbread legs could carry him! The little old woman and the little old man ran after him, calling "Stop! Stop! Little Gingerbread Boy!"

The Gingerbread Boy looked back and laughed and called out:

"Run! Run! Run!
Catch me if you can!
You can't get me!
I'm the Gingerbread Man,
I am! I am!"

And they couldn't catch him.

So the Gingerbread Boy ran on and on. Soon he came to a cow.

"Um! um!" sniffed the cow. "Stop, little Gingerbread Boy. I would like to eat you."

But the little Gingerbread Boy laughed and said:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
I've run away from a little old man,
And I can run away from you, I can."

So the cow ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy shouted back:

"Run! Run! Run!
Catch me if you can!
You can't get me!
I'm the Gingerbread Man,
I am! I am!"

And the cow couldn't catch him.

So the little Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.

Soon he came to a horse.

"Please stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the horse. "You look very good to eat."

But the little Gingerbread Boy called out:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
I've run away from a little old man,
I've run away from a cow,
And I can run away from you, I can."

So the horse ran after him.

When the little Gingerbread Boy was past, he looked back and called:

"Run! Run! Run!
Catch me if you can!
You can't get me!
I'm the Gingerbread Man,
I am! I am!"

And the horse couldn't catch him.

By and by the little Gingerbread Boy came to a barn where threshers were working. The threshers saw him running and called out, as they tried to pick him up:

"Here is a gingerbread boy. Um! um! He smells good. Do not run so fast, little Gingerbread Boy. You look good to eat."

But the little Gingerbread Boy ran faster and faster and called out:

"Ho! ho!
I've run away from a little old woman,
I've run away from a little old man,
I've run away from a cow,
I've run away from a horse,
And I can run away from you,
I can, I can!"

So the threshers ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back and laughed:

"Run! Run! Run!
Catch me if you can!
You can't get me!
I'm the Gingerbread Man,
I am! I am!"

And the threshers could not catch him.

Then the little Gingerbread Boy ran faster than ever. He ran and ran till he came to a field full of mowers. When the mowers saw how fine he looked, they ran after him calling out:

"Wait a bit! Wait a bit, little Gingerbread Boy! We will eat you!"

But the little Gingerbread Boy laughed harder than ever and ran like the wind. "O ho! O ho!" he cried,

"I've run away from a little old woman,
I've run away from a little old man,
I've run away from a cow,
I've run away from a horse,
I've run away from a barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you,
I can! I can!"

And the mowers couldn't catch him.

By this time the little Gingerbread Boy was very proud of himself. He strutted, he danced, he pranced! He thought no one on earth could catch him.

Pretty soon he saw a fox coming across a field. The fox looked at him and began to run, but the little Gingerbread Boy ran faster still and shouted out:

"Run! Run! Run!
Catch me if you can!
You can't get me!
I'm the Gingerbread Man,
I am! I am!
I've run away from a little old woman,
I've run away from a little old man,
I've run away from a cow.

I've run away from a horse,
I've run away from a barn full of threshers,
I've run away from a field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you,
I can! I can!"

"Why," said the fox very politely, "I wouldn't catch you if I could. I should never dream of disturbing you."

Just then the little Gingerbread Boy came to a river. He dared not jump into the water (he would have melted away, frosting cap and all, if he had). Still, the cow, the horse, and the people were chasing hot on his heels and he was forced to cross the river to keep out of their reach.

"Jump on my tail and I will take you across," said the fox.

So the little Gingerbread Boy jumped on the fox's tail and the fox swam into the river. A little distance from the shore the fox said:

"Little Gingerbread Boy, I think you had better get on my back or you may fall off!"

So the little Gingerbread Boy jumped on the fox's back.

After swimming a little farther, the fox said:

"The water is deep. You may get wet where you are. Jump up on my shoulder."

So the little Gingerbread Boy jumped up on the fox's shoulder.

When they were near the other side of the river the fox cried out suddenly:

"The water grows deeper still. Jump up on my nose! Jump up on my nose!"

So the little Gingerbread Boy jumped up on the fox's nose.

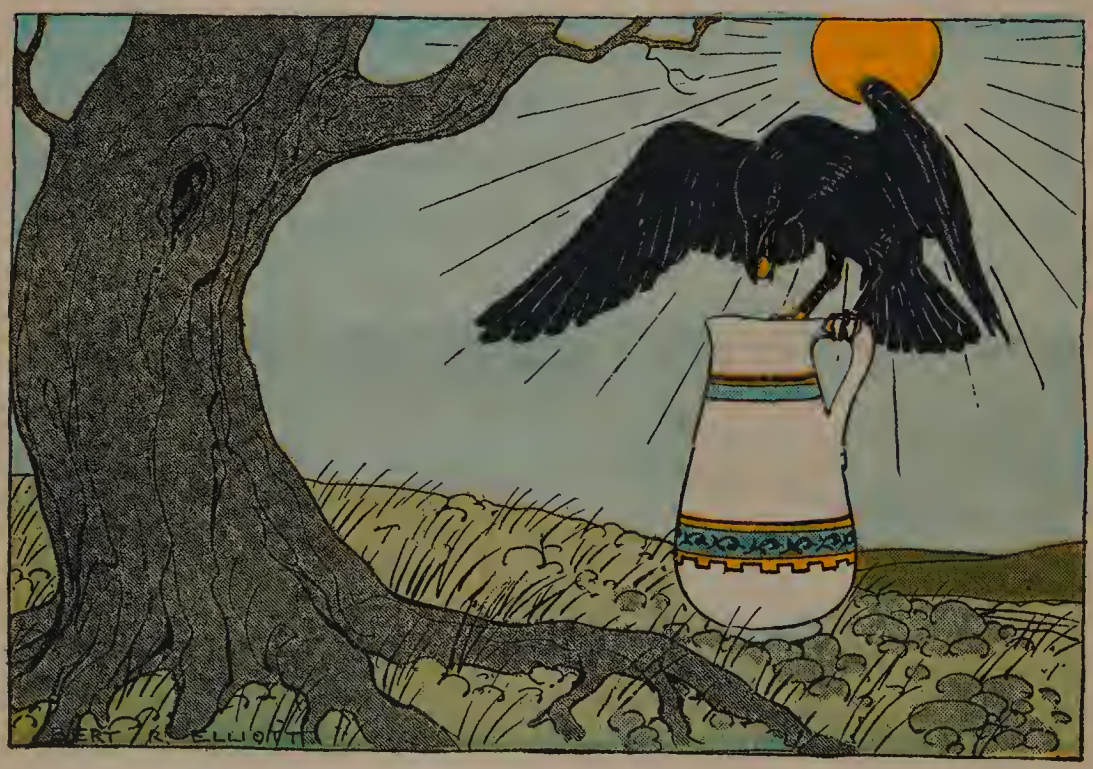
Then the fox sprang ashore in a twinkling and threw back his head and snip, snip, snap! At last and at last that Gingerbread Boy went the way of every single gingerbread boy that ever came out of an oven!

The Crow and the Pitcher

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

THERE was once a good old black Crow and he was very, very thirsty. He looked and looked for water, but all he could find was a little bit at the bottom of a deep pitcher. The Crow put his beak into the pitcher and tried very hard to reach the water, but there was so little left that, try as he would, he could not get it.

He turned and was about to go sorrowfully away



when an idea came to him. He went back, picked up a pebble, and dropped it in the pitcher; then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he looked down in to see what had happened to the water. The pebbles had made the water rise just a little way. He would have to work hard to get pebbles enough to bring the water up to a place where he could reach it. At first he thought he would give up trying and fly away. Then he said to himself:

"No, though I seem to find so little change each time I drop in a pebble, if I keep right at my work, and keep at it, and keep at it, at last I shall get my drink."

So he went back patiently to work and dropped in another pebble and another and another. Little by little he saw the water rise. At last, it came up where he could reach it. Then he put in his beak and was able to take the good drink of which he was so much in need.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean
And a pleasant land.

Ole-Luk-Oie, the Sandman

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE is nobody in all the world who can tell so many stories as Ole-Luk-oie! And such stories as he can tell!

When night is drawing on, and the children are sitting around the table or on their little footstools, as good as possible, in walks Ole Shut-eyes. He comes so quietly up the stairs that nobody hears him; and, puff! he sends a shower of milk into their eyes in such fine spray that no one can see it; but the children can't keep their eyes open after that, and so they never see Ole. He steals behind them and breathes upon their necks, making their heads as heavy as lead; but he never hurts them; he does it all from kindness to the children. He only wants them to be quiet, and the best way to make them quiet is to have them in bed; when they are settled there, he can tell them his stories.

Then as soon as the children are asleep, Ole Shut-eyes seats himself upon their beds. He is well dressed; his clothes are all of silk; but it is impossible to say what color they are, for they shimmer green, red,

and blue every time he turns. He has an umbrella under his arm, one with pictures on it, and this he holds over the good children, and then they dream the most delightful stories all night long. The other umbrella has no pictures on it, and he holds this one over the children who have been naughty, and then they sleep heavily till the morning and have no dreams at all.

I am now going to tell you about a little boy to whom Ole-Luk-oie went every night for a whole week. His name was Hjalmar.

What Happened to Hjalmar on Tuesday Night

As soon as Hjalmar was in bed on Tuesday night, Ole Shut-eyes touched all the furniture in the room with his little wooden wand, and everything began to talk. There was a big picture in a gilt frame hanging over the chest of drawers. In it one saw tall, old trees, flowers growing in the grass, and a great piece of water, with a river flowing from it round behind a wood, past many castles and away to the open sea.

Ole-Luk-oie touched the picture with his wand, and the birds in it began to sing, the branches of the trees moved, and the clouds scudded along; you could see their shadows passing over the landscape.

Now Ole-Luk-oie lifted little Hjalmar up close to the frame, and Hjalmar put his leg right into the

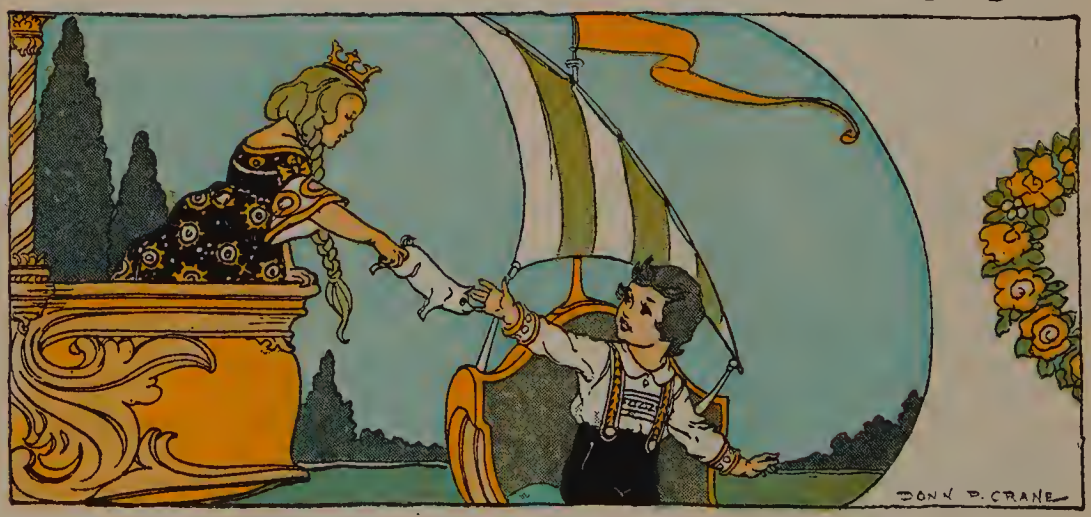
picture among the long grass, and there he stood; the sun shone down upon him through the branches of the trees. He ran to the water and got into a little boat which lay there; it was painted red and white, and the sails shone like silver. Six swans, all with golden crowns round their necks, and a shining silver star upon their heads, drew the boat past the dark green woods where the trees told stories; and the flowers told other stories about the pretty little elves, and all that the butterflies had told them.

Beautiful fish with gold and silver scales swam after the boat; every now and then they sprang out of the water and back again with a splash. Red and blue birds, large and small, flew in two long lines behind them; the gnats buzzed, and the may-bugs boomed; they all wanted to go with Hjalmar, and each of them had a story to tell.

That was a sailing trip indeed! Now the woods were thick and dark, now they were like beautiful gardens full of sunshine and flowers, and among them were castles of glass and marble. Princesses stood upon the balconies, and they were all little girls whom Hjalmar knew and used to play with.

They stretched out their hands, each one holding the most beautiful sugar pig which any cakewoman could sell. Hjalmar took hold of one end of a pig as he sailed by, and the princess held the other tight, and each had a share, she the smaller and Hjalmar the bigger! Little princes stood sentry by each castle; they saluted with golden swords and showered down sugar plums and tin soldiers; they were princes indeed.

Now he sailed through a wood, now through great



halls, or right through a town; he passed through the one where his nurse lived, she who used to carry him about when he was quite a little boy and who was so fond of him. She nodded and waved her hand to him, and sang a pretty little song which she had written herself and sent to Hjalmar:

"I dream of thee for many an hour,
Hjalmar, my own, my sweeting;
My kisses once fell like a shower,
Thy brow and red cheeks greeting.

"Mine ear thy first formed word addressed;
Thy last must be in parting.
May you on earth by Heaven be blessed,
Angel, from Heavenward darting!"

All the birds sang, too, the flowers danced upon their stalks, and the old trees nodded, just as if Ole-Luk-oie were telling them stories.

What Happened to Hjalmar on Thursday Night

"I'll tell you what!" said Ole Shut-eyes, when he came to Hjalmar on Thursday night. "Don't be frightened, and I will show you a little mouse." And he stretched out his hand with the tiny little animal in it. "It has come to invite you to a wed-

ding. There are two little mice who intend to be married tonight. They live under the floor of your mother's pantry, which they say is the most delightful home."

"But how can I get through a little mouse hole in the floor!" said Hjalmar.

"Leave that to me," said Ole-Luk-oie. "I'll soon make you small enough!"

Then he touched Hjalmar with his wand, and he quickly grew smaller and smaller; at last he was not as tall as one's finger.

"Now you may borrow the tin soldier's clothes; I think they'll just fit you, and it looks so smart to have on a uniform when one's in company."

"Yes, indeed!" said Hjalmar, and in a moment he was dressed like the grandest tin soldier.

"Be so good as to take a seat in your mother's

thimble," said the little mouse, "and I shall have the honor of drawing you!"

"Heavens! are you going to take that trouble yourself, young lady!" said Hjalmar, and off they drove to the mouse's wedding.

First they went down under the floor into a long passage, which was just high enough for them to drive through, and the whole passage was lighted up with touch-wood.

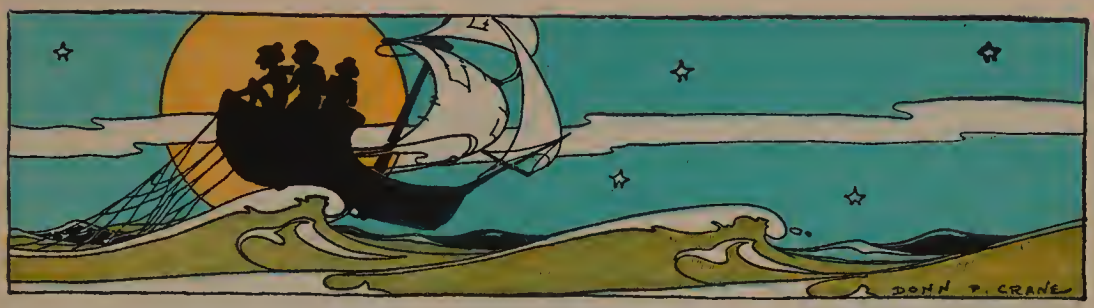
"Isn't there a delicious smell here!" said the mouse who was drawing him. "The whole passage has been smeared over with bacon fat! Nothing could be nicer."

Then they came to the bridal hall, where all the little lady mice stood on the right whispering and giggling, as if they were making fun of each other, and on the left stood all the gentlemen mice stroking their whiskers with their paws. The bridal pair stood in the middle of the room, in the hollow rind of a cheese, kissing each other.

More and more visitors poured in, and the bridal pair took their place in the doorway, so that one could get neither in nor out. The whole room, like the passage, was smeared with bacon fat. There were no other refreshments, but for dessert a pea was produced, in which one of the little mice of the family had bitten the name of the bridal pair; that is to say, the first letter of it, and this was something quite extraordinary.

All the mice said it was a delightful wedding, and the conversation most entertaining.

And then Hjalmar drove home again. He had been in very grand company, but in order to get there he had been obliged to shrink wonderfully, to make himself small enough to get into the uniform of a tin soldier.



Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
But never afeared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

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All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

EUGENE FIELD

HAVE you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown:
It blooms on the shore of the Lollypop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those that have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing:
But in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so.

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IN THE NURSERY

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains,
As much as your apron can hold:
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree,
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

The Milkmaid and her Pail

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

PATTY, the milkmaid, was going to market, carrying her milk in a shiny pail on her head. As she went along, she began telling herself what she would do with the money she would get for the milk.

"I'll buy some eggs from Farmer Brown," said she, "and put them under the little brown hen. Then the little brown hen will hatch me out a lot of little chicks! And the little chicks will grow up to be hens, and those hens will lay me dozens of eggs. I'll sell the eggs for a great deal of money! Then with the money I get from the eggs I'll buy me a new white dress and a hat with pink flowers and blue ribbons. Oh, won't I look fine when I go to market in my new white dress and my hat with

pink flowers and blue ribbons? Won't everybody stand about and look at me? Polly Shaw will be there to stand and look, and Molly Parsons will be there to stand and look, and Jack Squires will be there to stand and look. But I shall just walk past them all and hold my chin high and toss my head like this—" As she spoke, she tossed her head back, the pail fell off and all the milk was spilled! So she had nothing at all to sell and all her fine dream was brought to nothing. She had to go home and tell her mother what had happened.

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?
Down in the forest to milk my cow.
Shall I go with thee? No, not now;
When I send for thee, then come thou.

The Lion and the Mouse

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

ONCE a great Lion lay asleep in the forest. Suddenly a little teeny, tiny Mouse began running up and down on him. This soon awakened the Lion, and when he saw the Mouse, he stretched out his huge, shaggy paw and caught him, then opened his jaws to swallow him. But the little Mouse squeaked out, "Mercy, O King! Let me go this time! Do not swallow me and I shall never forget your kindness. Who knows, if you let me go I may be able to help you some day!"

"Help me? You help me?" chuckled the Lion, greatly amused that a little teeny, tiny Mouse should even think himself able to help so powerful a creature as the King of Beasts. "Oh, very well then, I'll let you go!"

He lifted his paw, and the Mouse scampered quickly away.

Some time after this, the Lion was wandering about in the forest, when he fell into a trap that had been set by some hunters to catch him. These hunters wished to take the splendid big beast a

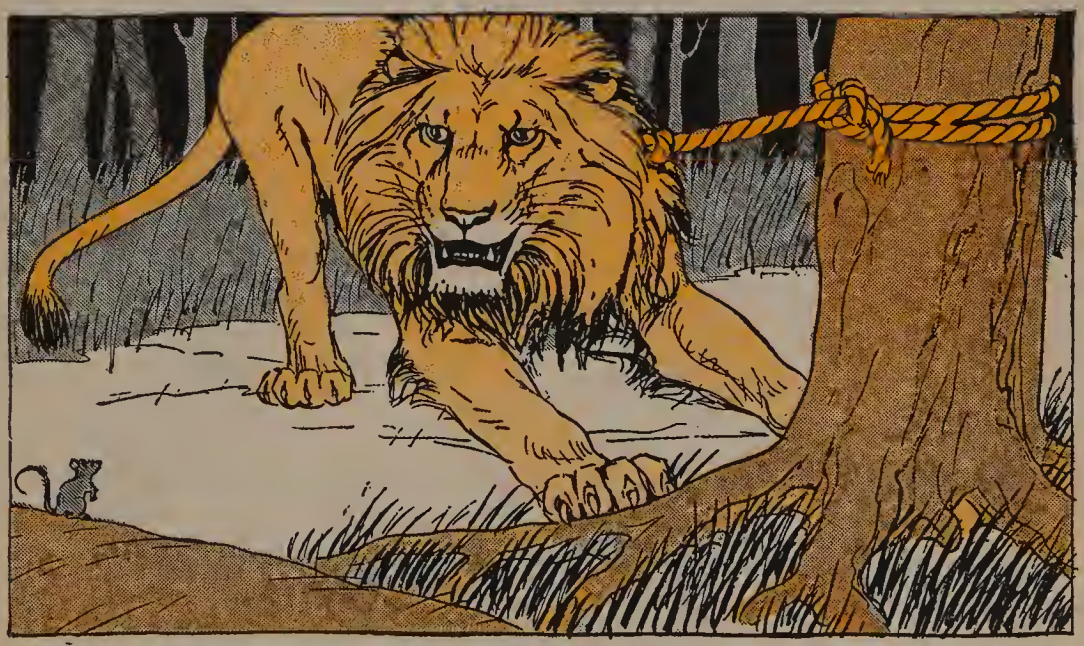
captive to the King. So they came and drew him out of the trap, then tied him to a tree, while they went to fetch a wagon in which they might carry him to the palace.

The Lion pulled and tore and tugged at the rope, but all to no purpose. He could not get loose. At last he cried sadly, "They have me fast! I cannot get away!"

Just then the little teeny, tiny Mouse came by.

"Well, well, friend Lion!" he squeaked. "What's this that has happened to you?"

"The hunters have bound me fast," groaned the



Lion. "Alas! They will carry me captive off to the King, for I cannot get away."

"Is that all that has happened?" said the Mouse, and he came straight up to the Lion and began to gnaw at the rope that bound him. Little by little, with his sharp teeth, he cut the strands of the rope until he had gnawed it quite in two, and set the big beast free.

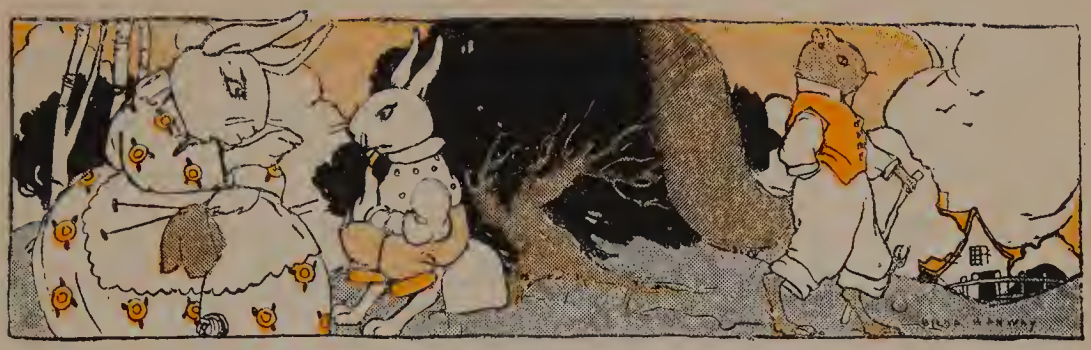
"There," said the little teeny, tiny Mouse, "was I not right? No matter how little one is, there may come a time when he will prove useful even to the greatest."

OLD SHELLOVER

WALTER DE LA MARE

"COME!" said Old Shellover.
"What?" says Creep.
"The horny old Gardener's fast asleep;
The fat cock Thrush
To his nest has gone,
And the dew shines bright
In the rising Moon;
Old Sallie Worm from her hole doth peep;
Come!" said Old Shellover.
"Ay!" said Creep.

From *Peacock Pie.* Used by courteous permission of Henry Holt & Company.



The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings

An American Negro Folk Tale Retold by

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

ONCE upon a time there was a little White Rabbit with two beautiful long pink ears and two bright red eyes and four soft little feet—*such* a pretty little White Rabbit, but he wasn't happy.

Just think, this little White Rabbit wanted to be somebody else instead of the nice little rabbit that he was.

When Mr. Bushy Tail, the gray squirrel, went by, the little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy:

"Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a long gray tail like Mr. Bushy Tail's."

And when Mr. Porcupine went by, the

From *For the Story Teller*. Used by the kind permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Company.

little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy:

"Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a back full of bristles like Mr. Porcupine's."

And when Miss Puddle-Duck went by in her two little red rubbers, the little White Rabbit would say:

"Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a pair of red rubbers like Miss Puddle-Duck's."

So he went on and on wishing until his Mammy was clean tired out with his wishing and Old Mr. Ground Hog heard him one day.

Old Mr. Ground Hog is very wise indeed, so he said to the little White Rabbit:

"Why don't you-all go down to the Wishing Pond, and if you look in the water at yourself and turn around three times in a circle, you-all will get your wish."

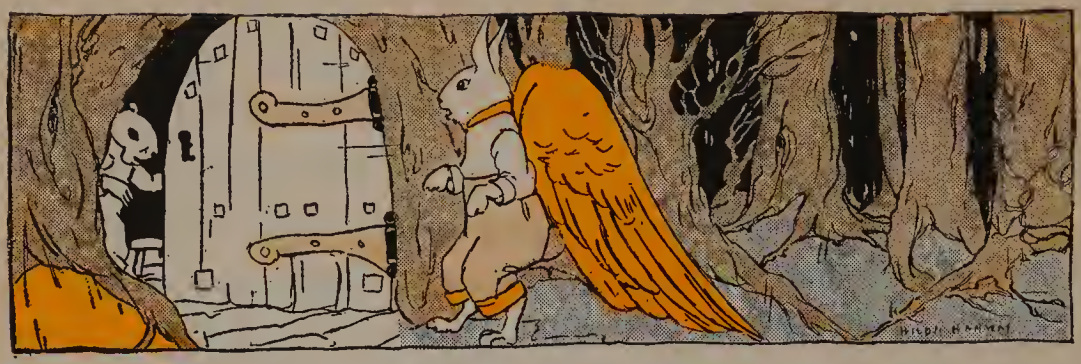
So the little White Rabbit trotted off, all alone by himself, through the woods until he came to a

little pool of green water lying in a low tree stump, and that was the Wishing Pond. There was a little, *little* bird, all red, sitting on the edge of the Wishing Pond to get a drink, and as soon as the

little White Rabbit saw him he began to wish again:

"Oh, I wish I had a pair of little red wings!" he said. Just then he looked in the Wishing Pond and he saw his little white face. Then he turned around three times and something happened. He began to have a queer feeling in his shoulders, like that he felt in his mouth when he was cutting his teeth. It was his wings coming through. So he sat all day in the woods by the Wishing Pond waiting for them to grow, and, by and by, when it was almost sundown, he started home to see his Mammy and show her, because he had a beautiful pair of long, trailing red wings.

But by the time he reached home it was getting dark, and when he went in the hole at the foot of a



big tree where he lived, his Mammy didn't know him. No, she really and truly did not know him, because, you see, she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life. And so the little White Rabbit had to go out again, because his Mammy wouldn't let him get into his own bed. He had to go out and look for some place to sleep all night.

He went and went until he came to Mr. Bushy Tail's house, and he rapped on the door and said:

"Please, kind Mr. Bushy Tail, may I sleep in your house all night?"

But Mr. Bushy Tail opened his door a crack and then he slammed it tight shut again. You see he had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all his life.

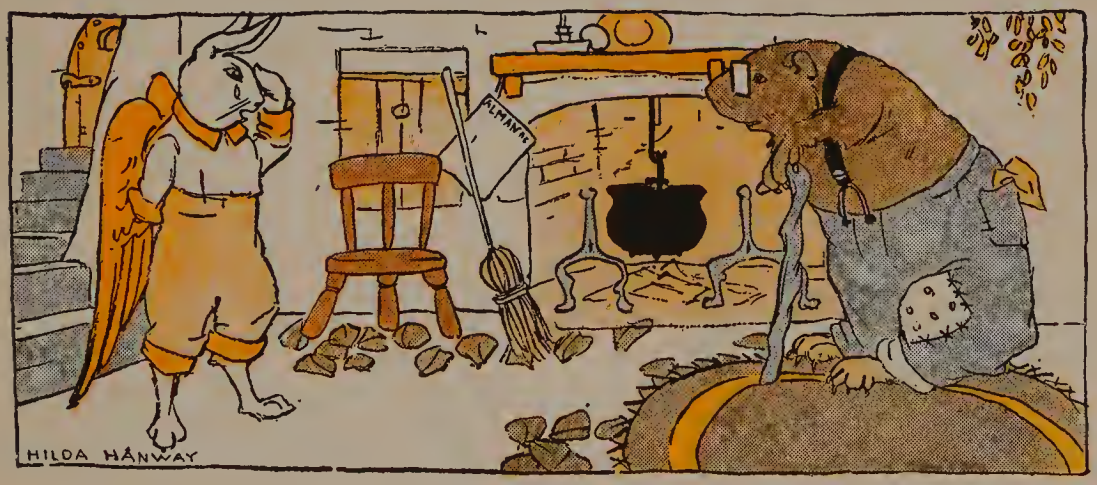
So the little White Rabbit went and went until he came to Miss Puddle-Duck's nest down by the marsh and he said:

"Please, kind Miss Puddle-Duck, may I sleep in your nest all night?"

But Miss Puddle-Duck poked her head up out of her nest just a little way and then she shut her eyes and stretched her wings out so far that she covered her whole nest!

You see she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life.

So the little White Rabbit went and went until he came to Old Mr. Ground Hog's hole, and Old Mr. Ground Hog let him sleep with him all night, but the hole had beech nuts spread all over it. Old Mr. Ground Hog liked to sleep on them, but they hurt the little White Rabbit's feet and made him very uncomfortable before morning.



When it came morning, the little White Rabbit decided to try his wings and fly a little, so he climbed up on a hill and spread his wings and sailed off, but he landed in a low bush all full of prickles, and his four feet got mixed up with the twigs so he couldn't get down.

"Mammy, Mammy, Mammy, come and help me!" he called.

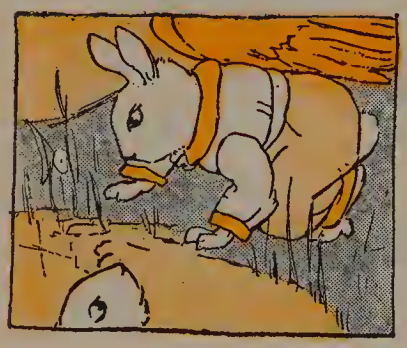
His Mammy didn't hear him, but Old Mr. Ground Hog did, and he came and helped the little White Rabbit out of the prickly bush.

"Don't you-all want your red wings?" Mr. Ground Hog asked.

"No, *no*!" said the little White Rabbit.

"Well," said the Old Ground Hog, "why don't you-all go down to the Wishing Pond and wish them off again?"

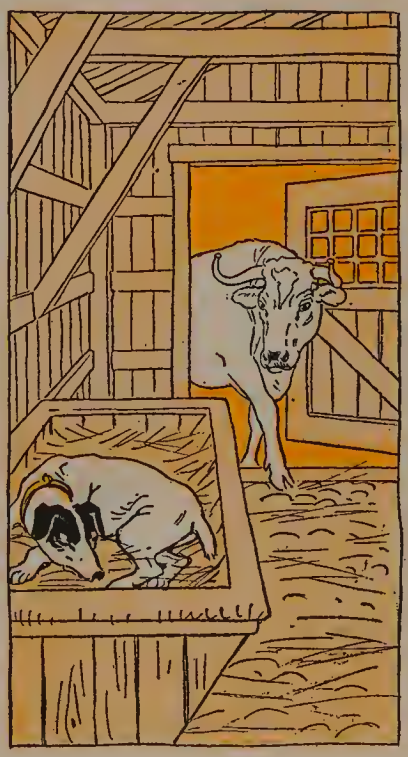
So the little White Rabbit went down to the Wishing Pond and he saw his face in it. Then he turned around three times, and, sure enough, his red wings were gone. Then he went home to his Mammy, who knew him right away and was so glad to see him, and he never, *never*, wished to be something different from what he really was again.



The Dog in the Manger

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

A DOG that wanted to take an afternoon nap, once found a soft place on the straw in the manger of an Ox. So he lay down there, curled himself up cosily, and soon fell asleep. In the evening the Ox returned from his long day's work, thinking to rest and eat some of the straw. But when he came up to the manger, he awakened the Dog. Angry at being aroused from his sleep, the Dog stood up and began to bark in the ugliest way.



"Pray go away and let me have my evening meal," said the Ox.

"Bow wow! Gr-r-r, Gr-r-r! Go away!" growled the Dog.

"The straw is no longer of any use to you," said the Ox, "your nap is over; so jump down and let me eat."

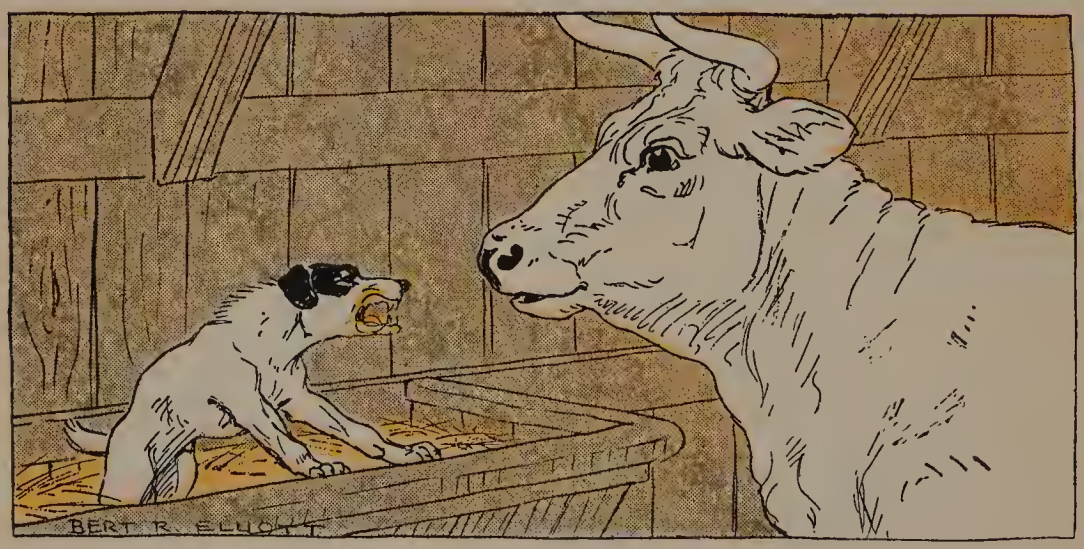
"Bow wow! Gr-r-r, Gr-r-r! Go away!" growled the Dog.

"You dogs do not eat straw," said the Ox. "So why

should you hold your place there and keep me from my evening meal?"

"Bow wow! Gr-r-r, Gr-r-r! Go away!" growled the Dog, and no matter what the Ox said to him, he kept on barking, growling, snapping, and snarling whenever the big, good-natured creature reached for a mouthful to eat. At last the Ox had to give up all hope of getting his evening meal and went away, leaving the straw to the Dog who had no use for it whatever.

"Ah," muttered the Ox, "some people do not want others to have that which they cannot enjoy themselves."



I WOULDN'T BE A GROWLER

MARY MAPES DODGE

I WOULDN'T be a growler,
I wouldn't be a bear;

I wouldn't be an owlet,
Always on a stare;

I wouldn't be a monkey,
Doing foolish tricks;

I wouldn't be a donkey,
Full of sullen kicks;

I wouldn't be a goose,
Nor a peacock full of pride,

But I would be a big boy,
With a pocket on each side.

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The Jay and the Peacocks

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

A JAY once made his way into a yard where Peacocks walked. There he found a number of beautiful feathers—blue and green and gold—which had fallen from the Peacocks. The rusty old Jay tied all these splendid feathers to his tail. Then, feeling very fine indeed, he strutted down to show himself off to the Peacocks. At first glance they thought him one of themselves, but, as he went parading before them, they soon discovered that he was not a Peacock at all. So they ran up to him squawking and scolding, and pecked at him, till they had plucked away every one of his borrowed plumes and half of his own besides.

Soon the foolish Jay found himself left in disgrace, with nothing better to show than his own torn and

rusty feathers. Sheepishly he went back to his brother Jays. But the Jays had watched what he had done from a distance and they thought it so foolish, that they began to scold and screech at him as soon as he drew near them: "It takes more than fine feathers, you silly, to make a fine bird!"

STRANGE LANDS

WHERE do you come from, Mr. Jay?
"From the land of Play, from the land of Play."
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
"Far away—far away."

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
"From the land of Love, from the land of Love."
And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
"Look above—look above."

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?
"From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss."
And what is the way there, Baby Miss?
"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss."

—*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

SNOW

LITTLE white feathers,
Filling the air—
Little white feathers!
How came you there?
"We came from the cloud-birds
Sailing so high;
They're shaking their white wings
Up in the sky."

Little white feathers,
How swift you go!
Little white snowflakes,
I love you so!
"We are swift because
We have work to do;
But hold up your face,
And we'll kiss you true."

—Mary Mapes Dodge

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Wee Robin's Christmas Song

A Scotch Folk Tale

THERE was once an old gray Pussy, and she went for a walk one Christmas morning to see what she could see. As she was walking by the water-side, she saw a wee, wee Robin Redbreast hopping about on a bush.

"Good morning, Robin Redbreast," said she. "Where are you going on this cold and frosty morning?"

"I'm going to the King," answered the wee Robin, "to sing him a song on this merry Christmas morning."

"Oh, but wait before you go," said the Pussy. "Just hop down to me a minute and I'll show you a bonny white ring that I have around my neck."

But Robin looked down on Pussy with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ha! ha! gray Pussy," said he, "you may show your white ring to the little gray mouse, but I'll not

wait to let you show it to me! I'll go straight on to the King!"

So he spread his wings and flew away. And he flew, and he flew, and he flew, till he came to a fence where sat a greedy old Hawk who was looking about for breakfast.

"Good morning, Robin Redbreast," cried the greedy old Hawk, "where are you going on this cold and frosty morning?"

"I'm going to the King," answered the wee Robin, "to sing him a song on this merry Christmas morning."

"Oh, but wait before you go," said the greedy old Hawk, "and I will show you a bonny green feather I have in my wing."

But the wee Robin did not like the look in the eye of the greedy old Hawk.

"Ha! ha! old Hawk," said he, "I saw you peck at the tiny birds, but I'll not wait to let you peck at me. I'll go straight on to the King!"

So he spread his wings and flew away. And he flew, and he flew, and he flew, till he came to a hillside where he saw a sly old Fox looking out of his hole.

"Good morning, Robin Redbreast," said the sly

old Fox. "Where are you going on this cold and frosty morning?"

"I'm going to the King," answered the wee Robin, "to sing him a song on this merry Christmas morning."

"Oh, but wait before you go," said the sly old Fox, "and let me show you a queer black spot I have on the end of my tail."

"Ha! ha! sly Fox," said the Robin, "I saw you worry the wee lambie, and I'll not wait to see the spot on your tail. I'll go straight on to the King."

So the Robin flew away once more, and never rested till he came to a rosy-cheeked boy, who sat on a log and ate a big piece of bread and butter. Then he perched on a branch and watched him.

"Good morning, Robin Redbreast," said the boy.

"Where are you going on this cold and frosty morning?"

"I'm going to the King," answered the wee Robin, "to sing him a song on this merry Christmas morning."

"Come a bit nearer," said the boy, "and I'll give you some crumbs from my bread."

"Nay, nay, my wee man," chirped the Robin. "I saw you catch the goldfinch, and I'll not wait for your crumbs. I'll go straight on to the King."

So, no matter who begged him to stop and wait, the wee Robin flew straight on to the King. And he lit on the window-sill of the palace. There he sat and sang the sweetest song he knew. So happy was he because it was the blessed Christmas-tide, that he wanted the whole wide world to be as happy as he. And he sang, and he sang, and he sang. The King and Queen sat at the window, and they were so pleased with his cheery song that they asked each other what they could do to pay him for his loving thought in coming so far to greet them.

"I know what we can do," said the Queen, "we can give him bonny wee Jenny Wren for his mate."

Then the King clapped his hands and called for Jenny Wren, and the wee, wee Robin and the wee, wee Wren sat side by side on the window-sill, and they sang, and they sang, and they sang on that merry Christmas morning.

SING, LITTLE BIRD

SING, little bird,
when the skies are blue;
Sing, for the world
has need of you;
Sing when the skies
are overcast;
Sing when the rain
is falling fast.

Sing, happy heart,
when the sun is warm;
Sing in the winter's
coldest storm;
Sing little songs,
O heart so true;
Sing, for the world
has need of you.

LITTLE GUSTAVA

CELIA THAXTER

LITTLE Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim;
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that?"
Gustava feeds her—she begs for more,
And a little brown hen walks in at the door.
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

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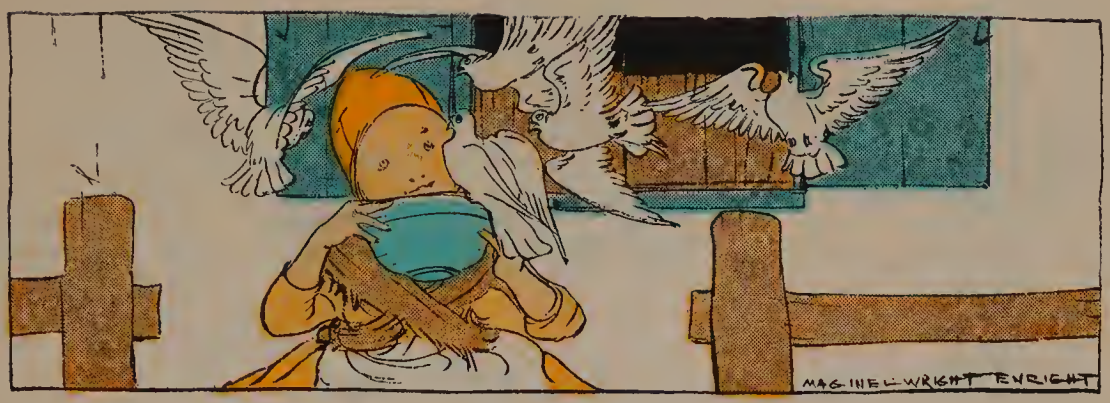
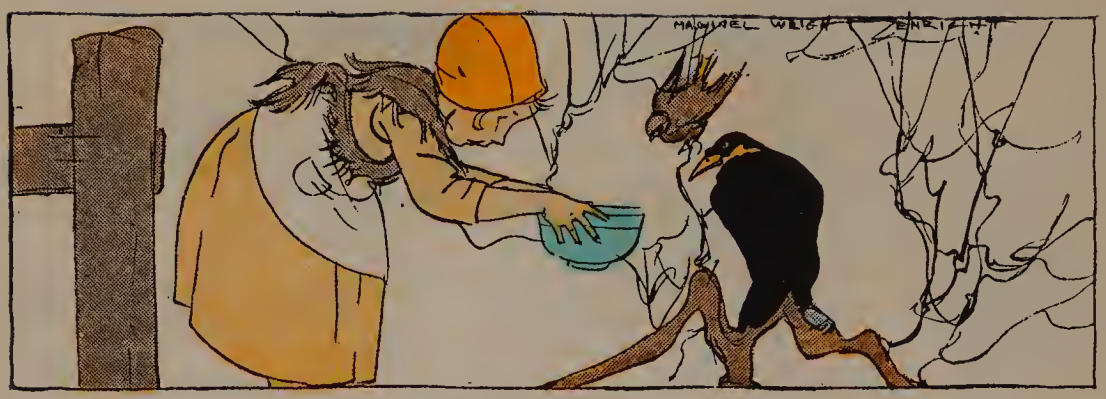
IN THE NURSERY



She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet.
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face and his funny tail wags.
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" And down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor, brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.



Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow.
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves, and biddy, and dog, and cat.
And her mother came to the open house door;
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

The Magpie's Nest

AN ENGLISH FOLK TALE

ONCE upon a time when pigs spake rhyme,
And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!

All the birds of the air came to Madge Magpie way up in a tree-top and asked her to teach them how to build their nests.

The Thrush came in her glossy brown coat;

The Blackbird came in his rusty black;

The Owl came in his best speckled vest, with great round goggles over his eyes;

The Sparrow came in dust-color;

The Starling came in black satin, all shiny with purple and green;

and

The Turtle Dove came in her softest gray.

On the branches above Madge Magpie they perched, and all began to sing at once:.

"Madge Magpie! Oh, Madge Magpie,
Pray will you teach us how
To build such nests as you do
Upon the swaying bough?

"There's no one in the tree-tops
Who knows so well as you
How birds should build their houses!
Caw, caw! Tu whit, tu whoo!"

Madge Magpie gave a swish to her long silk train, and smoothed down her wide white sash; then she answered:

"Come sit in a circle about me.
If you're good, I will show you how
To build just such nests as I do
Way up on the swaying bough."

First she took some mud and made it into a neat round cake.

"Oh, that's how it's done, is it?" cried the Thrush, and she wouldn't wait another minute to hear any more. Off she flew and she sang as she went:

"Quit, quit, quit!
That's all there is to it!
Mud you take,
And make a cake,
Quit, quit, quit!"

So that's all the Thrush ever learned about how to build a nest. Then Madge Magpie took some twigs and arranged them in the mud.

"Oh, that's how it's done, is it?" cried the Blackbird. "Now I know all about it! Here I go to make my nest in a big oak tree in the cornfield.

"Mud in a cake! I saw! I saw!
Twigs in the mud! Caw! caw!"

So that's all the Blackbird ever learned about how to build a nest. Then Madge Magpie put another layer of mud over the twigs.

"Oh, I knew all that before I came," said the old Owl, who thought himself so wise, and away he flew to build his nest in the bell tower of the church.

"Tu whit, tu whoo!
I knew! I knew!
I'll build my nest
As I always do!"

So that's all the Owl ever learned about how to build a nest. After this the Magpie took some twigs and twined them round the outside to make the nest firm and strong.

"The very thing!" cried the Sparrow. "Why stay to hear more? I'll go make my nest in the hedgerow.

"Chip! chip!
Chip! chip!
I know enough
And now I'll skip!"

So that's all the Sparrow ever learned about how to build a nest. Well, then Madge Magpie took some feathers and soft stuff and lined the nest all cozy and snug.

"That suits me!" screeched the Starling, and off he flew to build his nest in a little hole in the old stone schoolhouse:

"Tchack! Tchack! Screech!
I'll build way out of reach!
And when my little ones come out,
We'll screech with noisy din about!"

So that's all the Starling ever learned about how to build a nest. Meanwhile, Madge Magpie went on working and working without looking up, till the only bird that was left was the Turtle Dove, and she hadn't paid any attention all along. She had only kept on repeating her silly cry, "Coo! Coo! Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

Madge Magpie noticed what the Dove was saying just as she was putting a twig across. So she said:

"No, you don't take two. Take one! One's enough!"

But the Turtle Dove kept on saying: "Coo! Coo! Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o!"

"One's enough, I tell you! Don't you see how I lay it across?"

But the Turtle Dove liked only to hear herself talk, so she kept on saying: "Coo! Coo! Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o!"

At last and at last, Madge Magpie looked up and saw nobody near her but the silly Turtle Dove, and then she cried:

"How can I teach silly birds to build nests if they will not listen to what I say?" and away she flew. Nor would she ever again tell them what to do.

THERE WERE TWO BIRDS

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fol de ral! laddy!

One flew away and then there was one,
Fol de ral! laddy!

The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fol de ral! laddy!

And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fol de ral! Fol de ral! laddy!

The Frog and the Ox

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

ONCE a Little Frog came hopping in great excitement up to a Big Frog, who sat by the side of a pool.

"Oh, Brother," said the Little Frog, "I have just seen such a great big monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head, and a long tail, and it had hoofs divided in two. I'm sure it's the largest creature in all the world."

"Tush, child, tush!" said the Big Frog, "that was only Farmer White's Ox. You have seen so little of the world, that you thought him very much larger than he is. Really he isn't so much bigger than I. He may be a little bit taller, but I could easily make myself quite as broad. Just you see!"

And he blew himself out, and blew himself out, and blew himself out.

"Was he as big as this?" he asked, holding his breath.

"Oh, much bigger than that," said the young Frog.

So the older one blew himself out again, and blew himself out again, and blew himself out again.

"There! Was he as big as this?" he asked then.

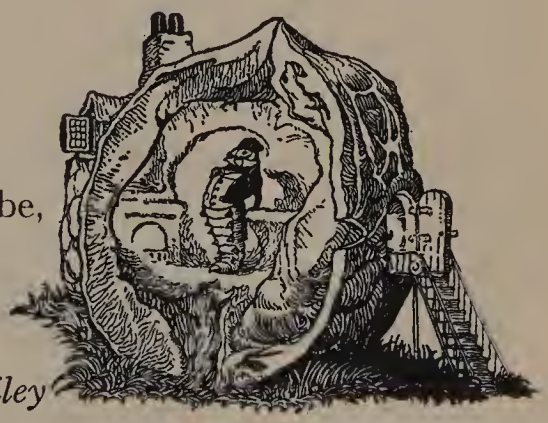
"Bigger, Brother, bigger," was still the reply.

Now the Big Frog was so determined to show himself as large as the Ox, that he took another breath deeper than all he had taken before, and he blew, and he blew, and he blew, and he swelled, and he swelled, and he swelled. At last he said in a squeaky little voice, "I'm sure the Ox is not as big as — !"

But at this moment he swelled himself out so hard that he burst! Then the young Frog cried:

"Alas! He who thinks himself so big, may find himself nothing at all."

"IT"



A WEE little worm
in a hickory-nut
Sang, happy as he could be,
"O, I live in the heart of the
whole round world,
And it all belongs to me!"

—James Whitcomb Riley

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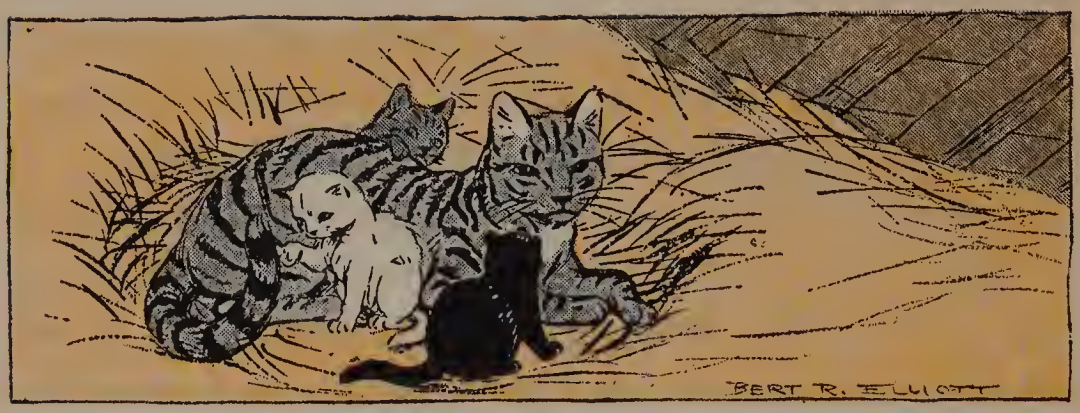

Mrs. Tabby Gray

MAUD LINDSAY

MRS. TABBY GRAY, with her three little kittens, lived out in the barn where the hay was stored. One of the kittens was white, one was black, and one, gray, just like her mother, who was called Tabby Gray from the color of her coat.

These three little kittens opened their eyes when they grew old enough, and thought there was nothing so nice in all this wonderful world as their own dear mother, although she told them of a great many nice things, like milk and bread, which they should have when they could go up to the big house where she had her breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Every time Mother Tabby came from the big house she had something pleasant to tell. "Bones for

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dinner today, my dears," she would say, or "I had a fine romp with a ball and the baby," until the kittens longed for the time when they could go, too.

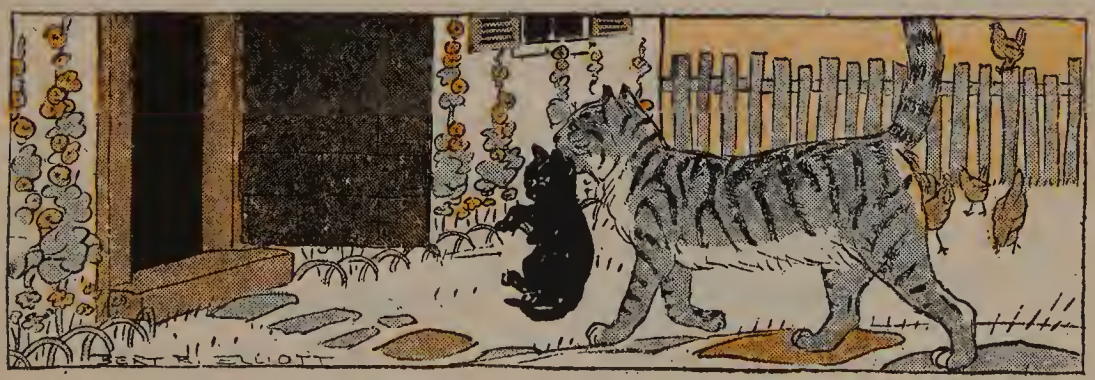
One day, however, Mother Cat walked in with joyful news.

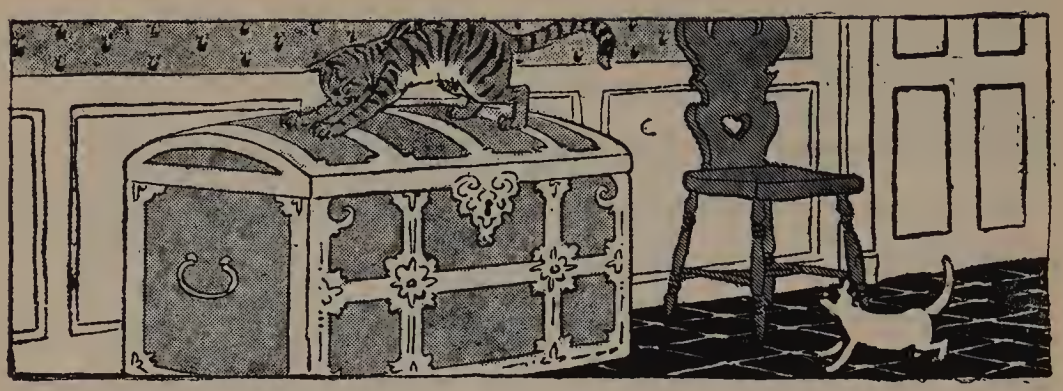
"I have found an elegant new home for you," she said, "in a very large trunk where some old clothes are kept; and I think I had better move at once."

Then she picked up the small black kitten, without any more words and walked right out of the barn with him.

The black kitten was astonished, but he blinked his eyes at the bright sunshine, and tried to see everything.

Out in the barnyard there was a great noise, for the white hen had laid an egg, and wanted everybody to know it; but Mother Cat hurried on, without stopping to inquire about it, and soon dropped the kitten into the large trunk. The clothes made such





a soft, comfortable bed, and the kitten was so tired after his exciting trip, that he fell asleep, and Mrs. Tabby trotted off for another baby.

While she was away, the lady who owned the trunk came out into the hall; and when she saw that the trunk was open, she shut it, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, for she did not dream that there was anything so precious as a kitten inside.

As soon as the lady had gone upstairs, Mrs. Tabby Gray came back, with the little white kitten; and when she found the trunk closed, she was terribly frightened. She put the white kitten down and sprang on top of the trunk and scratched with all her might, but scratching did no good. Then she jumped down and reached up to the keyhole, but that was too small for even a mouse to pass through, and the poor mother mewed pitifully.

What was she to do? She picked up the white kitten, and ran to the barn with it. Then she made haste to the house again, and went upstairs to the lady's room. The lady was playing with her baby, and, when Mother Cat saw this, she rubbed against her skirts and cried: "Mee-ow, mee-ow! You have your baby, and I want mine! Mee-ow, mee-ow!"

By and by the lady said: "Poor Kitty! she must be hungry," and she went down to the kitchen and poured sweet milk in a saucer, but the cat did not want milk. She wanted her baby kitten out of the big black trunk!

The kind lady decided that she must be thirsty. "Poor Kitty, I will give you water," but when she set the bowl of water down, Mrs. Tabby Gray mewed more sorrowfully than before. She wanted no water,—she only wanted her dear baby kitten; and she ran to and fro crying, until, at last, the

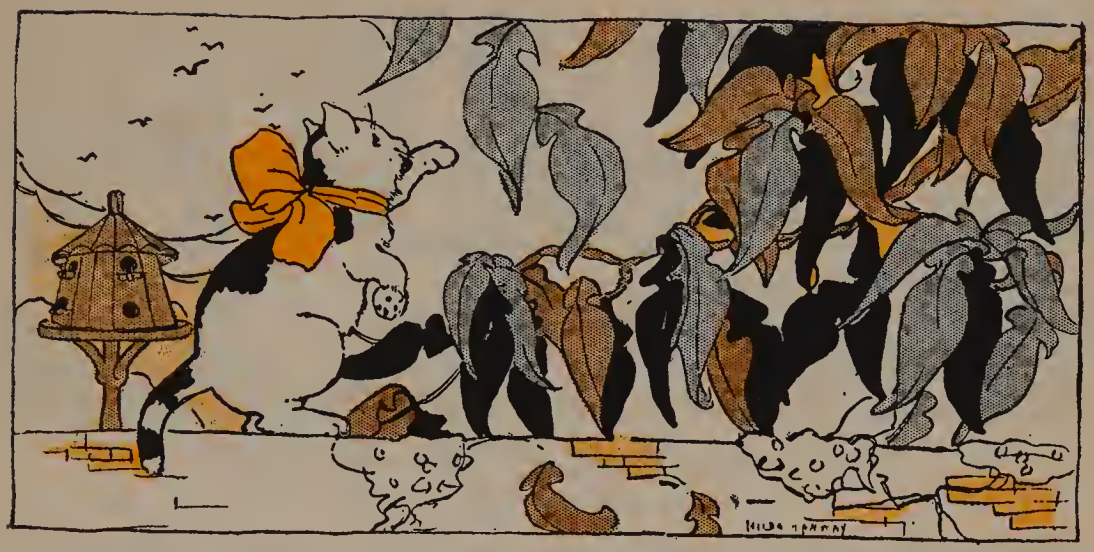
lady followed her; and she led the way to the trunk.

"What can be the matter with this cat?" said the lady; and she took the trunk key out of her pocket, put it in the lock, unlocked the trunk, raised the top—and in jumped Mother Cat with such a bound that the little black kitten waked up with a start.

"Purr, purr, my darling child," said Mrs. Tabby Gray, in great excitement; and before the black kitten could ask one question she picked him up and started for the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard, and the hens were still chattering there; but the black kitten was glad to get back to the barn. His mother was glad too; for, as she nestled down in the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that a barn was the best place after all to raise children.

And she never afterwards changed her mind.



THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SEE the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves — one — two — and three —
From the lofty elder-tree!

* * * *

But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow.

* * * *

With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit

BEATRIX POTTER

ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were—

Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cotton-Tail,
and Peter.

They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-Tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter very naughtily ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

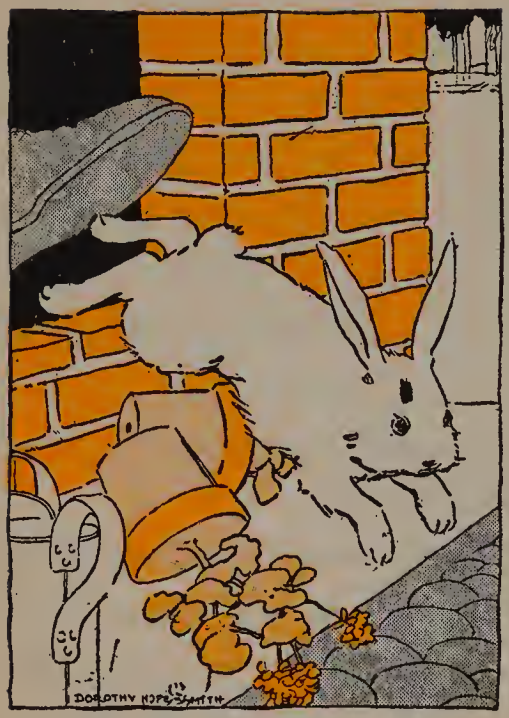
First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but—Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.

After losing them he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether, if he had not unfortunately run into a



gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he had intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

He rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flowerpot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

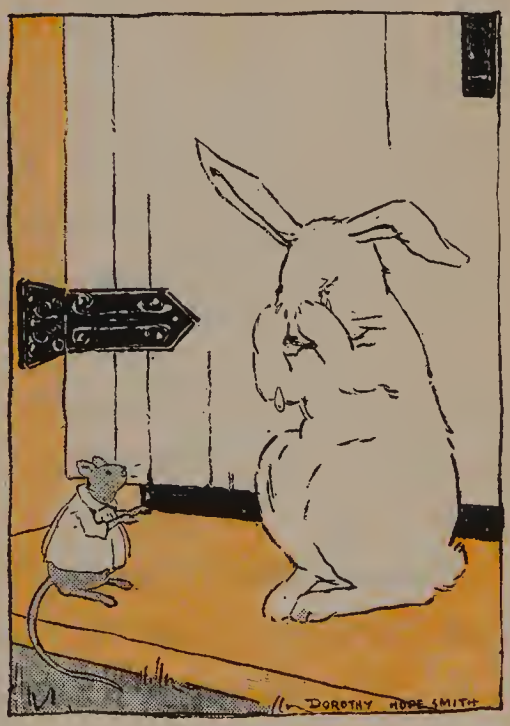
Presently Peter sneezed—"Kertyschoo!" Mr. Mc-

Gregor was after him in no time and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath, and he had not the least idea which way to go.

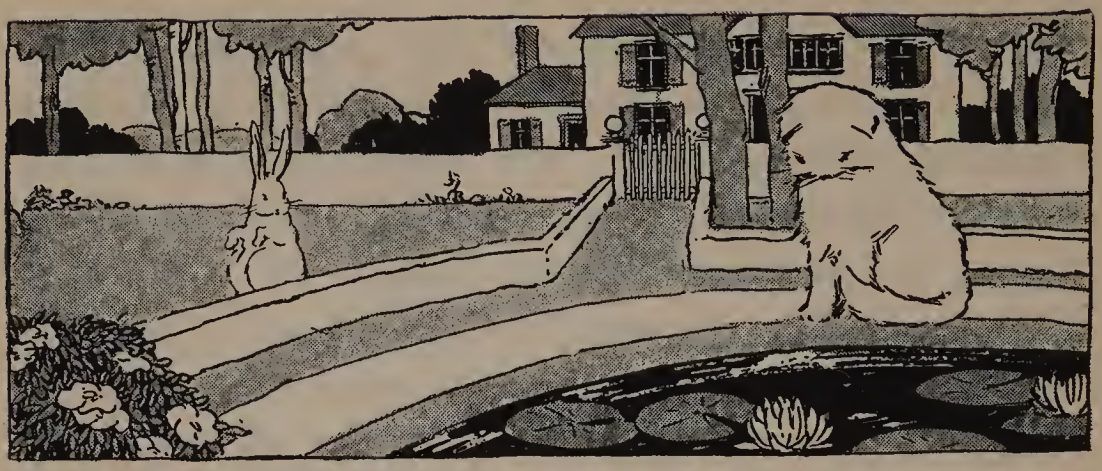
After a time he began to wander about, going—lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.



An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his



way across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to the pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans.

A white cat was staring at some gold-fish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—sc-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttled underneath the bushes.

But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheel-barrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing

onions. His back was turned towards Peter and beyond him was the gate! Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow and started running as fast as he could go along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bed time!"

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

ROSY POSY

LAURA E. RICHARDS

THERE was a little Rosy,
And she had a little nosy,
And she made a little posy,
All pink and white and green.
And she said, "Little nosy,
Will you smell my little posy?
For of all the flowers that growsy,
Such sweet ones ne'er were seen."

So she took the little posy,
And she put it to her nosy,
On her little face so rosy,
The flowers for to smell;
And which of them was Rosy,
And which of them was nosy,
And which of them was posy,
You really could not tell.

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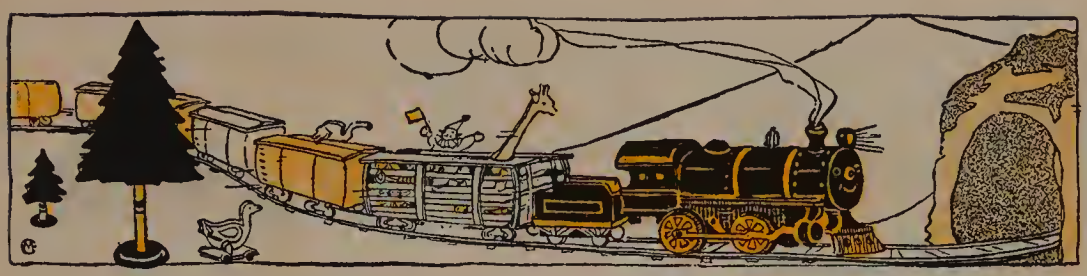
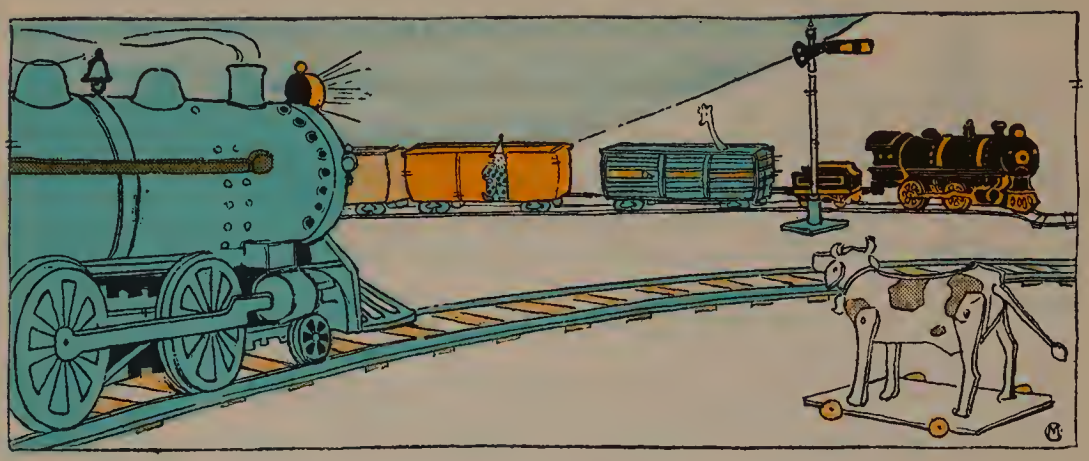


The Little Engine That Could

Once there was a Train-of-Cars, and she was flying merrily across the country with a load of Christmas toys for the children who lived way over on the other side of the mountain. Her wheels went round ever so fast, squealing along on the track, and leaving the rails humming and singing behind them. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! She was such a happy little Train-of-Cars, so pleased with the load she was carrying, and she had just time to get to the end of her journey before the last Christmas shopping.

But all of a sudden, right at the foot of the mountain, Puff! Chug! Squeak! Squea-ea-eak! The Engine broke down; the wheels slid along a little farther with a shrieking, wailing cry and then stood perfectly still. Now how was the train to cross the mountain and get her toys over there in time for the children's Christmas?



Rag dolls, paper dolls, china dolls, little worsted dogs with shoebutton eyes, and celluloid cats, and white fur bunnies, and painted wooden horses, and Noah's arks, and dolls' houses, and dolls' furniture, and rocking horses, and tops, and bats, and balls, and wagons, and carts! Were they all to stay there packed away useless, and the children on the other side to go without them for Christmas?

As the little Train stood there, hoping for help, along toward her came a great strong Engine, all finely cleaned up and black,. with his number plate scoured and shining. He had just finished his work of pulling a fine long passenger train, with sleeping cars, parlor car, and dining car, and he was on his way back to the roundhouse now, puffing and blowing with pride.

"O Big, Big Engine!" cried the Train, and every one of her Cars joined in the chorus, "Will you please take us over the mountain? Our engine has broken down, and we're loaded with Christmas toys for the children on the other side. Will you help us, help us, help us, help us?"

But the Big Passenger Engine puffed and snorted and blew off steam angrily.

"It's not my business to pull such a little nobody as you!" he roared. "I pull much finer trains than you! Puff, Puff! Ding, dong! Wheu-eu-eu!" And he switched himself round on a sidetrack, passed the poor little Train-of-Cars and soon left her helpless, far behind.

But the little Train-of-Cars never left off hoping that some one would come to help her.

Pretty soon there came along another great strong Engine, that had just pulled a heavy freight train over the mountain, and was on his way back to the round-house to rest. So the little Train called out to the Freight Engine and every one of her Cars joined in the chorus:

"O Big, Big Engine, will you please take us over the mountain? Our engine has broken down, and we're loaded with Christmas toys for the children on the other side. Will you help us, help us, help us?"

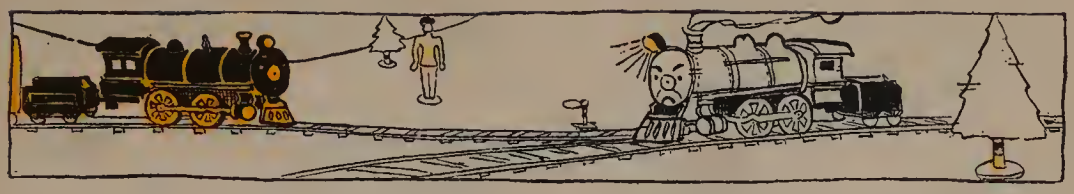
But the Big Freight Engine puffed and snorted more angrily than the other, and sent up out of his smokestack a shower of angry sparks.

"I've done enough work for today! Yes-s-s S-s-sir-ee!" he hissed, "I've done enough, done enough, done enough, done enough, done enough, done enough!" And he switched himself round on the sidetrack, passed the poor little Train-of-Cars, and soon left her helpless, far behind!

But the little Train-of-Cars never left off hoping that some one would come to help her.

Pretty soon there came along a smaller Engine, just about the size of the one that had been pulling the Train. He looked dingy and rusty and dusty, and he didn't puff at all. He just sighed, and groaned, and grunted, and rumbled, and grumbled! But the little Train called out to him and every one of her Cars joined in the chorus:

"O Engine, Engine, will you please take us over the mountain? Our engine has broken down and



we're loaded with Christmas toys for the children on the other side. Will you help us, help us, help us?"

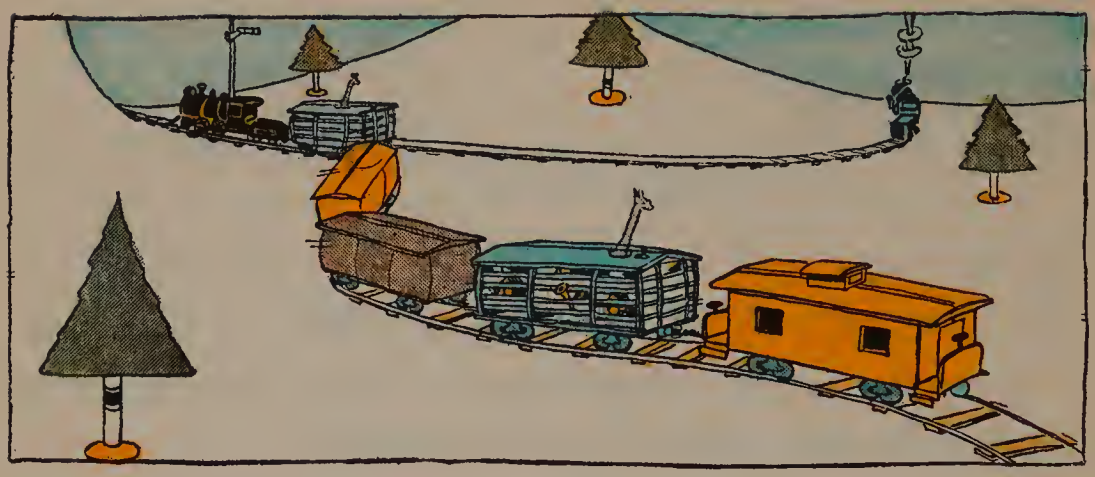
Then the Dingy, Dusty, Rusty Engine groaned, and grunted, and rumbled, and grumbled:

"I never could pull you over the mountain! I haven't the strength! I never—could! I never—could! I never—could! I never could! I never could! I never could!" And he dragged himself round on the sidetrack, passed the poor little Train-of-Cars and soon left her helpless, far behind!

Still the little Train-of-Cars never left off hoping that some one would come to help her.

After a long, long time, along came a Little, Small Engine. It seemed quite useless to ask this Little, Small Engine for help, yet the Little, Small Engine had one very bright, lively eye in her head, and she was humming and hurrying along, whistling and ringing her bell in the very liveliest fashion.

So the little Train cried out, and every one of her Cars joined in the chorus:



"Little Engine, could you take us over the mountain? Our engine has broken down, and we're loaded with Christmas toys for the children on the other side. Can you help us, help us, help us?"

Now the Little, Small Engine had never been far away from the freight yard, where she had spent all her days in switching, but she did not mean to let those children go without their Christmas toys if she could possibly help it, so she answered:

"I think I can! I think I can! I think I can!"

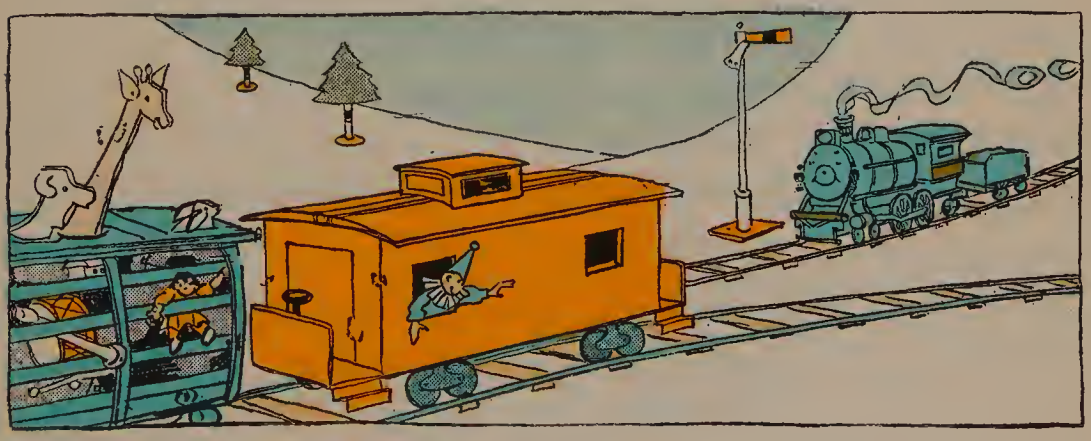
Then she came straight up to the Train, caught hold of her, and began to tug and pull. Pretty soon, Ding, dong! ding, dong! Puff, puff, puff! Chug, chug, chug! The Train-of-Cars began to move, slowly, slowly. And the Little, Small Engine as she toiled, kept puffing:

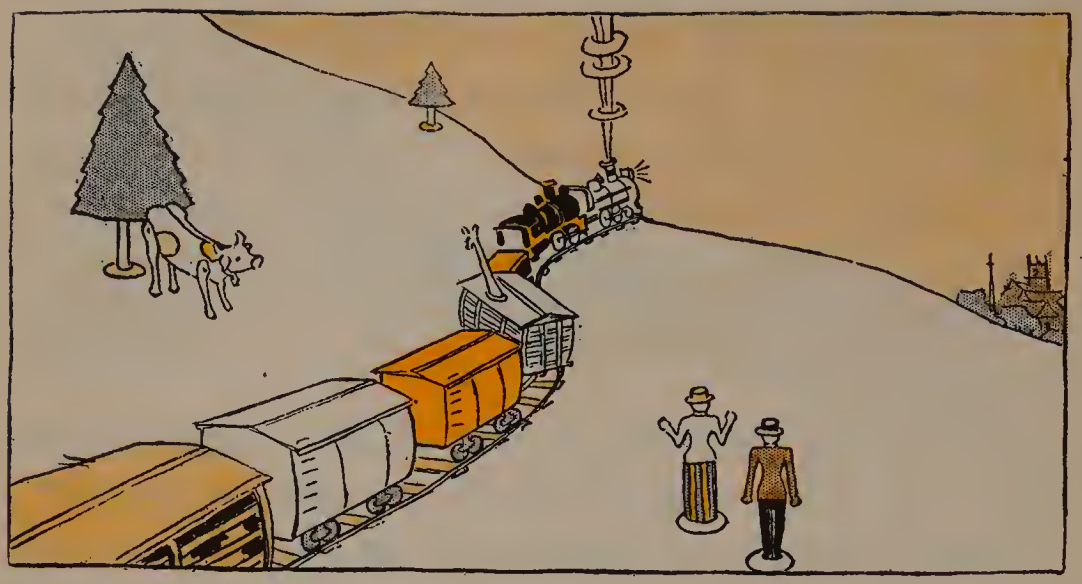
"I — think — I — can! I — think — I — can! I — think — I — can!" Slowly, steadily, she gained speed. "I — think — I can! I — think — I — can! I — think — I — can!" Now she ran steadily up the track. "I think I can! I think I can! I think I can! I think I can! I think I can! I think I can! I think I can!"

At last she reached the top of the mountain and then she puffed out joyously, "*I thought I could*!"

There, below, on the other side lay a great, big city, the city where the children lived to whom she was bearing the Christmas toys.

Down she started, sliding faster, faster, faster, and as she went she sang merrily, "I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought



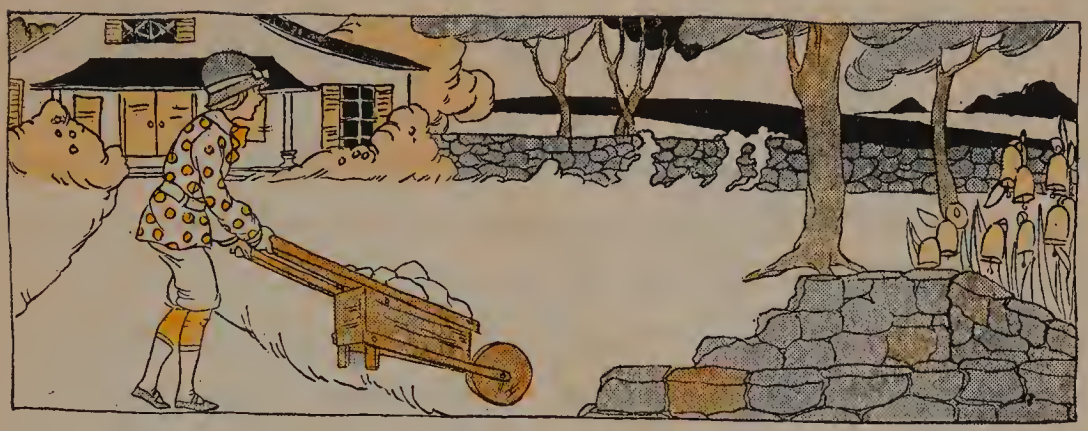


I could! I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could, I thought I could, I thought I could!"

And so the children got their Christmas toys.

TRY AGAIN

IF YOU find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again;
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again. —*William E. Hickson.*



A Quick-Running Squash

ALICIA ASPINWALL

CHARLES owned a garden. One morning his father called him and pointing to four stakes driven in the ground, which certainly had not been there the night before, said:

"All the land within those four stakes is yours, your very own."

Charles was delighted, and thanking his dear father, ran off to get his little cart, for he wished at once to build a stone wall about his property. He did not fear it would run away, but he knew that land-owners always walled in their possessions.

"After the wall is built," said his father, "you may plant in your garden anything you like, and James will give you what you ask for."

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In two days the wall was built, and a good one it was too, being strong and even.

The next day James set out some plants for him, and gave the boy some seeds which he planted himself, James telling him how to do it.

He then got his watering-pot and gently sprinkled the newly planted ground with warm water. Running across the lawn, he looked down the road to see if his father had not yet come from the village. His father was nowhere to be seen, but coming down the road was a most remarkable looking man. He was tall and thin and had bright red hair which had evidently not been cut for a very long time. He wore a blue coat, green trousers, red hat, and on his hands, which were large, two very dirty, ragged, white kid gloves. This wonderful man came up to Charles and asked for a drink of water, which he, being a polite boy, at once brought. The man thanked him, and then said:

"What have you been doing this morning, little man?"

Charles told him about his new

garden, and the man listened with much interest.

"Little boy," said he, "there is one seed that you have not got."

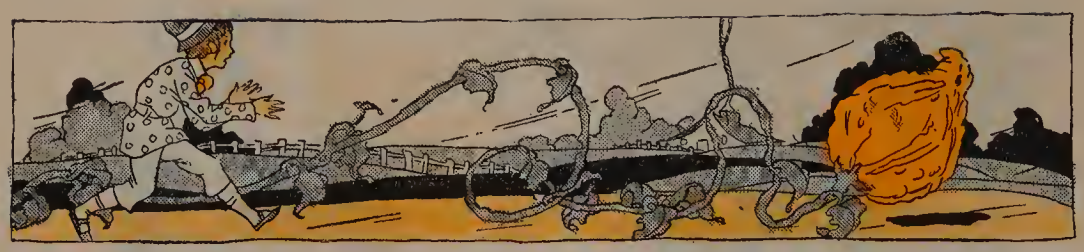
"And what is that?"

"The seed of the quick-running squash."

Charles's face fell.

"I don't believe James has that, and I don't know where to get one," he faltered.

"Now, as it happens," said the man, "I have one of those very seeds in my pocket. It is not, however, that of the common, everyday quick-running squash. This one came from India, and is mar-



vellous for its quick-running qualities. You have been kind to me, little boy, and I will give it to you," and with a peculiar smile, this strange man produced from his pocket, instead of the ordinary squash seed, an odd, round, red seed which he gave to Charles, who thanked him heartily, and ran to plant it at once. Having done so, he went back to ask when the quick-running squash would begin to grow. But the man had disappeared, and, although Charles looked up and down the dusty road, he could see nothing of him.

As he stood there, he heard behind him a little rustling noise, and turning, saw coming toward him a green vine. He had, of course, seen vines before, but never, never had he seen such a queer one as this. It was running swiftly toward him, and on the very front was a round yellow ball, about as big as an orange! Charles, looking back to see where it came from, found that it started in the corner of

his garden. And what had he planted in that corner? Why, to be sure, the seed of the quick-running squash, which the strange man had just given him.

"Well, well, well!" he shouted, in great excitement, "what an *awfully* quick-running squash it is. I suppose that little yellow thing in front is the squash itself. But indeed it must not run away from me, I must stop it." And he started swiftly down the street after it.

But, alas, no boy could run as fast as that squash, and Charles saw far ahead the bright yellow ball, now grown to be about the size of an ordinary squash, running and capering merrily over stones big and little, never turning out for anything, but bobbing up and down, up and down, and waving its long green vine like a tail behind it. The boy ran swiftly on. "It shall *not* get away," he panted. "It belongs to me."

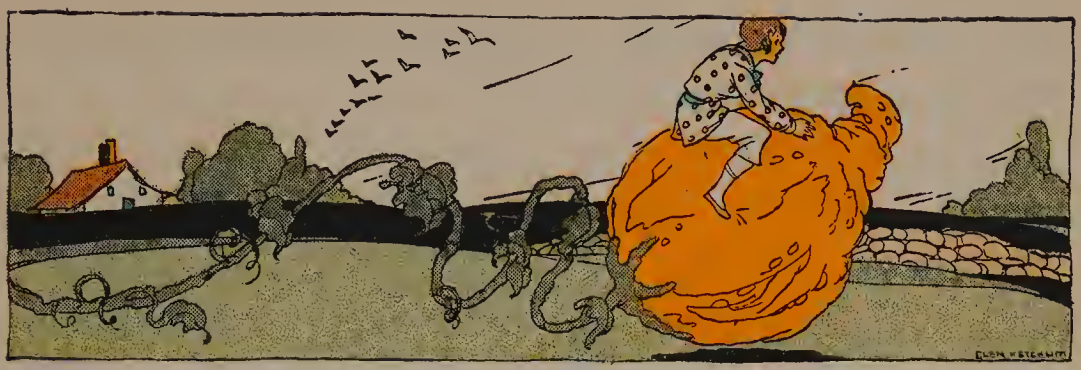
But that the squash did not seem to realize at all. He did not feel that he belonged to anybody,

and he *did* feel that he was a quick-running squash, and so on he scampered.

Suddenly he came to a very large rock, and stopped for a moment to take breath, and in that moment Charles caught up with him, and simply sat down on him.

"Now, squash," said he, slapping him on the side, "your journey is ended."

The words were scarcely spoken when he suddenly felt himself lifted up in the air, and bumpity, bump, over the stone flew the squash, carrying with him his very much astonished little master! The squash had been growing all the time, and was now about three times as big as an ordinary one. Charles, who had a pony of his own, knew how to ride, but never had he ridden anything so extraordinary as this. On they flew, roll, waddle, bump, *bump*, roll, waddle, *bang*, the boy digging his knees hard into the



sides of the squash to avoid being thrown. He had a dreadfully hard time. Mount the next quick-running squash you meet, and you will see for yourself how it is.

To Charles's great delight, he now saw his father coming toward him, riding his big white horse, Nero, who was very much frightened when he saw the boy on such a strange yellow steed. But Nero soon calmed down at his master's voice, and turning, rode along beside the big squash, although he had to go at full speed to do so. "Gallopty-gallop" went Nero and "bumpity-bump" went the squash. Papa lost his hat, (Charles had parted with his long before).

"What are you doing, my son, and what, *what* is it you are riding?" asked his father.

"A quick-running squash, Papa," gasped Charles, who, although bruised, refused to give up the squash,

and was still pluckily keeping his seat. "Stop it, oh, do stop it, Papa."

His father knew that this could be no ordinary squash, and saw that it evidently did not intend to stop.

"I will try to *turn* it and make it go back," he said; so riding Nero nearer and nearer the squash, he forced it up against a stone wall. But, instead of going back, this extraordinary squash jumped, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, over the high wall, and went bobbing along into the rough field beyond. But alas, before them was a broad lake, and as he could not swim, back he was forced to turn. Over the wall and back again over the same road and toward the garden whence he came, Charles still on his back and Charles's papa galloping at full speed behind.

The squash, however, must have had a good heart, for when he reached the house again, he of his own accord turned in at the gate and ran up to the wall of Charles's garden. There he stopped, for he was now so big that he could not climb walls, and indeed, had he been able to get in, he would have filled the little garden to overflowing, for he was

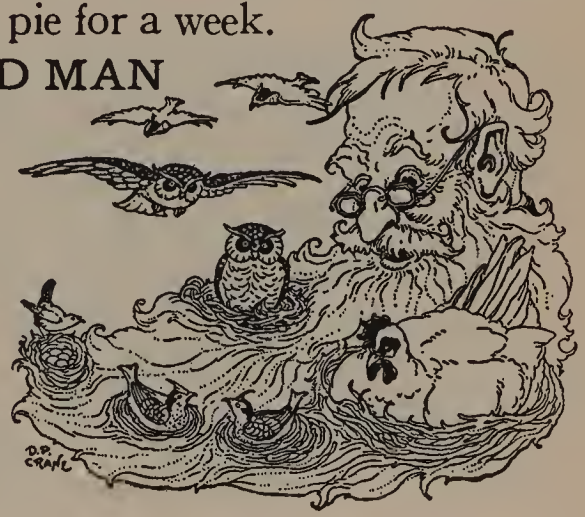
really enormous. Charles's father had actually to get a ladder for the poor little fellow to climb down, and he was so tired that he had to be carried to the house. But the squash was tired, too, dreadfully tired. I suppose it is a very bad thing for a growing squash to take much exercise. This certainly was a growing squash, and there is also no doubt that he had taken a great deal of exercise that morning. Be that as it may, when the family were at luncheon, they were alarmed by hearing a violent explosion near the house. Rushing out to see what could have happened, they found that the marvellous quick-running squash had *burst*! It lay spread all over the lawn in a thousand pieces.

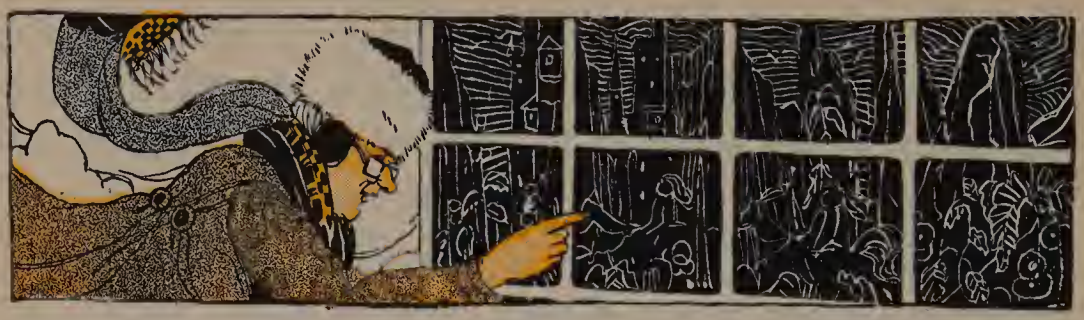
The family, and all the neighbors' families for miles around, had squash pie for a week.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN

There was an old man
with a beard,
Who said, "It is just
as I feared!
Two owls and a hen,
four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests
in my beard!"

—*Edward Lear.*





JACK FROST

GABRIEL SETOUN

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the trees
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

From *Child's World;* used by the courteous permission of John Lane Company.

IN THE NURSERY

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm-trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For, creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake, you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

American Child Rhymes

GO ASK YOUR MOTHER

Go ask your mother for fifty cents
To see the elephant jump the fence.
He jumped so high, he touched the sky,
And never came down till the Fourth of July.

A JUMP-ROPE RHYME

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, show your shoe;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, that will do.

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, go up stairs;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, say your prayers;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, switch off the light;
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, say "Good night!"

The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen

FÉLICITÉ LEFÈVRE

ONCE upon a time there was a hill, and on the hill there was a pretty little house.

It had one little green door, and four little windows with green shutters, and in it there lived *a cock*, and *a mouse*, and *a little red hen*. On another hill close by, there was another little house. It was very ugly. It had a door that wouldn't shut, and two broken windows, and all the paint was off the shutters. And in this house there lived *a bold bad fox and four bad little foxes*.

One morning these four bad little foxes came to the big bad Fox and said:

"Oh, Father, we're so hungry!"

"We had nothing to eat yesterday," said one.

"And scarcely anything the day before," said another.

The big bad Fox shook his head, for he was thinking. At last he said in a big, gruff voice:

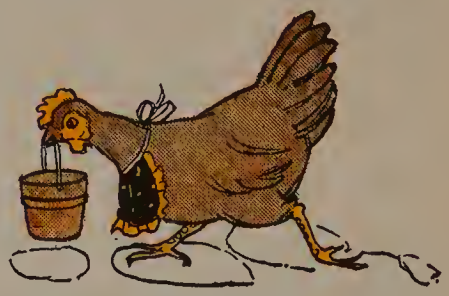
"On the hill over there I see a house. And in that house there lives a Cock."

"And a Mouse!" screamed two of the little foxes.

"And a little Red Hen," screamed the other two.

Used by permission of George W. Jacobs & Company

"And they are nice and fat," went on the big bad Fox. "This very day I'll take my sack, and I will go up that hill and in at that door, and into my sack I will put the Cock, and the Mouse, and the little Red Hen."



So the four little foxes jumped for joy, and the big bad Fox went to get his sack ready to start upon his journey.

But what was happening to the Cock, and the Mouse, and the little Red Hen, all this time?

Well, sad to say, the Cock and the Mouse had both got out of bed on the wrong side that morning. The Cock said the day was too hot, and the Mouse grumbled because it was too cold.

They came grumbling down to the kitchen, where the good little Red Hen, looking as bright as a sunbeam, was bustling about.

"Who'll get some sticks to light the fire with?" she asked.

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

So off she ran to get the sticks. "And now, who'll fill the kettle from the spring?" she asked.

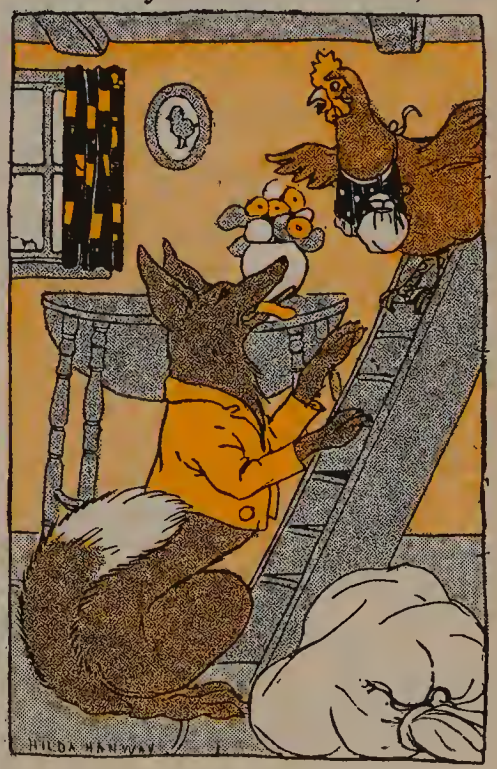
"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

And off she ran to fill the kettle.

"And who'll get the breakfast ready?" she asked, as she put the kettle on to boil.



"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

All breakfast time the Cock and the Mouse quarrelled and grumbled. The Cock upset the milk jug, and the Mouse scattered crumbs upon the floor.

"Who'll clear away the breakfast?" asked the poor little Red Hen, hoping they

would soon leave off being cross.

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

So she cleared everything away, swept up the crumbs and brushed up the fireplace.

"And now, who'll help me to make the beds?"

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

And she tripped away upstairs.

But the lazy Cock and Mouse each sat down in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and soon fell fast asleep.

Now the bad Fox had crept up the hill, and into the garden, and if the Cock and Mouse hadn't been asleep, they would have seen his sharp eyes peeping in at the window.

"Rat tat tat! Rat tat tat!" the Fox knocked at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Mouse, half opening his eyes.

"Go and look for yourself, if you want to know," said the rude Cock.

"It's the postman, perhaps," thought the Mouse

to himself, "and he may have a letter for me." So without waiting to see who it was, he lifted the latch and opened the door.

As soon as he opened it, in jumped the big Fox.

"Oh! oh! oh!" squeaked the Mouse, as he tried to run up the chimney.

"Doodle doodle do!" screamed the Cock, as he jumped on the back of the biggest arm-chair.

But the Fox only laughed, and without more ado he took the little mouse by the tail, and popped him into the sack, and seized the Cock by the neck and popped him in too.

Then the poor little Red Hen came running downstairs to see what all the noise was about, and the Fox caught her and put her into the sack with the others. Then he took a long piece of string out of his pocket, wound it round, and round, and round the mouth of the sack, and tied it very tight indeed. After that he threw the sack over his back, and off he set down the hill, chuckling to himself.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so cross," said the Cock, as they went bumping about.

"Oh! I wish I hadn't been so lazy," said the Mouse, wiping his eyes with the tip of his tail.

"It's never too late to mend," said the little Red Hen. "And don't be too sad. See, here I have my little work-bag, and in it there is a pair of scissors, and a little thimble, and a needle and thread. Very soon you will see what I am going to do."

Now the sun was very hot, and soon Mr. Fox began to feel his sack was heavy, and at last he thought he would lie down under a tree and go to sleep for a little while. So he threw the sack down with a big bump, and very soon fell fast asleep.

Snore, snore, snore, went the Fox.

As soon as the little Red Hen heard this, she took out her scissors, and began to snip a hole in the sack just large enough for the Mouse to creep through.

"Quick," she whispered to the Mouse, "run as fast as you can and bring back a stone just as large as yourself."

Out scampered the Mouse, and soon came back, dragging the stone after him.

"Push it in here," said the little Red Hen, and he pushed it in, in a twinkling.

Then the little Red Hen snipped away at the hole, till it was large enough for the Cock to get through.

"Quick," she said, "run and get a stone as big as yourself."

Out flew the Cock, and soon came back quite out of breath, with a big stone, which he pushed into the sack too.

Then the little Red Hen popped out, got a stone as big as herself, and pushed it in. Next she put on her thimble, took out her needle and thread, and sewed up the hole as quickly as ever she could.

When it was done, the Cock, and the Mouse and the little Red Hen ran home very fast, shut the door after them, drew the

bolts, shut the shutters, and drew down the blinds and felt quite safe.

The bad Fox lay fast asleep under the tree for some time, but at last he awoke.

"Dear, dear," he said, rubbing his eyes and then looking at the long shadows on the grass, "how late it is getting. I must hurry home."

So the bad Fox went grumbling and groaning down the hill, till he came to the stream. Splash! In went one foot. Splash! In went the other, but the stones in the sack were so heavy that at the very next step, down tumbled Mr. Fox into a deep pool. And then the fishes carried him off to their fairy caves and kept him a prisoner there, so he was never seen again. And the four greedy little foxes had to go to bed without any supper.

But the Cock and the Mouse never grumbled again. They lit the fire, filled the kettle, laid the breakfast, and did all the work, while the good little Red Hen had a holiday, and sat resting in the big arm-chair.

No foxes ever troubled them again, and for all I know, they are still living happily in the little house with the green door and green shutters, which stands on the hill.

—Abridged

BABY SEED SONG

EDITH NESBIT

LITTLE brown seed, Oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other!
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "Waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay;
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning — 'tis May!"

Little brown brother, Oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother,
Do be a poppy like me.
What! You're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, Good-by!

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The Turtle Who Could Not Stop Talking

AN EAST INDIAN FABLE

ONCE there was a Turtle who lived in a muddy little pond, and he loved to crawl out in the sun and talk to everyone who went by. He talked to the beasts, and he talked to the birds, and he talked to the fishes. He talked to the wild geese as they flew by on their way to the South every year, and he talked to the little brown children who lived in the village near by. In fact he was always talking. He talked, and he talked, and he talked; he chattered, and chattered, and chattered.

One fine day there came to his muddy little pond two young wild geese who had flown on their strong wings a long, long way.

"Friend Turtle," said the Geese, as they rested beside him on the water, "we have a beautiful home far away—a shining, blue pool as clear as glass, with nodding, green grasses round about. We are on our way there now. It's a far pleasanter place than this. How would you like to come with us?"

The Turtle looked about at his muddy little pond. He had always longed to go south; and he wanted so much to see that shining, blue pool, with the nodding, green grasses round about. But he answered, "How can I go with you? I have no wings."

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth closed, and say not a word to anyone," said the Geese.

"Of course I can keep my mouth closed," said the Turtle. "Do take me with you. I will do exactly as you say."

So the next day the Geese brought a stick, each one holding an end of it in his bill.

"Now take hold of the middle of this stick with your mouth," said they, "and so we will lift you up in the air. But don't say a word until we reach home, for, if you do, you will lose your hold and fall to the ground."

"Of course! I will do exactly as you say," said the Turtle.

So the Turtle took hold of the stick with his mouth, and the Geese soared up with him between them. Above the green tops of the tall palm trees, up, up into the blue sky they flew. But as they passed over the village, they came down near enough to the earth, so the little brown children below could just see their old friend, the Turtle.

"Oh, look at the Turtle!" the children cried.

"Yes, I'm going on a long, long journey, farther than any of you have ever been!" the Turtle wanted to say, but he remembered just in time and did not open his mouth.

"Look! those Geese are carrying him on a stick. Did you ever in all your life see anyone look so silly?" cried the children.

"Silly yourself! What business is it of yours how I'm carried?" the Turtle wanted to say, but he remembered just in time and did not open his mouth.

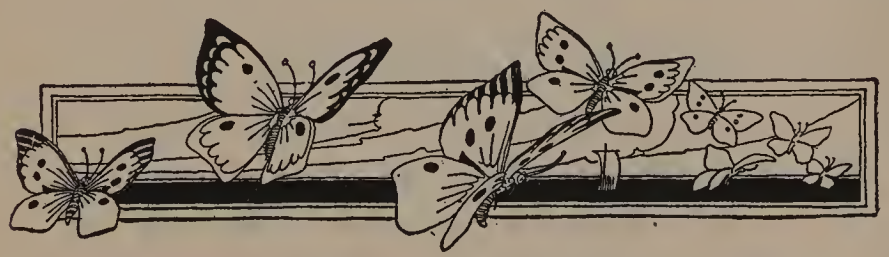
"Oh, ho! Hah, hah!" cried the children. "How does he ever keep his mouth closed? Do you suppose he can really and truly stop talking?"

This was too much for the Turtle.

"Of course I can stop talking!" he cried, and at once he lost his hold on the stick and fell down, crash, at their feet.

"Poor little Turtle," said the children, "he fell because he could not stop talking."

A Bidpai Fable (adapted from the Sanskrit.)



WHITE BUTTERFLIES

FLY, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small, white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

GRASSHOPPER Green is a comical chap;
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap—
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low—
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys,
And, soon as their legs grow strong,
Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song.

Under the hedge in a happy row,
Soon as the day has begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low—
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house.
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low—
Summer's the time for fun.

Mother Spider

FRANCES BLISS GILLESPY

IT WAS a beautiful day in midsummer. The meadow was alive with busy little people astir in the bright sunlight. A long line of ants came crawling down the path, carrying provisions to their home under the elm tree; and an old toad came hopping down through the grass, blinking in the warm sun. Just a little higher up, the bees were droning drowsily as they flew from flower to flower; and, above them all, seeming almost in the blue sky, a robin was calling to his mate.

Pretty soon Mrs. Spider came down the path. She seemed to be in a great hurry. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept straight ahead, holding tightly to a little white bag which she carried in her mouth. She was just rushing past Mr. Toad, when a big black beetle came bumping by, stumbled against Mrs. Spider, and knocked the bag out of her mouth.

In an instant Mrs. Spider pounced down upon

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him, and, though he was so much bigger than she, he tumbled over on his back. While he was trying to kick himself right side up once more,

Mrs. Spider made a quick little dash, took up her bag, and scuttled off through the grass.

"Well, I never!" said Grasshopper Green, who was playing see-saw on a blade of grass.

"No, nor I," grumbled Mr. Beetle, as he wriggled back to his feet. "I didn't want her bag. She needn't have made such a fuss."

"She must have had something very fine in that bag," said Grasshopper Green, "for she was so frightened when she dropped it. I wonder what it was"—and he balanced himself on his grass blade until a stray breeze blew him off, and then he straightway forgot about Mrs. Spider altogether.

Two weeks after this, Grasshopper Green started

out for a little exercise before breakfast. Just as he reached the edge of the brook, he saw Mrs. Spider coming toward him. She was moving quite slowly, and no longer carried the little white bag. As she came nearer, he could see that she had something on her back.

"Good morning, neighbor," called Grasshopper Green. "Can I help you carry your things?"

"Thank you," she said, "but they wouldn't stay with you, even if they could stay on when you give such great jumps."

"They!" said Grasshopper Green. And then, as he came nearer, he saw that the things on Mrs. Spider's back were wee little baby spiders.

"Aren't they pretty children?" she asked, proudly. "I was so afraid that something would happen to my eggs that I never let go of the bag once, except when that stupid Mr. Beetle knocked it out of my mouth."

"O-ho," said Grasshopper Green, "so that was what frightened you so! Your bag was full of eggs! And, now, you are going to carry all those children on your back? Doesn't it tire you dreadfully?"

"I don't mind that a bit," said Mrs. Spider, "if only the children are well and safe. In a little while, you know, they will be able to run about by themselves, and then we shall be so happy here in the meadow grass. Oh, it's worth the trouble, Neighbor Grasshopper."

"Yes," said Grasshopper Green, "I have a dozen wee boys of my own at home; and that reminds me that it is time to go home to breakfast! Good-bye, neighbor. I hope the children will soon be running about with you. You certainly are taking good care of them. Good-bye."

Then home he went; and proud, happy Mother Spider kept on her way to hunt for a breakfast for the babies she loved so well.

SPIDERS' WEBS

WHEN morning mists are gone,
On all the meadows, spiders' webs
Lie glistening in the dawn.

—*Hakuyu* (*Japanese*)

Where Go the Boats?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

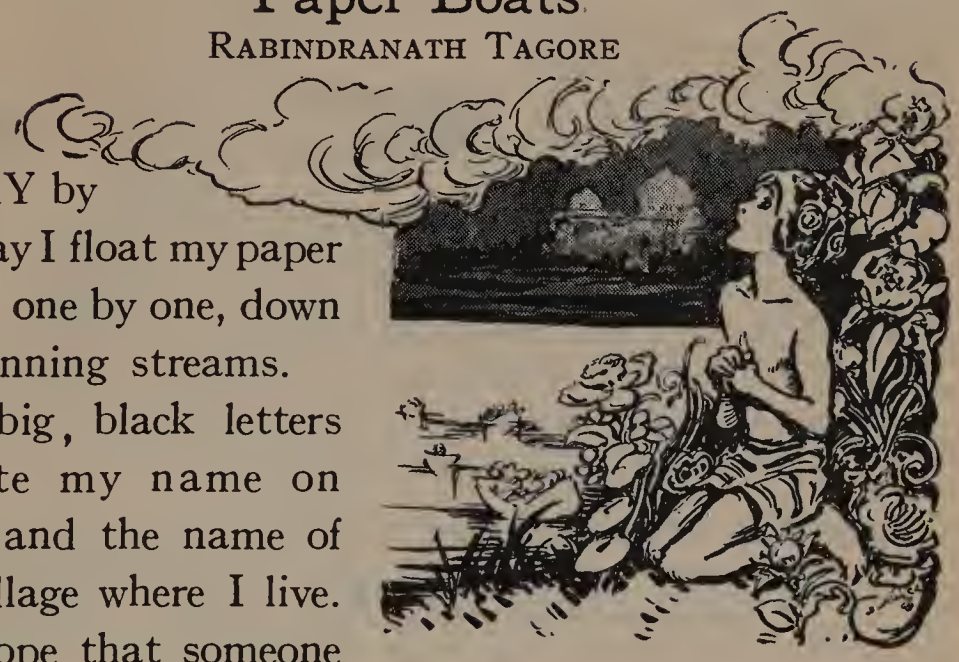
Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
When will all come home?

On goes the river,
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

Paper Boats

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



DAY by day I float my paper boats, one by one, down the running streams.

In big, black letters I write my name on them and the name of the village where I live.

I hope that someone in some strange land will find them and know who I am.

I load my little boats with *shiuli* flowers from our garden, and hope that these blooms of the dawn will be carried safely to land in the night.

I launch my paper boats and look up into the sky and see the little clouds setting their white bulging sails.

I know not what playmate of mine in the sky sends them down the air to race with my boats!

When night comes I bury my face in my arms and dream that my paper boats float on and on under the midnight stars. The fairies of sleep are sailing in them, and the lading is their baskets full of dreams.

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THE MOO-COW-MOO

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

MY pa held me up to the Moo-Cow-Moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a 'fraid-cat much.

But ef my papa goes into the house
En mama, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
Fer the Moo-Cow-Moo might moo.

The Moo-Cow-Moo's got a tail like a rope,
En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the Moo-Cow's nose.

En the Moo-Cow-Moo has lots of fun
Just swinging his tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run—
Cause that's where the moo comes out.

En the Moo-Cow-Moo's got deers on his head,
En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the Moo-Cow-Moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

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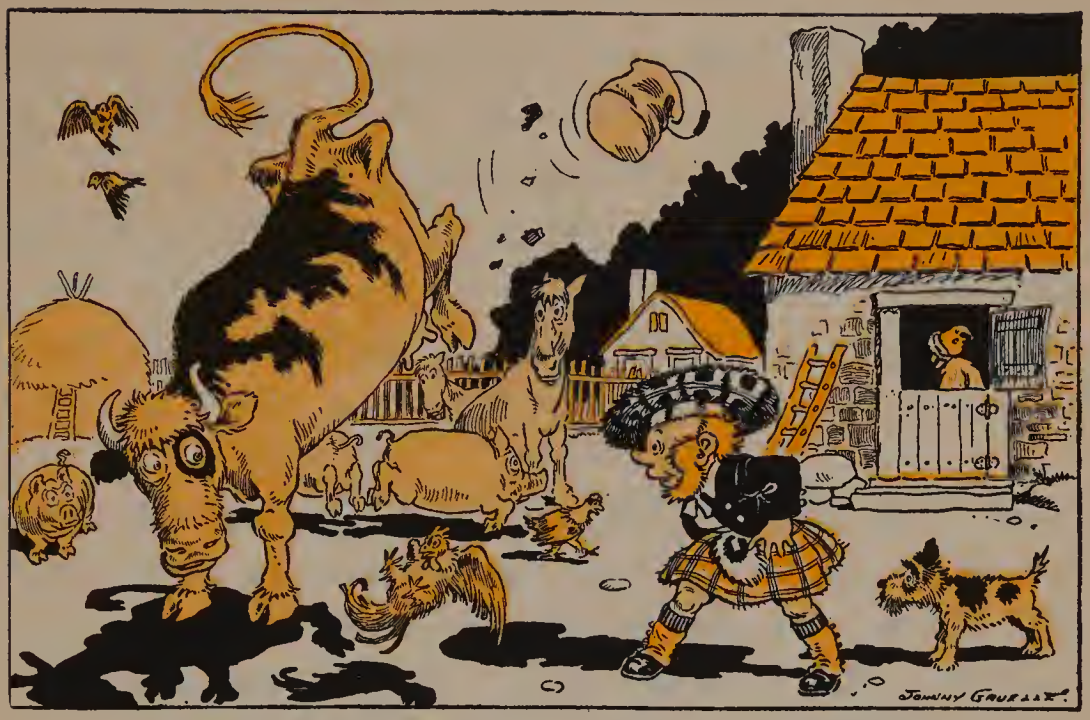


The Wee, Wee Mannie and the Big, Big Coo

A Scotch Folk Tale

ONCE upon a time when all wee folks were big folks and all big folks were wee folks, there was a wee, wee Mannie and he had a Big, Big Coo. Out he went to milk her of a morning. But the Big, Big Coo kicked up her heels and would not stand still.

"Hout! Look at that now," said the wee, wee Mannie—

"What's a wee, wee Mannie to do
Wi' such a Big, Contrary Coo?"

So off he went to his mother at the house. "Mither," said he, "Coo won't stand still, and wee, wee Mannie can't milk Big, Big Coo."

"Hout!" says his mother. "Go tell Big, Big Coo she must stand still."

So off he went to the Big, Big Coo and said:

"Big Coo canna' have her way.
She must stand still! She must, I say!"

But the Big, Big Coo kicked up her heels, swished her tail, and would not stand still. So back went the Mannie to the house and said: "Mither, I've told Big, Big Coo she must, but she will not, and wee, wee Mannie can't milk Big, Big Coo."

"Hout!" says his mother. "Go get a stout, stout stick and shake it at Big, Big Coo."

So off he went and got a stout, stout stick. Then he shook stout, stout stick at Coo and said:

"Big, Big Coo, ye must stand still,
Or my stout stick I'll make ye feel."

But the Big, Big Coo kicked up her heels, swished her tail, tossed her head, and would not stand still. So back went the wee, wee Mannie to the house and said: "Mither, I've told Big, Big Coo she must, I've shaken stout, stout stick at her, but she will

not stand still, and wee, wee Mannie can't milk Big, Big Coo."

"Hout!" says his mother. "Go to the draper's and get ye a gown o' silk, for to coax Big, Big Coo."

So off he went to the draper's and bought a gown o' silk. Then he spread out the gown o' silk before Big, Big Coo and said:

"Hold still, my Coo, my dearie,
And fill my bucket wi' milk,
And if ye'll not be contrary,
I'll gi'e ye a gown o' silk."

But the Big, Big Coo kicked up her heels, swished her tail, tossed her head, lowered her horns, and would not stand still. So back went the Mannie to the house and said: "Mither, I've told Big, Big Coo she must, I've shaken stout, stout stick at her, I've coaxed her

wi' a gown o' silk, but she will not stand still, and wee, wee Mannie can't milk Big, Big Coo."

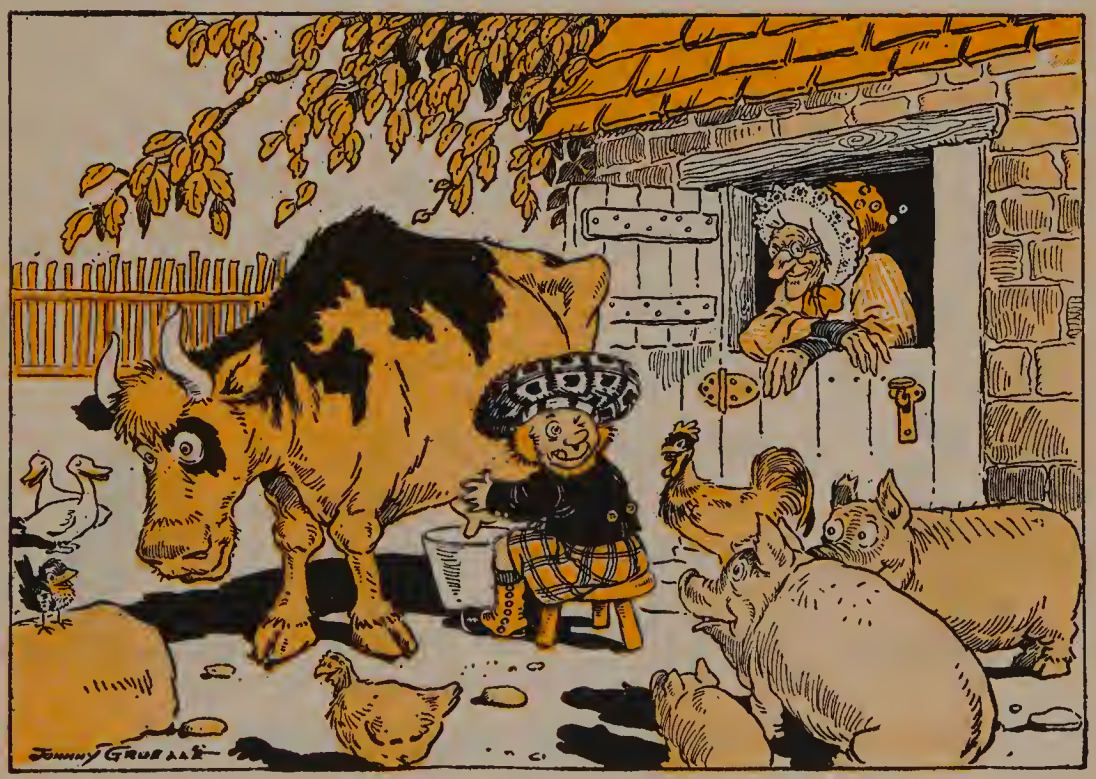
"Hout!" says his mother. "Then go to Coo and soften her hard, hard heart. Tell her there's a sweet, sweet lady wi' yellow hair by the roadside, and she's weary wi' walkin', and weepin' for a sup o' milk."

So off he went to Coo and said:

"There's a lady by the roadside,
Wi' long and golden hair;
She's wearied out wi' walkin',
And weeps a-sitting there.

"'Twould make ye weep in buckets,
If ye were just to think,
She's weepin', weepin', weepin',
For a drop o' milk to drink."

But the Big, Big Coo wept no tears in buckets for the lady by the roadside. She kicked up her heels, swished her tail, tossed her head, lowered her horns, bellowed out loudly, "Moo-oo, Moo-oo!" and would not stand still. So back to the house went the Mannie and said: "Mither, I've told Big, Big Coo she must, I've shaken stout, stout stick at her, I've coaxed her wi' a gown o' silk, I've tried to soften her hard, hard heart, but she will not stand still and wee, wee Mannie can't milk Big, Big Coo."



"Well, then," says his mother, "go to that Coo and tell her she *must not* stand still. Bid her kick up her heels, swish her tail, toss her head, lower her horns, and bellow out loudly, 'Moo-oo, Moo-oo!' Such a sair contrary beastie will never do aught but that which she thinks ye don't want her to do."

So off he went to Big, Big Coo and said:

"Coo, ye darena' stand there still!
Kick and rair—'tis what I will!
Never dare to stand, I say,
I bid ye kick and rair all day!"

When she heard that, the Big, Big Coo stood still, still, still—heels, tail, head, horns, voice, all still. Then the wee, wee Mannie milked the Big, Big Coo for the sweet, sweet lady with the yellow hair, and the Big, Big Coo never, never, never acted like that again — till the next time! —*Adapted*

THE PURPLE COW

I NEVER *Saw* a Purple Cow;
I never *Hope* to *See* one;
But I can Tell you, Anyhow,
I'd rather See than Be one.

—*Gelett Burgess.*

From *The Burgess Nonsense Book.* Used by special arrangement with the publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Little Girl and the Hare

A German Folk Tale

THERE was once a woman who lived with her little girl in a pretty garden that had cabbages in it. A little Hare came into the garden and ate the cabbages. Then the mother said to the little girl:

"Go into the garden and chase the Hare away."

So the little girl said to the Hare:

"Shoo! Shoo, little Hare! You are eating up all our cabbages."

Said the Hare:

"Come, little girl, and seat thyself on my little Hare's tail and go with me to my little Hare's house."

But the little girl would not go.

The next day the Hare came again and ate the cabbages. Then said the mother to the little girl:

"Go into the garden and drive the Hare away."

So the little girl said to the Hare:

"Shoo! Shoo, little Hare! You are eating up all our cabbages. You are eating up all our cabbages."

Said the Hare:

"Come, little girl, and seat thyself on my little Hare's tail and go with me to my little Hare's house."

But the little girl would not go.

The third day the Hare came again and ate the cabbages. At this, the mother said to the little girl as before:

"Go into the garden and drive the Hare away."

So the little girl said to the Hare:

"Shoo! Shoo, little Hare! You are still eating up all our cabbages."

Said the Hare:

"Come, little girl, and seat thyself on my little Hare's tail and go with me to my little Hare's house."

So the little girl seated herself on the little Hare's tail and then the little Hare took her far, far away to his little Hare's house. When he reached there, he said:

"Now you shall stay here forever, and be my cook and cook green cabbages and beans for me in the pot by the fire. I will ask some friends to come in and make merry with me."

The guests all came together. They were hares, and a crow, and a fox, and they stood out under the rainbow, waiting to be let in to the little Hare's house.

But the little girl was sad, for she wanted to see her mother. The little Hare came to her and said:

"Open the doors! Open the doors! My guests are merry!"

The little girl said nothing, but she began to cry. The little Hare went away; then the little Hare came back again and said:

"Take off the lid of the pot! Take off the lid! My guests are hungry!"

The little girl said nothing but went on crying. The little Hare went away; then the little Hare came back again and said:

"Take off the lid! Take off the lid! My guests are waiting!"

The little girl said nothing, but when the Hare went away again, she made a doll out of straw and dressed it up in her own clothes. Then she gave it a spoon to stir with, set it before the pot, and ran back home to her mother!

The little Hare came once more and said:

"Take off the lid! Take off the lid!"

When the little girl did not take off the lid, the little Hare went up to see what was the matter. Then he poked the doll by the pot. Over it fell, its cap rolled off, and the little Hare saw that it was nothing at all but straw! So he had to open the door, let his friends in, and feed them all by himself.

—Adapted from Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm.

The Ass in the Lion's Skin

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

AN Ass once found a Lion's skin which had been left out in the sun to dry.

"Aha!" he said to himself. "It will be much finer to make believe I'm a Lion, than to go about just a Donkey."

So he dressed himself up in the Lion's skin, and went back toward the village where he lived. Soon on the country roads he began to meet the people of the town. Seeing him come lumbering toward them, they thought him truly a Lion, and all ran away from him as fast as their legs could go. Some were carrying great bundles on their heads, but they turned around and ran, their bundles falling this way and that. Some were driving wagons or carts, but they sprang to the ground with a shriek, left everything, and fled. Then the oxen and horses reared up in the air, waving their forelegs wildly, turned square around, and ran away, too, with the wagons tipping and tilting behind them. Men, women, children, dogs, horses, cats, oxen, sheep, and even the pigs all kicked up their heels and fell over each other! Shrieking, barking, bellowing, squealing,

they ran up the dusty road!

Proud was the Ass that day. He crouched like a Lion, he sprang, he chased! What sport he was having! Almost he thought he was really a Lion. But at last, wishing to seem even more like the King of Beasts, he said to himself:

"I'll roar, and I'll roar, and I'll roar! Then they'll think I'm the fiercest Lion that ever came out of the Forest. I'll have my own way in the village and drive men and beasts wherever I choose."

So he lifted up his voice with all its strength, but alas! instead of roaring, he let out a loud, ridiculous bray! "Ee-aw! Ee-aw! Ee-aw!"

The people stopped running away at once.

"Why! He's only an ass in a Lion's skin!" they cried, and they picked up sticks and ran after him. Then it was his turn to kick up his heels and run! But it was all of no use. He could not get away. The people whom he had tricked, caught him and held him, using their sticks on his back until his master came up. Then his master turned him out of the Lion's skin in a twinkling, and, amid the jeers of all, led him back to his proper business of carrying loads.

Shortly afterwards, a Fox came up to the Ass and said, "Ah, you gave away the secret of who you were by your voice. He who pretends to be something he is not, will always, sooner or later, give away the truth."

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

AN ENGLISH FOLK TALE

ONCE upon a time there were three bears who lived in a little house of their own, in a wood. There was a great huge bear who was the Father Bear, a middle-sized bear who was the Mother Bear, and a tiny wee bear who was the Baby Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge,—a little pot for the tiny wee bear, a middle-sized pot for the middle-sized bear, and a great huge pot for the great huge bear. One morning the three bears found their porridge was too hot; so they left it to cool in their

porridge pots and went out for a walk in the woods. While they were gone, a little girl came along. She was called Goldilocks, because her hair shone like gold, and she, too, was out for a walk in the woods.

"I wonder who lives here," she said to herself, as she saw the funny little house. She knocked, and she knocked, and she knocked, but nobody came. Then, without ever stopping to think that she had no business to enter where she was not invited, she opened the door and peeped in. There on the table were the three pots of porridge,—the great huge pot, the middle-sized pot, and the tiny wee pot. Goldilocks tasted the porridge in the great huge pot, but it was too hot. So she tasted the porridge in the middle-sized pot, but that was too cold. Then she tasted the porridge in the tiny wee pot, and that was just right. So she ate it all up!

Now in the room she saw three chairs,—a great huge chair, a middle-sized chair, and a tiny wee chair. So Goldilocks sat down in the great huge chair, but that was too hard. Then she sat down in the middle-sized chair, but that was too soft. So she tried the tiny wee chair, and that was just right. But no sooner had she got quite comfortable

than there was a crash and a bang! The tiny wee chair broke into tiny wee pieces, and spilled Goldilocks on the floor.

So Goldilocks went into the bedroom. There she saw a great huge bed, a middle-sized bed, and a tiny wee bed. First she lay down on the great huge bed, but that was too hard. Then she lay down on the middle-sized bed, but that was too soft. At last she lay down on the tiny wee bed, and that was just right. So Goldilocks curled up under the covers and fell fast asleep.

After a while, along came the three bears who lived in the house,—the great huge bear who was the Father Bear, the middle-sized bear who was the Mother Bear, and the tiny wee bear who was the Baby Bear.

When the great huge bear saw his pot, he roared in his rough, gruff voice,

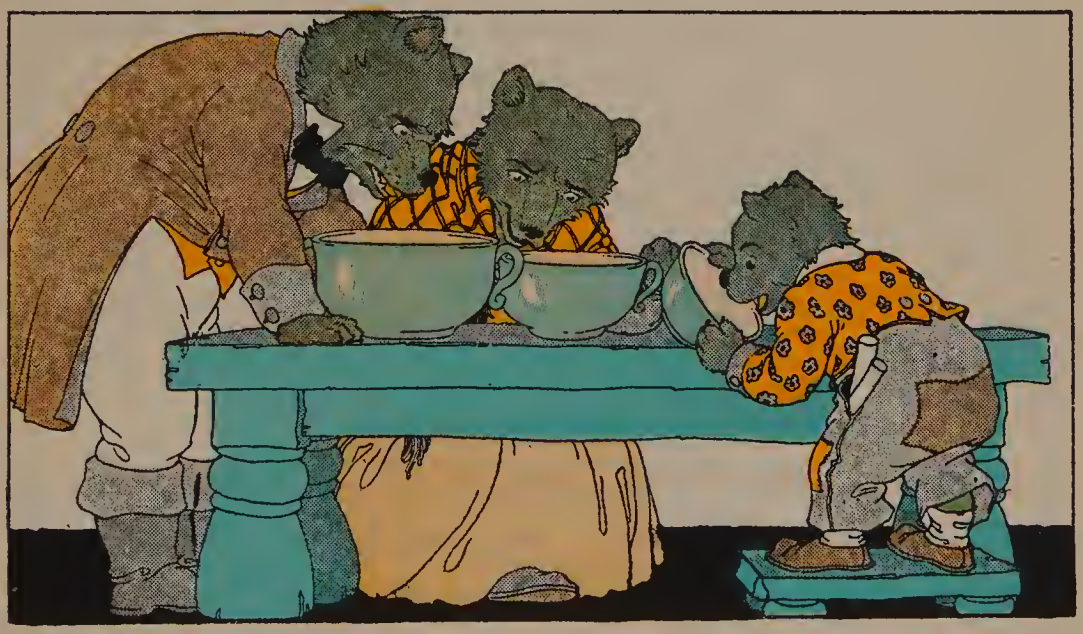
"Who Has Been Tasting My Porridge?"

When the middle-sized bear saw her pot, she cried out in her middle-sized voice,

"Who has been tasting my porridge?"

And when the tiny wee bear saw his pot, he squealed in his tiny wee voice,

"Who has been tasting my porridge and eaten it all up?"



When the great huge bear saw his chair with the cushion all flattened down, he roared in his rough, gruff voice,

"Who Has Been Sitting In My Chair?"

And the middle-sized bear, when she saw the cushion all flattened down on her chair, cried in her middle-sized voice,

"Who has been sitting in my chair?"

And the tiny wee bear, when he saw what had happened to his chair, squealed in his tiny wee voice,

"Who has been sitting in my chair and broken it all to pieces?"

So they all went into the bedroom, and when the great huge bear saw his bed with the covers all crumpled up, he roared in his rough, gruff voice,

"Who Has Been Lying On My Bed?"

And the middle-sized bear, when she saw her bed with the covers all crumpled up, cried in her middle-sized voice,

"Who has been lying on my bed?"

And the tiny wee bear, when he looked at his bed, squealed in his tiny wee voice,

"Here she is! Here she is! Fast asleep in my little bed!"

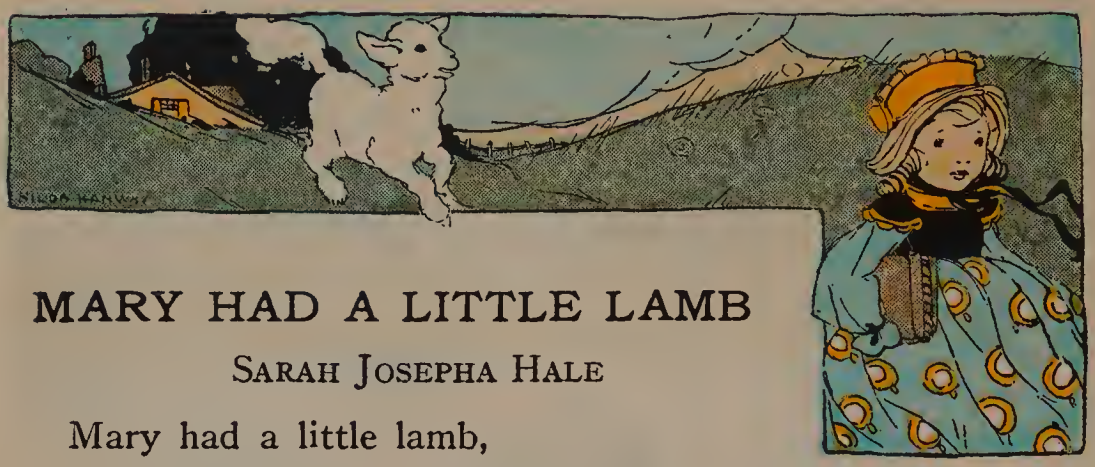
His voice woke Goldilocks and she opened her eyes.

"GR—R—!" growled the great huge bear in his rough, gruff voice.

"Gr-r-r!" growled the middle-sized bear in her middle-sized voice.

"Gr-r-r!" growled the tiny wee bear in his tiny wee voice.

When Goldilocks heard them all growling around her, she was very sorry indeed that she hadn't stopped to think before she entered their house and meddled with their things. Before you could say, "Jack Robinson," she jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, climbed out, and ran back home as fast as her legs would carry her.



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh! Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

The Twin Lambs

CLARA DILLINGHAM PIERSON

THERE was a lamb, a bright, frisky, young fellow, who had a twin sister. Their mother loved them both and was as kind to one as to the other, but the brother wanted to have the best of everything, and sometimes he even bunted his sister with his hard little forehead. His mother had to speak to him many times about this, for he was one of those trying children who will not mind when first spoken to.

He did not really mean to be naughty—he was only strong and frisky and thoughtless. Sometimes he was even rude to his mother. She felt very sad when this was so; yet she loved him dearly and found many excuses for him in her own heart.

There were three other pairs of twins in the flock that year, and as their mothers were not strong

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enough to care for two lambs apiece, the farmer had taken one twin from each pair to a little pen near the house. Here they stayed, playing happily together, and drinking milk from a bottle which the farmer's wife brought to them. They were hungry very often, like all young children, and when their stomachs began to feel empty, they crowded against the side of the pen, pushed their pinkish-white noses through the openings between the boards, and bleated and bleated and bleated to the farmer's wife.

Soon she would come from the kitchen door and in her hand would bring the big bottle full of milk for them. There was a soft rubber top to this bottle, through which the lambs could draw the milk into their mouths. Of course they all wanted to drink at once, though there was only a chance for one, and the others always became impatient while

they were waiting. The farmer's wife was patient, even when the lambs, in their hurry to get the milk, took her fingers into their mouths and bit them instead of the top of the bottle.

Our twin lamb wanted to have his sister taken into the pen with the other three, and he spoke about it to his mother. "I know how you can manage," said he. "Whenever she comes near you, just walk away from her, and then the farmer will take her up to the pen."

"You selfish fellow!" answered his mother. "Do you want your dear little twin sister to leave us?"

He hung his head for a minute, but replied, "She'd have just as good a time. They have all they can eat up there, and they have lots of fun."

"If you think it is so pleasant in the pen," said his mother, "suppose I begin to walk away from you, and let the farmer take you away. I think your sister would rather stay with me."

"Oh, no!" cried her son. "I don't want to leave my own dear woolly mother! I want to cuddle up to you every night and have you tell me stories about the stars."

"Do you think you love me very much?" said she.

"You don't know how really to love yet, for you are selfish, and there is not room in a selfish heart for the best kind of love."

That made the lamb feel very bad. "I do love her dearly," he cried, as he stood alone. "I believe I love her ever so much more than my sister does."

That was where the little fellow was mistaken, for, although his sister did not talk so much about it, she showed her love in many other ways. If she had been taken from her mother for even a few days, they could never again have had such sweet and happy days together. Sheep look much alike, and they cannot remember each other's faces very long. If a lamb is taken away from his mother for even a short time, they do not know each other when they meet afterward. Perhaps this is one reason

why they keep together so much, for it would be sad indeed not to know one's mother or one's child.

His sister never knew that he had wanted her taken away. She thought he acted queerly sometimes, but she was so loving and unselfish herself that she did not dream of his selfishness. Instead of putting the idea out of his woolly little head, as he could have done by thinking more of other things, the brother let himself think of it more and more. That made him impatient with even his mother, and he often answered her quite crossly. Sometimes, when she spoke to him, he did not answer, and that was just as bad.

His mother would sigh and say to herself, "My child is not a comfort to me after all; yet when I looked for the first time into his dear little face, I thought that as long as I had him beside me I should always be happy."

One night, when the weather was fair and warm, the farmer drove all the sheep and lambs into the sheep-shed. They had been lying out under the beautiful blue sky at night, and they did not like this nearly so well. They did not understand it either; so they were frightened and bewildered, and bleated often to each other, "What is this for? What is this for?"

The lambs did not mind it so much, for they were not warmly dressed, but the sheep, whose wool had been growing for a year and was long and heavy, found it very close and uncomfortable. They did not know that the farmer had a reason for keeping them dry that night while the heavy dew was falling outside. The same thing was done every year, but they could not remember so long as that.

"Stay close to me, children," said the mother of the twins. "I may forget how you look if you are away long."

"It seems to me," said the brother, "that we always have to stay close to you. I never have a bit of fun!"

When they had cuddled down for the night, the twin lambs slept soundly. Their mother lay awake

for a long, long time in the dark, and she was not happy. A few careless words from a selfish little lamb had made her heart ache. They were not true words either, for during the daytime her children ran with their playmates and had fine frolics. Still, we know that when people are out of patience they often say things that are not really so.

In the morning, men came into the barn, which opened off the sheep-shed. They had on coarse, old clothing, and carried queer-looking shears in their hands. The sheep could see them now and then when the door was open. Once the farmer stood in the doorway and seemed to be counting them. This made them huddle together more closely than ever. They could see the men carrying clean yellow straw into the barn and spreading it on the floor. On top of this was stretched a great sheet of clean cloth.

Then the men began to come into the shed and catch the sheep and carry them into the barn. They were frightened and bleated a good deal, but when one was caught and carried away, although he might struggle hard to free himself, he did not open his mouth. The old wether sheep was the first to be

taken, and then the young ones who had been lambs the year before. For a long time not one of the mothers was chosen. Still, nobody knew what would happen next, and so, the fewer sheep there were left, the more closely they huddled together.

At last, when the young sheep had all been taken, one of the men caught the mother of the twins and carried her away. She turned her face toward her children, but the door swung shut after her, and they were left with the other lambs and their mothers. From the barn came the sound of snip-snip-snipping and the murmur of men's voices. Once the twins thought they saw their mother lying on the floor

and a man kneeling beside her, holding her head and forelegs under his arm; yet they were not sure of this.

The brother ran to the corner of the shed and put his head against the boards. He suddenly felt very young and helpless. "My dear woolly mother!" he said to himself, over and over, and he wondered if he would ever see her again. He remembered what he had said to her the night before. It seemed to him that he could even now hear his own voice saying crossly, "Seems to me we always have to stay close to you. I never have a bit of fun!" He wished he had not said it. He knew she was a dear mother, and he would have given anything in the world for a chance to stay close to her again.

His sister felt as lonely and frightened as he, but she did not act in the same way. She stood close to a younger lamb whose mother had just been taken away, and tried to comfort her. One by one the mothers were taken until only the lambs remained. They were very hungry now, and bleated pitifully. Still the twin brother stood with his head in the corner. He had closed his eyes, but now he opened them, and through a crack in the wall of

the shed, he saw some very slender and white-looking sheep turned into the meadow. At first they acted dizzy, and staggered instead of walking straight; then they stopped staggering and began to frisk. "Can it be?" said he. "It surely is!" For, although he had never in his short life seen a newly shorn sheep, he began to understand what had happened.

He knew that the men had only been clipping the long wool from the sheep, and that they were now ready for warm weather. No wonder they frisked when their heavy burdens of wool were carefully taken off.

Now the farmer opened the door into the barn again, and let the lambs walk through it to the gate of the meadow. They had never before been inside this barn, and the twin brother looked quickly around as he scampered across the floor. He saw some great ragged bundles of wool, and a man was just rolling up the last fleece. He wondered if that had been taken from his mother and was the very one against which he had cuddled when he was cold.

When they first reached the pasture, the lambs

could not tell which were their mothers. Shearing off their long and dingy fleeces had made such a difference in their looks! The twin brother knew his mother by her walking and by her voice, but he could see that his sister did not know her at all. He saw his mother wandering around as though she did not know where to find her children, and a naughty plan came into his head. If he could keep his sister from finding their mother for even a short time, he knew that the farmer would take her off to the pen. He thought he knew just how to do it, and he started to run to her. Then he stopped and remembered how sad and lonely he had been without his mother only a little while before, and he began to pity the lambs in the pen.

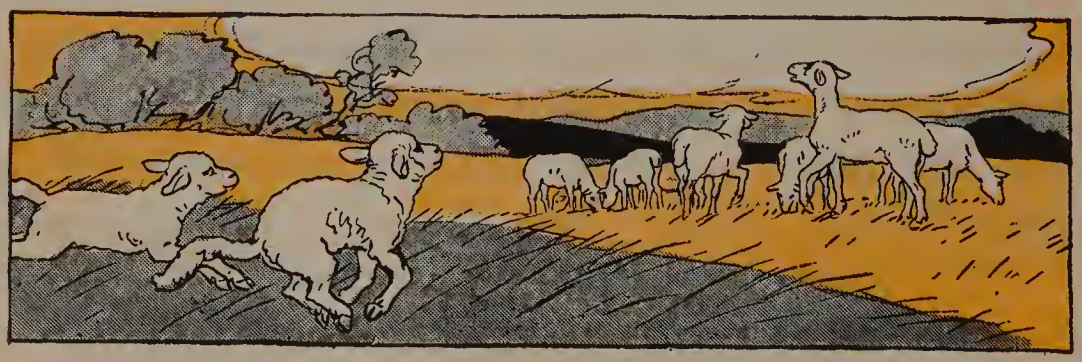
Now his selfishness and his goodness were fighting hard in him. One said, "Send your sister away," and the other, "Take her to your mother." At last he ran as fast as he could toward his sister. "I am good now," he said to himself, "but it may not last long. I will tell her before I am naughty again."

"Oh, Sister!" cried he. "Come with me to our mother. She doesn't know where to find us."

He saw a happy look on his sister's sad little face, and he was glad that he had done the right thing. They skipped away together, kicking up their heels as they went, and it seemed to the brother that he had never been so happy in his life. He was soon to be happier, though, for when they reached his "new, white mother," as he called her, and his sister told her how he had shown her the way, his mother said, "Now you are a comfort to me. You will be a happier lamb, too, for you know that a mother's heart is large enough for all her children, and that the more one loves, the better he loves."

"Why, of course," said the twin sister. "What do you mean?"

But the mother never told her, and the brother never told her, and it is hoped that you will keep the secret.



IN THE NURSERY

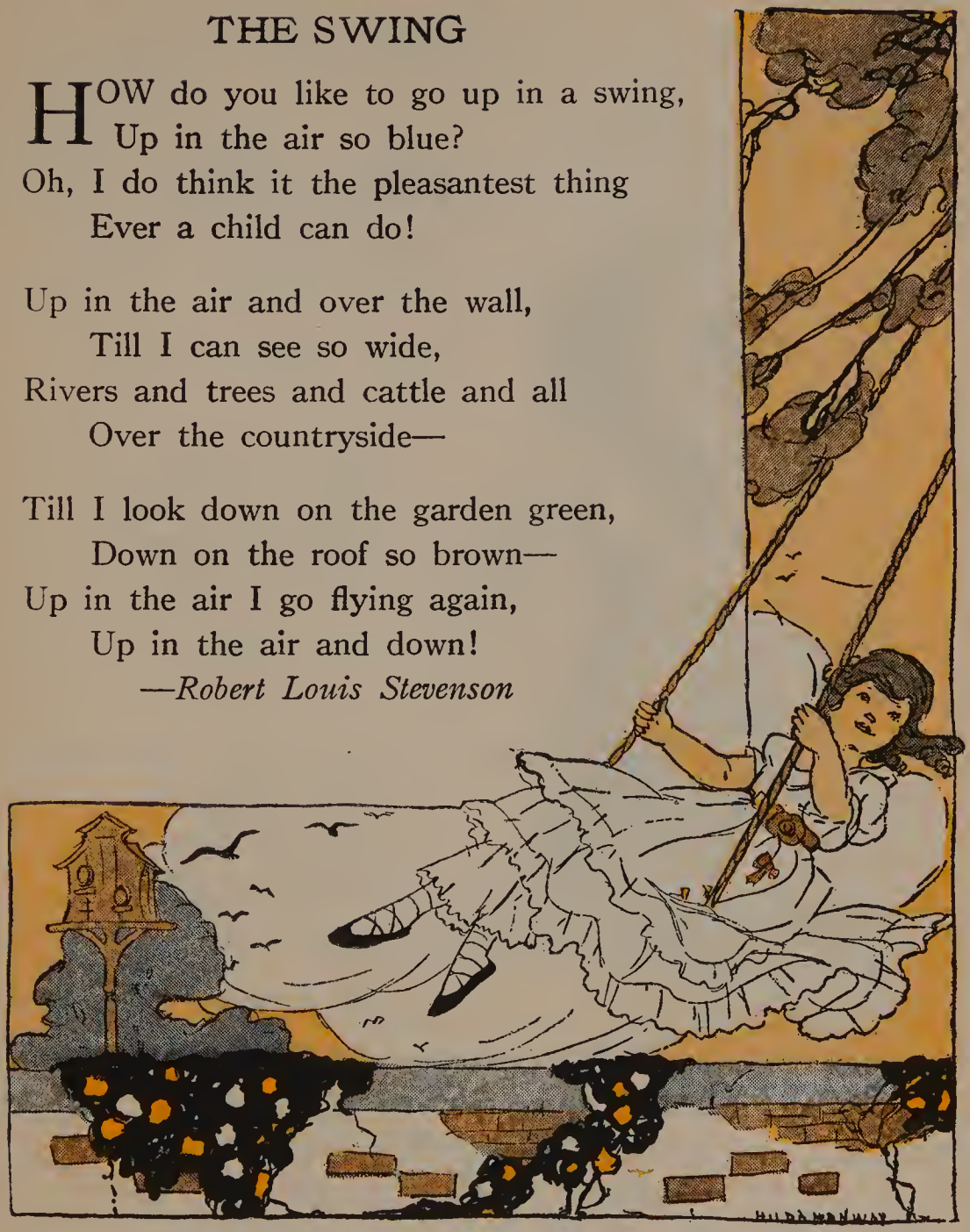
THE SWING

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—Robert Louis Stevenson



WHISKY FRISKY

WHISKY Frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree-top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell;
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell.

The Squirrels that Live in a House

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

ONCE upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest, and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large bow windows, and so much of it was glass that one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest. You could see the shadows of the fern-leaves as they flickered and waved over the ground, and the scarlet partridge-berry and winter-green plums that matted round the roots of the trees, and the bright spots of sunshine that fell through their branches and went dancing about among the bushes and leaves at their roots. You could see the little chipping sparrows, and thrushes, and robins, and bluebirds building their nests here

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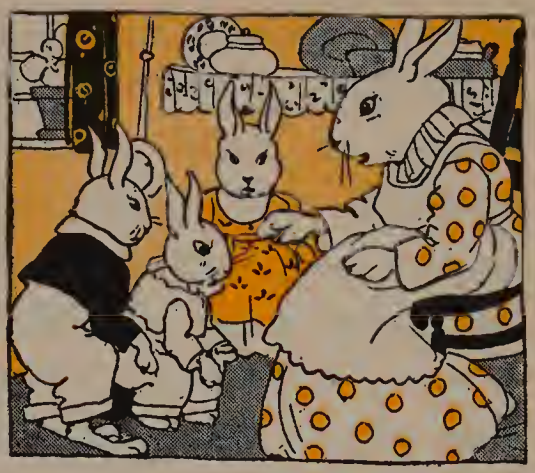
and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels, and gray squirrels, and little striped chip-squirrels, darting and springing about, here and there and everywhere, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

You may be sure that such a strange thing as a great house for human beings to live in did not come into this wild wood without making quite a stir and excitement among the inhabitants that lived there before. All the time it was building, there was the greatest possible commotion in the breasts of all the older population; and there wasn't even a black ant nor a cricket that did not have his own opinion about it, and did not tell the other ants and crickets just what he thought.

"Depend upon it, children," said old Mrs. Rabbit to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

The old chestnut tree, that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine, drew a great sigh which shook all his leaves. The squirrels talked together of the



dreadful state of things.

"In our forest," said the old chestnut tree, "how peacefully, how quietly, how regularly has everything gone on! Not a flower has missed its time of blossoming, or failed to perfect its fruit. Not the least root has lost itself under the snows, so as not to be ready with its fresh leaves and blossoms when the sun returns to melt the frosty chains of winter. We have storms sometimes that threaten to shake everything to pieces—the thunder roars, the lightning flashes, and the winds howl and beat; but, when all is past, everything comes out better and brighter than before. But man comes, and it seems to be his glory to be able to destroy in a few hours what it was the work of ages to produce. Which of these dolts could make a tree? I'd like to see them do anything like it. How noisy and clumsy are all their movements—chopping, pounding, rasping, hammering! In the forest we do everything so quietly. A tree would be ashamed of itself that could not get its growth

without making such a noise and dust and fuss!"

In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out, and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed that it was not, after all, so bad a thing as was to have been feared.

A black ant went in one day and made a tour of exploration up and down, over chairs and tables, up the ceilings and down again, and coming out, wrote an article for the Crickets' Gazette, in which he described the new abode as a veritable palace. Several butterflies fluttered in and sailed about and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumble-bee and two or three honey-bees, who expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially with the garden. In fact, when it was found that the proprietors watched and spared the anemones, and the violets, and bloodroots, and dog's-tooth violets, and little woolly rolls of fern that began to grow up under the trees in spring—that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest

interest—then an opinion in favor of human beings began to gain ground, and every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

"Mamma," said young Titbit, a frisky young squirrel, to his mother one day, "why don't you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?"

"My dear," said his mother, who was a very wary and careful old squirrel, "how can you think of it? The race of man is full of devices for traps, and who could say what might happen, if you put yourself in their power? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again; but, as matters stand, it's best for you to keep well out of their way."

"But Mother, there is such a nice, good lady lives there! I believe she is a good fairy, and she seems to love us all so; she sits in the bow window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all round at the roots of the trees for us to eat."

"She is nice enough," said the old mother squirrel, "if you keep far enough off; but I tell you, you can't be too careful."

Now this good fairy was a nice little old lady

that the children used to call Aunt Esther, and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels, and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what would please them; and so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of bread, and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels; and, while she sat at her work in the bow window, she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool, and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

"There, Mamma," said Titbit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Cock Robin have been in at

the bow window, and it didn't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well, my dears," said old Mother Squirrel, "you must do it very carefully; never forget that you haven't wings like Jenny Wren and Cock Robin."

So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train of corn from the roots of the trees to the bow window, and then from the bow-window to her work basket, which stood on the floor beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the work basket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, creep, came Titbit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needle-book, and took a nibble at her white wax, and jostled the spools, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops.

At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the

trees, chattering and laughing, before she had time even to wink.

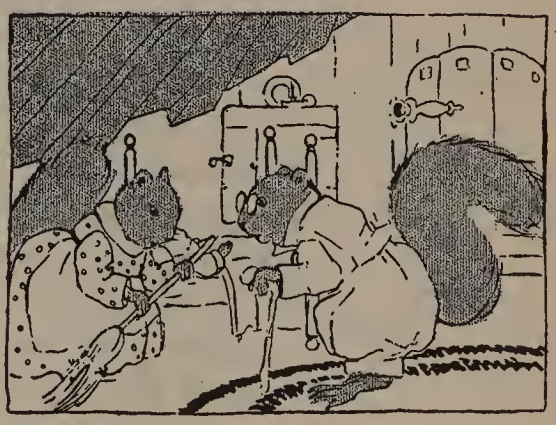
But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still they would eat out of it; and, finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Titbit were fairly caught.

Oh, how their hearts beat! But the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So, day after day, they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her work basket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing.

"My dear," said old Mother Red one winter to her mate, "what is the use of one's living in this cold, hollow tree, when these amiable people have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have examined between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can whip in and out of the garret, and have the free range of the house; and, say what you will, these humans have delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter."

So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there. The trouble of all this was, that, as Mrs. Red got up to begin her housekeeping, and woke up all her children at four o'clock in the morning, the good people often were disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls while yet it seemed dark night.

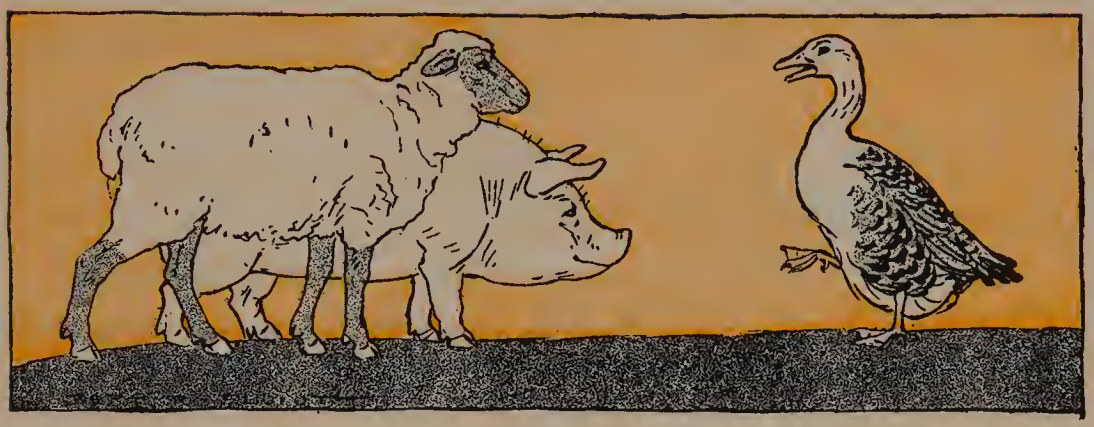
What is to be done about this we don't know. When our good people come down of a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden-chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and jaunty and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think that they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret today. And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say. —*Abridged.*



KING DAGOBERT

King Dagobert once wore
His breeches turned hindside before.
Said Eloi, the friar:
"O, my King and Sire,
Those fine clothes on you
Are all wrong side to!"
The King said: "You don't say?
Then I'll turn them the other way!"

King Dagobert so bold,
Went forth as a hunter, I'm told.
Said Eloi, the friar:
"O, my King and Sire,
Your poor cheeks are white,
And you're breathless quite!"
The King replied, "But see,—
That rabbit's a-chasing of me!"
—*Old French Nursery Song.*



The Sheep and the Pig that Made a Home

A Norse Folk Tale

ONCE upon a time there was a sheep, and he started out into the world to build himself a home. First he went to the pig and he said:

"There is nothing like having a home of your own. If you are of my way of thinking, we will go into the woods and build a house and live by ourselves."

Yes, the pig was quite willing. "It's nice to be in good company," said he, and off they started.

When they had got a bit on the way, they met a goose.

"Good day, my good people. Where are you off to?" said the goose.

"Good day," answered the sheep. "We're off to

the woods to build us a house and live by ourselves."

"Well, I'm very comfortable where I am," said the goose. "But why shouldn't I join you?"

"Neither hut nor house can be built by gobbling and quacking," said the pig. "What can you do to help us build?"

"I can pluck moss and stuff it into the holes between the logs so the house will be warm and cosy," said the goose.

"Very well, you may come along then," said the sheep and the pig.

When they had gone a bit on the way—the goose was not getting along very fast—they met a hare, who came scampering out of the woods.

"Good day, my good people," said the hare. "Where are you going to-day?"

"Good day," answered the sheep. "We're off to the woods to build a house and live by ourselves. When you have tried both East and West, you'll find that a home of your own is the best."

"Well," said the hare, "I live comfortably in every bush, but still I've a good mind to go and build the home with you."

"But what can you do to help us build?" asked the pig. "Nothing at all, I should say."

"There is always something for willing hands to do in this world," said the hare. "I have sharp teeth to gnaw pegs with, and I have paws to knock them into the walls; so I'll do very well for a carpenter," said the hare.

"Well, you may come along with us then," said the sheep, the pig, and the goose.

When they had got a bit further on the way, they met a cock.

"Good day, my good people," said the cock. "Where are you all going to-day?"

"Good day," said the sheep. "We're off to the woods to build a house and live by ourselves. For, unless at home you bake, what will you do for bread and cake?"

"Well, I am comfortable enough where I am,"

said the cock, "but it's better to have your own roost, than to sit on a neighbor's roost and crow, and that cock is best off who has a home of his own. If I could join such good company as yours, I, too, should like to go to the woods and build a house."

"Flapping and crowing is all very well for noise, but it won't build a house," said the pig. "How can you help us to build?"

"It is not well to live in a house where there is neither a dog nor a cock to awaken you in the morning," answered the cock. "I rise very early and can awaken you all with my crowing."

"Early to rise makes one happy and wealthy and wise," said the pig, who found it very hard to wake up in the morning. "Let the cock come along then, so we'll lose no good daylight in sleeping, but be up with the sun and at work."

So they all set off to the woods and built the

house. The pig cut down the trees and the sheep dragged them home; the hare was the carpenter, and gnawed pegs and hammered them into walls and roof; the goose plucked moss and stuffed it into the little holes between the logs; the cock crew and took care that they did not oversleep themselves in the mornings. When the house was ready and the roof covered with birch-bark and thatched with grass, they all lived together and were both happy and contented in each others' company. They often, all of them, said:

"It's pleasant to travel both East and West,
But home is, after all, the best."

Little Hansworst

A Story of the Dutch Puppet Show

HANSWORST is a funny little fellow. Come, I shall tell you his story.

Once on a time in old days in Holland, a merry little bird laid a merry little egg in a merry little nest in a merry little bush. Bye and bye there came a tipping and a tapping and a picking and a pecking from inside the egg. Lo and behold! the shell went crack! and out of the egg crawled little Hansworst. No sooner did Hansworst see the light, than he cut a crazy caper, stood on his head and said: "I will be merry as long as I live." Then he put on a checkered black and white blouse, a little yellow coat, and a pair of tiny, tiny coal-black trousers. On his breast he painted a very large heart.

"For," said he, "it is best for people to know from the beginning that I am a brave boy, and my heart is in the right place!"

A brave boy? Well, maybe! Anyhow, he said he was! Down the dike ran Hans, and over the green meadows! Sometimes he stood on his head; sometimes he turned handsprings, or bounced like a rubber ball. All of a sudden, out from under a clump of willows by the side of a canal dashed a little rabbit. A brave boy was Hansworst. Well, of course he must have been, for he said he was, and then, too, his heart was in the right place. But still, when he saw that rabbit running towards him, Hans turned around and ran away, pell-mell, head over heels! So fast did he run that his legs scarcely touched the ground, the coat-tails of his little yellow jacket floated out in the wind like a pair of yellow wings, and he seemed to be flying over the earth.

Just then down along the canal and over the green meadow came a man, and what should he see but this little yellow thing flying through the air?

"Ha," said the man to himself. "That's a nice kind of a birdie. Birdie, I like you!" And he ran with his great long legs, and he reached out his great long arm, and he caught Hansworst by the seat of his little black breeches and put him in his pocket. Then he took him along home.

It was a pretty little cottage he took him to, a neat, little, red brick cottage, with a red tile roof, and green and white shutters, and a green and white front door. The sidewalk was swept very clean and tidy and there were red geraniums in the window. Hans peeped out of the man's pocket and saw it all. He didn't mind going into such a place. No, not at all! Why should he? And when he was inside the one little room of the house, he said to himself that it would be great fun to climb astride the shining brass tea-kettle standing over the charcoal tea-stove in the corner, and make out all the pictures that decorated the blue and white plates in the rack on

the wall above. But alack! If Master Hansworst thought the man-of-the-house was going to set him free to play such pranks, he was very much mistaken. No, indeed! The man-of-the-house carried Hansworst over to the front window, and there above the geraniums hung a nice, little, wicker bird-cage. And the man opened the door of the cage and put Hans inside; then he closed the door and fastened it tight.

There Hansworst was, and there he stayed! What a cheeping and chirping and flutter greeted him. Blackbirds and finches and linnets all crowded about him. But ah, no one could help liking such a merry little fellow as Hansworst! It was no time at all

before the birds made friends with him. He could whistle as nicely as the best of them, and sing, too, till one could never have told him from a linnet.

This was all very well, of course, and Hans proved himself to be as merry in the cage as out, but still, there was one thing which was certainly very trying. He could not eat bird-seed. He simply could not. It had no taste at all. And when the bird-seed box in the cage was newly filled and all the birds put their little beaks in and ate it with delight, Hans-worst was very miserable.

One day the housewife laid the table for dinner, as she always did, in the front window just below the cage. Then the man-of-the-house sat down at the table and the woman brought him a nice fat sausage on a plate. Um, but it smelled good, that sausage! Hans had never smelt anything so good in all his life, and he was very hungry!

Now it chanced just as the man-of-the-house was about to puncture the sausage with his fork, that the grandfather's clock in the corner struck twelve, and the man-of-the-house paused, with fork in air, to watch the round face of the man-in-the-moon rise from behind the steeple of the church that was painted

on the clock's face, and go rolling across the sky to sink behind a townhall.

There lay the sausage, fat and neglected, on the plate, smiling up, as it were, at Hans, and smelling, oh, so good! Hans reached his little hand down through the wire of the cage and seized it. For the first time in his life he tasted sausage. Oh, oh, oh, oh, but it was good. He ate every single crumb.

When the man-of-the-house turned around again he found that his sausage had vanished. Good 'lack, but he was astonished!

Nevertheless, his astonishment on that day was as nothing to the bewilderment he felt when the same thing happened the next day and the next and the next, always just as the clock struck twelve. Finally, on the fifth day, he was so perplexed over this strange matter, that he left off watching the clock when it had clanged out no more than two strokes, and he turned around just in time to see Hansworst eating the last crumbs of his sausage.

"Whoever heard the like!" he cried. "A bird eating sausage!" And he fell to scratching his head in utmost amazement. Suddenly a bright idea dawned upon him.

"If this bird eats meat," he cried, "he can't be a bird!" And he stood up and looked closely in the cage. Sure enough, he saw that Hansworst was not a bird at all, never had been, and never would be! So he wasted not a moment, but opened the door of the cage and cried, "Out you go!"

At that, Hansworst took such a leap as never in all his life had he taken before, his little yellow coat-tails flying wildly behind him. He took such a leap that he flew out of the window and went zipping through the air, and never came down till he sailed in through the opened shutters of a toy shop, some distance up the street!

What a place he was in now, that Hansworst! Tin soldiers all about, and chimney sweeps, and hobby horses, and all the animals of Noah's Ark! That was what Hansworst liked! That was a merry crowd! He rode the hobby horses, he danced with the dolls, he marched with the soldiers, he ordered the animals in and out of Noah's Ark, he climbed

the wooden trees. But ah, there's an end to fun like that!

The very next day there came to the toy shop a man with a little doll's theatre on his back. It was the man's business to go about from place to place on market days, when the country people came into town, and to set up his little box of a theatre in the market square, where he made all his wooden

puppets perform for the entertainment of the crowd.

"But," said the man-with-the-puppet-show, sniffing with sadness, "my two chief actors are very bad dolls,—Mr. and Mrs. John Klaasen. Day in and day out they quarrel and hit each other over the head. It's enough to bring tears to the eyes. They're all banged up already. To bring a little joy into the world I must buy me a merry fellow. Pray show me the merriest fellow in your shop."

Now it goes without saying that the toy seller had watched the antics of Hansworst from the very moment that he came flying through the window into the shop, and he knew there was no merrier fellow on earth; besides, he was able to see perfectly well that his heart was in the right place, so he reached out his hand and took Hansworst down from the toy elephant which he was riding and sold him to the man-with-the-puppet-show. Well-a-day! That was the end of the toy shop!

Perhaps you'd think this would make Hansworst sad. True it was, John Klaasen and his wife, Katryn, were a sorry pair to travel with day in and day out, always hitting and banging each other till the

splinters flew from their wooden heads, and the rest of the puppets were little better. But the very. first time that toy theatre was set up in the crowded market place, the very first time that Hansworst came bouncing out on the stage and saw all the good folk crowding about, waiting for him to make them laugh, he forgot everything else in the world and knew that at last he had found his right place in life. He skipped, he hopped, he turned somersaults, and he cracked such jokes that the people held their sides for laughter.

"Hansworst! Hansworst! Hansworst!" they shouted, and they laughed till they cried; then they went home and told their neighbors, and the neighbors laughed till they cried. And the next time these good folk heard that Hansworst was in the market place, they came running from every way, to see him.

So Hansworst became the most famous clown in Holland. Year in and year out, he appeared with John Klaasen and his wife in the puppet show, and to this very day one has but to speak his name, "Hansworst," and like magic the faces of all jolly Dutchmen will blossom into smiles!

LATE

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

MY Father brought somebody up,
To show us all, asleep.
They came as softly up the stairs
As you could creep.

They whispered in the doorway there,
And looked at us awhile.
I had my eyes shut up; but I
Could feel him smile.

I shut my eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep;
Because I knew he wanted us
To be asleep.

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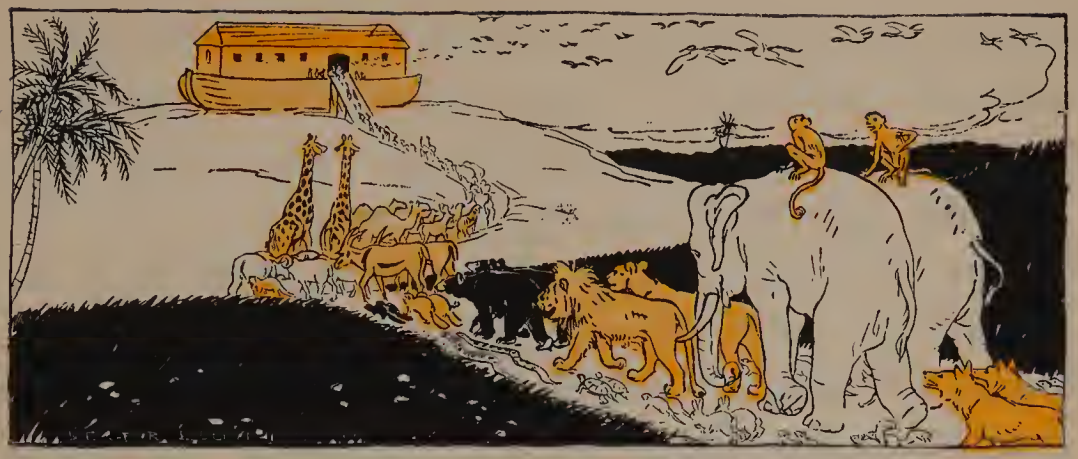


Noah's Ark

IT came to pass a long time ago, that floods of water covered the earth to wash it clean of all that was not pure. But Noah was a just man and good above all men; so God spoke to him to save him from the flood.

God said unto Noah, "Make thee an ark of wood that will float upon the waters, and thou shalt come into the ark; thou and thy sons, and thy wife and thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing, of birds, and beasts, and every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark to keep them alive with thee."

And Noah did according unto all that God commanded him. He builded the ark and went

into it, he and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him. Of beasts and birds and every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth, there went in unto Noah two of every sort.

And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth, and the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. And the waters bare up the ark and it was lifted up above the earth and floated upon the face of the waters. All the high hills were covered and the mountains were covered till all that was not good was washed away.

Noah, only, remained upon the earth and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters lasted an hundred and fifty days. But God remembered Noah and made a wind to pass over the earth so the waters rose no more. Then the ark rested upon a mountain.

At the end of forty days Noah opened the window of the ark and sent forth a raven. Also he sent forth a dove to see if the waters were off the face of the ground. But the dove found no place to rest her feet, for the waters were still on the face of the whole earth and she returned unto him.

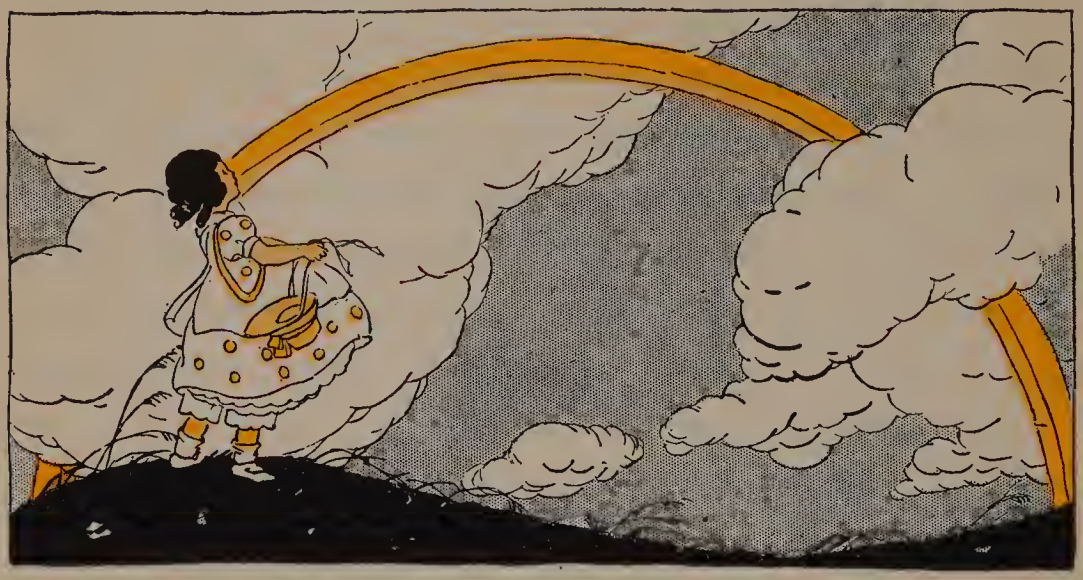
And he stayed yet another seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark. And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf that she had plucked. So Noah knew the waters were sunk down beneath the treetops. And he stayed yet another seven days and sent forth the dove, which returned not again unto him any more, for the waters were dried up from off the earth. Then Noah removed the covering of the ark and looked, and behold, the face of the ground was dry.

And God spake unto Noah, saying, "Go forth out of the ark, thou and thy wife and thy sons and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing, of birds and of beasts and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him. Every beast, every bird, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth went forth out of the ark.

And Noah offered thanks unto God because God had saved them from the flood. And God blessed Noah and his sons and bade them do good continually. And God set in the sky the rainbow to be

for an everlasting sign that unto those who do good, his mercy and loving-kindness shall last forever and ever.



THE BOW THAT BRIDGES HEAVEN

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas,
But clouds that sail across the skies
Are prettier than these.
There are bridges in the river,
As pretty as you please,
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees,
And builds a roof from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

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The Hare and the Tortoise

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

A HARE once said boastfully that he could run faster than any of the other animals.

"I have never yet been beaten," said he, "and I never shall be. I dare anyone here to run a race with me."

The Tortoise answered quietly, "I will run a race with you."

"You!" laughed the Hare. "Hah! Hah! Hah! That is a good joke. A Turtle run a race with a Hare! Why, I could dance around such a slow-poke as you all the way, and still reach the goal first."

"Keep such big talk until you've truly won the race," said the Tortoise.

But the Hare continued to laugh: "Ho! Ho! Ho! Hah! Hah! Hah! A Turtle run a race with a Hare. Everybody come and see! The Turtle would run a race with the Hare."

All the little Forest Folk heard and came to see the fun.

"Well, well, well," said a Raccoon to a Woodchuck. "Think of it! Friend Turtle, whose legs are so short he can hardly crawl, will run a race with the Hare! Why, the Hare's hind legs are so long he can go at one leap as far as Friend Turtle can creep in fifty slow steps!" Then the Raccoon laughed, and the Woodchuck laughed, and all the little Forest Folk laughed. But the Tortoise still stuck to it that he would run the race.

So they decided on a starting place and on the road they should run to the goal. Then they put their toes to the line and made ready. "One, two, three, go!" shouted the Raccoon. They were off!

The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but when he had gone half way, he stopped. Just to show how certain he was of reaching the goal ahead of the Tortoise, he lay down in the middle of the road and went to sleep. He slept and he slept and he slept, but the Tortoise plodded on, and plodded on, and plodded on.

At last, when the Hare awoke from his nap, lo and behold, he saw the Tortoise had gone all the way round the race course and was back again near the winning-post! Then he ran as fast as he could to make up for lost time, but he could not overtake the Tortoise. He leaped and he ran, but the Tortoise crawled surely over the goal a length ahead of him.

"Three cheers for Friend Turtle! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted all the little Forest People. But the Tortoise said quietly to the Hare:

"He who keeps steadily at work always comes out ahead."

SPRING

CELIA THAXTER

THE alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver,
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over—
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

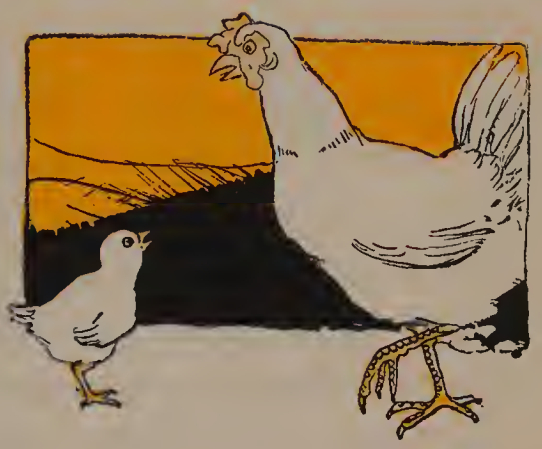
Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

Little Half-Chick

A Spanish Folk Tale

ONCE upon a time there was a hen who made a nest for herself in one corner of a sunny farmyard in Spain. The nest was close against the whitewashed wall of the house and was snug and well sheltered. There Mother Hen raised a brood of small chicks. Fluffy and yellow and beautiful, they came from the shell. Very good little chicks they were, too—all but one, and that one—oh, dear me! When his mother called to him, "Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!" he never did what she told him. When she bade him come here, he went there; when she bade him do this, he did that! He always gobbled the choicest morsels of food in the yard and he wanted his own way in all things.

One day, when the whole family were scratching about in the dust, Mother Hen noticed suddenly that this little chick had only half a head, and half a body, and half a tail, and one eye, and one wing, and one leg!



"Dear me! Dear me! What in the world is the matter with my chick?" clucked Mother Hen in dismay. "How did he ever come to be such a queer little fellow?"

But very soon it became quite plain even to good Mother Hen why this chick was but a half-chick. No matter how hard she tried to teach him to do what was right, he only tossed his little half-head and flipped his little half-tail and did exactly as he chose.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mother Hen sadly.

One day Little Half-Chick came hopping up to his mother on his one little leg—stump, stump, stump! And he said:

"Good-bye, mother! I'm off to the city to see the King!"

"Off to the city!" cried poor Mother Hen. "Why, you haven't even learned yet how to behave in a poultry yard! You'll never get on in the city. Stay here and learn from me, and, who knows, you may still grow to be a whole-chick!"

But Little Half-Chick tossed his little half-head and flipped his little half-tail and cried:

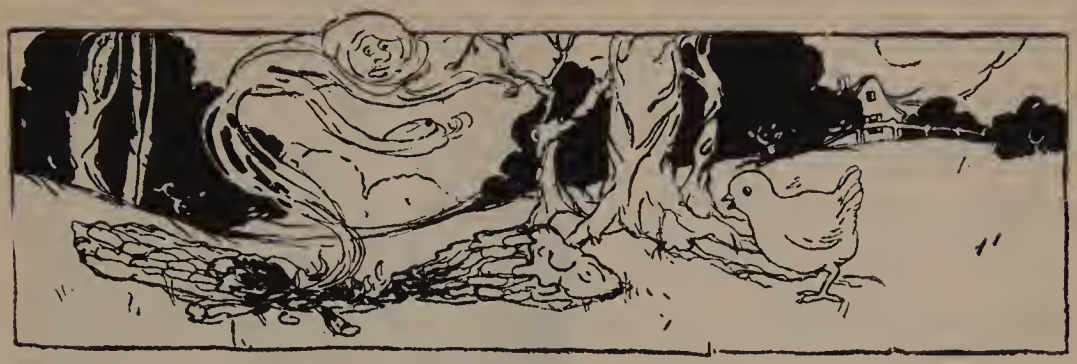
"I know enough without any teaching! This life here is too quiet for me! I'm off to the King!"

And away he went with a hop and a skip—stump, stump! Stump, stump! Stump, stump!

Over hill, over dale, past wheat field and barley field, past olive grove and vineyard, past flocks of woolly, merino sheep, with shepherds in sheepskins and gay-colored blankets,—on, on, on, hopped Little Half-Chick—stump, stump, stump, up the highway!

At length, when he had got some distance on his journey, he reached a lonely place where he came upon a little stream. The stream was choked up with weeds, that held it there a prisoner, so it could not go leaping on its way.

"O, Little Half-Chick, Little Half-Chick," murmured the water, "the weeds have bound me fast



with their chains. Please stop and pull them away, and set me free to go on my journey."

But Little Half-Chick only tossed his little half-head and flipped his little half-tail!

"Stop and set you free!" he cried. "Well, I should think not! I haven't the time to bother with you! I'm off to the city to see the King!"

And for all the brooklet's beseeching, he went on his way—stump, stump, stump!

A little farther along, what should Half-Chick come upon but a fire, whose flames were sinking lower and lower, so that little more of it was left than a mass of glowing red embers.

"Sticks! Give me sticks!" faintly sputtered the fire. "Oh, Little Half-Chick, feed me with sticks or I shall go out altogether!"

"Feed you with sticks!" cried Little Half-Chick. "Well, I should think not! I haven't the time to

bother with you! I'm off to the city to see the King!"

And he tossed his little half-head and flipped his little half-tail and went on his way — stump, stump, stump!

Pretty soon Half-Chick passed through a thick wood, and there he found the wind caught tight in a clump of bushes.

"O, Little Half-Chick, Little Half-Chick," faintly whispered the wind, "pray stop and pull these bushes apart, and make a loophole for me to get out!"

"Stop and pull those bushes apart!" cried Little Half-Chick. "Well, I should think not! I've no time to bother with you! I'm off to the city to see the King!"

And he tossed his little half-head and flipped his little half-tail and went on his way—stump, stump, stump!

After a while, the road became crowded with

people, some riding mules with red leather harnesses, others on horseback or driving wagons, and many more on foot. Ahead of him he saw the great wall of the city, with steeples and towers and gay-colored roofs peeping over it. In the midst of the crowd, he slipped through the city gate, and up narrow, crooked little streets with tight-packed houses on either side. Bye and bye he came to the market place, where gaily dressed men and women danced to the click of the castanets. Ah! he was seeing the sights, was Little Half-Chick, and he hurried on till he came to the palace of the King.

There he stumped by a guard at the gate and into the palace yard. But, as it happened, the gate by which he had entered was a back gate, so, instead of being at the grand entrance to the palace, he found himself in the kitchen yard. Just as he was crossing the court, the King's cook looked out of the window and spied him.

"Just the thing for the King's dinner!" he cried. "I was needing a chicken for the King's soup!" And he reached out the window, seized Little Half-Chick, ran with him to the fire, took the cover off a great pot, threw in a handful of onions, garlic, tomatoes, and Spanish peppers, and after them all, popped in Little Half-Chick! Then he clapped down the cover, bang!

It was dark enough inside the kettle; the water rolled over Little Half-Chick and twirled him round and round.

"O, Water! Water!" he cried. "Do not roll over me and twirl me around! Help me! Help me!"

"Ah, Little Half-Chick," bubbled the water, "when I was in need, you would not stop to help me. What right have you to ask me to stop and help you now?"

And he went on about his business of rolling and twirling around in the pot.

Soon the water began to grow warm, very warm.

"Fire! Fire! Do not cook me!" cried Little Half-Chick. But the fire leaped up in strong, bright flames.

"When I was in need, you would not stop to help me!" he crackled. "What right have you to ask me to stop and help you now?"

And he went on about his business of making the water hotter.

Pretty soon the cook took the cover off the pot to see how his soup was doing. As he stood there sniffing the onions and garlic, the tomatoes and Spanish peppers, along came the wind.

"O, Wind, Wind, help me!" cried Little Half-Chick. "Get me out of this pot!"

"Ah, Little Half-Chick," whistled the wind, "when

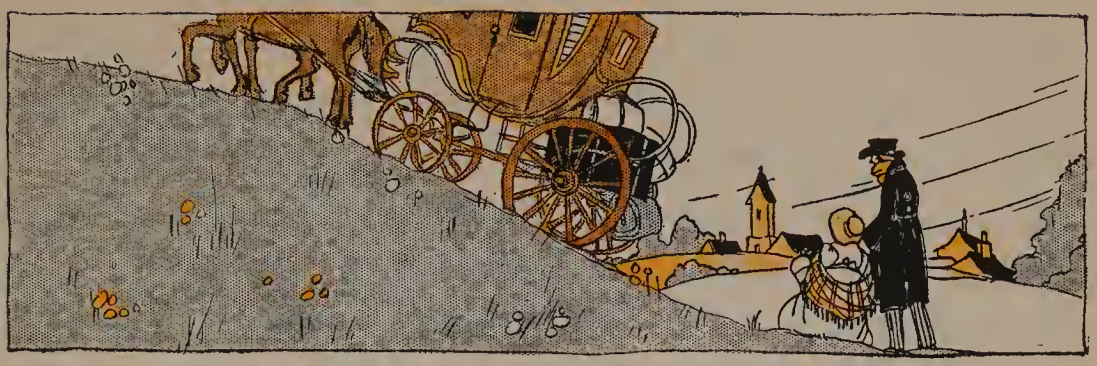
I was in need, you would not stop to help me. What right have you to ask me to stop and help you now?"

But just as the cook was about to clap down the cover again on the kettle, the wind did take Little Half-Chick, whisked him out of the pot and out of the window. Up, up, up, high over the roof, high over the towers and steeples he flew!

"Only a little half-chick would act as you have," roared the wind, "and here's the place for a little half-chick!"

With that he dropped Half-Chick down bang on the top of a steeple.

So Little Half-Chick found himself at last nothing more than a weather-cock. There, fastened tight to the top of the steeple, he stands to this very day on his one little leg, and he never has his own way any more, for he's simply twirled this way and that without even so much as a by-your-leave, however the wind blows.



A Letter from a Cat

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

I DO not feel wholly sure that my Pussy wrote these letters herself. They always came inside the letters written to me by my mamma, or other friends, and I never caught Pussy writing at any time when I was at home; but the printing was pretty bad, and they were signed by Pussy's name; and my mamma always looked very mysterious when I asked about them, as if there were some very great secret about it all; so that, until I grew to be a big girl, I never doubted but that Pussy printed them all alone by herself, after dark.

They were written when I was a very little girl, and was away from home with my father on a journey. We made this journey in our own carriage, and it was one of the pleasantest things that ever

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happened to me. My clothes and my father's were packed in a little leather valise which was hung by straps underneath the carriage, and went swinging, swinging, back and forth, as the wheels went round. My father and I used to walk up all the steep hills, because old Charley, our horse, was not very strong; and I kept my eyes on that valise all the while I was walking behind the carriage; it seemed to me the most unsafe way to carry a valise, and I wished very much that my best dress had been put in a bundle that I could carry in my lap. This was the only drawback to the pleasure of my journey—my fear that the valise would fall off when we did not know it, and be left in the road, and then I should not have anything nice to wear when I reached my aunt's house. But the valise went through all safe, and I had the satisfaction of wearing my best dress every afternoon while I stayed; and I was foolish enough to think a great deal of this.

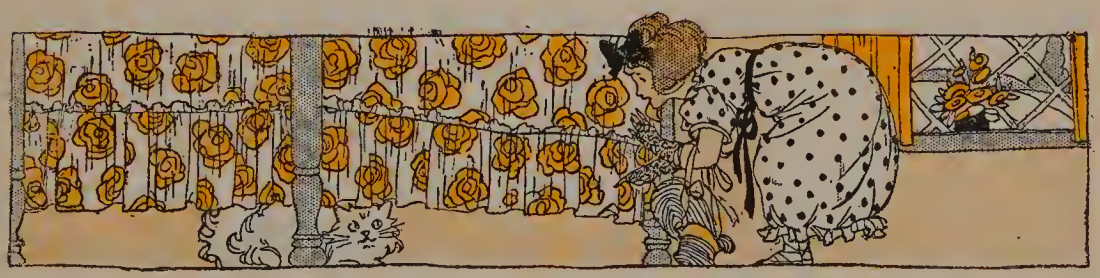
On the fourth day after our arrival came a letter from my mamma, giving me a great many directions how to behave, and enclosing this first letter from Pussy. I carried both letters in my apron

pocket all the time. They were the first letters I ever had received, and I was very proud of them. I showed them to everybody, and everybody laughed hard at Pussy's, and asked me if I believed that Pussy printed it herself. I thought perhaps my mamma held her paw, with the pen in it, as she had sometimes held my hand for me, and guided my pen to write a few words. I asked papa to please ask mamma, in his letter, if that were the way Pussy did it; but when his next letter from mamma came, he read me this sentence out of it: "Tell Helen I did not hold Pussy's paw to write that letter." So then I felt sure Pussy did it herself; and as I told you, I had grown up to be quite a big girl before I began to doubt it. You see I thought my Pussy such a wonderful Pussy that nothing was too remarkable for her to do. I knew very well that cats generally did not know how to read or write; but I thought there had never been such a cat in the world as this Pussy of mine.

She was a little kitten when I first had her, but she grew fast, and was very soon bigger than I wanted her to be. I wanted her to stay little. Her fur was a beautiful dark gray color, and there were

black stripes on her sides, like the stripes on a tiger. Her eyes were very big, and her ears unusually long and pointed. This made her look like a fox; and she was so bright and mischievous that some people thought she must be part fox. She used to do one thing that I never heard of any other cat's doing: she used to play hide-and-seek. And the most wonderful part of it was, that she took it up of her own accord. As soon as she heard me shut the gate in the yard at noon, when school was done, she would run up the stairs as hard as she could go, and take her place at the top, where she could just peep through the banisters. When

I opened the door, she would give a funny little mew, something like the mew cats make when they call their kittens. Then as soon as I stepped on the first stair to come up to her, she would race away at the top of her speed, and hide under a bed; and when I reached the room, there would be no Pussy to be seen. If I called her, she would come out from under the bed; but if I left the room, and went down stairs without speaking, in less than a minute she would fly back to her post at the head of the stairs, and call again with the peculiar mew. As soon as I appeared, off she would run, and hide under the bed as before. Sometimes she would do this three or four times. It was odd, though, she never would do it twice, when other people were watching. When I called her, and she came out from under the bed, if there were strangers looking on, she would walk straight to me in the demurest manner, as if it were a pure accident that



she happened to be under that bed; and no matter what I did or said, her frolic was over for that day.

She used to follow me, just like a little dog, wherever I went. She followed me to school every day, and we had great difficulty on Sundays to keep her from following us to church.

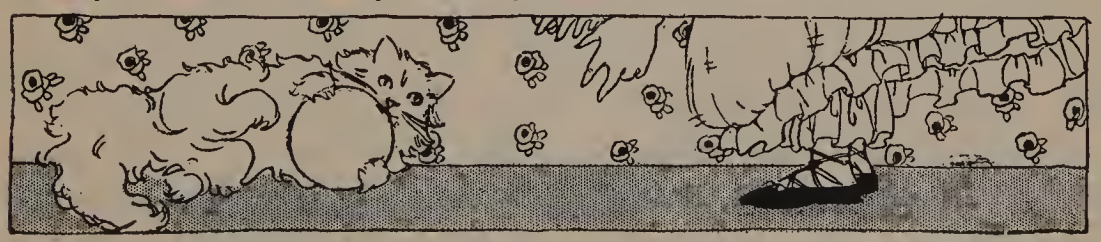
Here is Kitty's first letter.

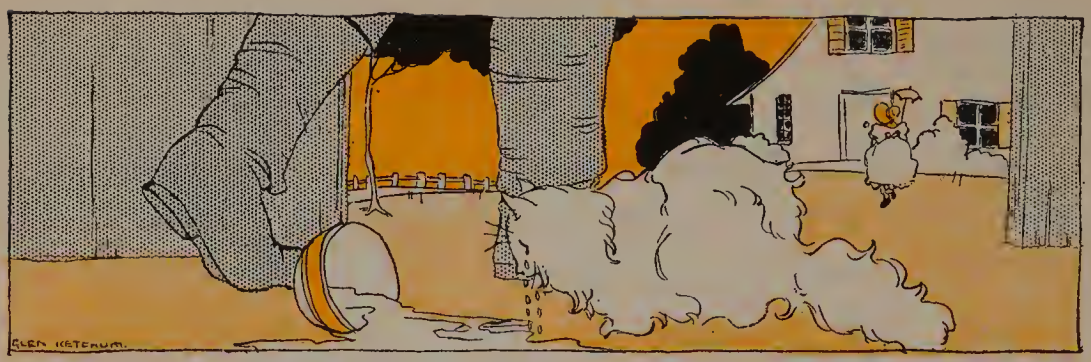
My dear Helen:

That is what your mother calls you, I know, for I jumped up on her writing-table just now, and looked, while she was out of the room; and I am sure I have as much right to call you so as she has, for if you were my own little kitty, and looked just like me, I could not love you any more than I do. How many good naps I have had in your lap! And how many nice bits of meat you have saved for me out of your own dinner! Oh, I'll never

let a rat, or a mouse, touch any thing of yours so long as I live.

I felt very unhappy after you drove off yesterday, and did not know what to do with myself. I went into the barn, and thought I would take a nap on the hay, but it seemed so lonely without old Charley stamping in his stall that I could not bear it; so I went into the garden, and lay down under the damask rose-bush. Now that your dear mother has taught me to print, I shall be able to say a great many things to you which I have often been unhappy about because I could not make you understand. I am entirely discouraged about learning to speak the English language, and I do not think anybody takes much trouble to learn ours; so we cats are confined entirely to the society of each other, which prevents our knowing so much as we might. When you are at home I do not mind it, for although I cannot talk to you, I understand every word that you say to me, and we have such





good plays together with the red ball. That is put away now in the bottom drawer of the little workstand in the sitting-room. When your mother put it in, she turned round to me and said, "Poor Pussy, no more good plays for you till Helen comes home!" and I thought I should certainly cry. But I think it is very foolish to cry over what cannot be helped, so I pretended to have got something into my left eye, and rubbed it with my paw. It is very seldom that I cry over any thing, unless it is "spilt milk." I must confess, I have often cried when that has happened; and it always is happening to cats' milk. They put it into old broken things that tip over at the least knock, and then they set them just where they are sure to be most in the way. Many's the time Josiah has knocked over that blue saucer of mine, in the shed and when you have thought that I had a nice

breakfast of milk, I had nothing in the world but flies, which are not good for much more than just a little sort of relish. I am so glad of a chance to tell you about this, because I know when you come home you will get a better dish for me.

I hope you found the horse-chestnuts which I put in the bottom of the carriage for you. I could not think of anything else to put in, which would remind you of me; but I am afraid you will never think that it was I who put them there, and it will be too bad if you don't, for I had a dreadful time climbing up over the dasher with them.

There are three beautiful dandelions out on the terrace, but I don't suppose they will keep till you come home. A man has been doing something to your garden, but though I watched him very closely all the time, I could not make out what he was about. I am afraid it is something you will not like; but if I find out more about it, I will tell you in my next letter. Good-by.

Your affectionate PUSSY.

FAIRY AND CHILD

EUGENE FIELD

OH, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fairy voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the honey dew is falling;
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom
The bluebells are a-ringing,
And it's "Come away to the land of fay,"
That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand to the beautiful land
Of Balow, away off yonder;
Or we'll sail along on a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo—
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

From *Poems of Eugene Field;* copyright, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wings and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy;
And you shall dance in the velvet sky,
And the silvery stars shall twinkle,
And dream sweet dreams, as over their beams
Your footfalls softly tinkle.

The Merchant

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I IMAGINE, Mother, that you are to stay at home and I am to travel into strange lands.

Imagine that my boat is ready at the landing, fully laden. Now think well, Mother, before you say what I shall bring for you when I come back.

Mother, do you want heaps and heaps of gold?

There, by the banks of golden streams, fields are full of golden harvest. And in the shade of the forest path the golden *champa* flowers drop on the ground.

I will gather them all for you in many hundred baskets.

Mother, do you want pearls big as the raindrops of autumn? I shall cross to the pearl island shore.

There in the early morning light, pearls tremble on the meadow flowers, pearls drop on the grass, and pearls are scattered on the sand in spray by the wild sea-waves.

My brother shall have a pair of horses with wings to

fly among the clouds.

For Father I shall bring a magic pen that, without his knowing, will write of itself.

For you, Mother, I must have the casket and jewel that cost seven kings their kingdoms.

A SEA-SONG FROM THE SHORE

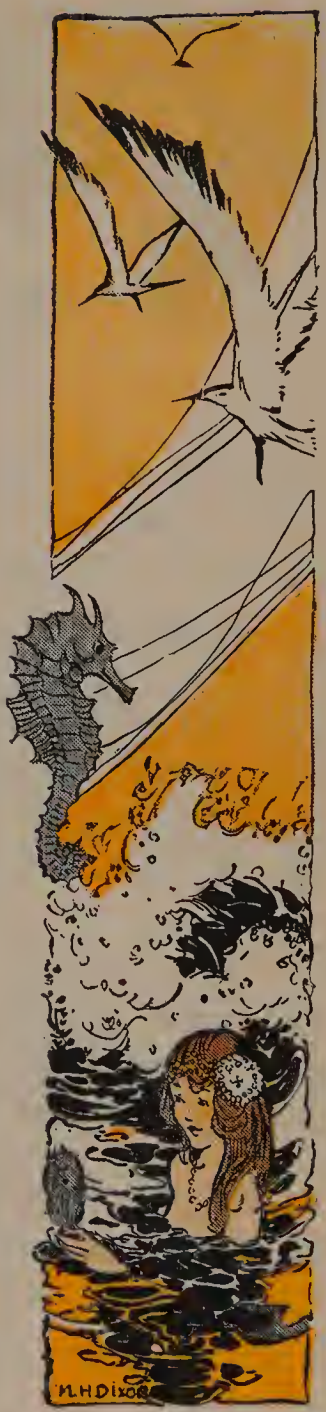
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HAIL! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!
Who calls to me,
So far at sea?
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!
Hail! Ho!
The sailor he sails the sea;
I wish he would capture
A little sea-horse
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails
Through the tropical gales,
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,
With its silver wings
And the song it sings,
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me a
Little mermaid,
Some island where he lands,
With her dripping curls,
And her crown of pearls,
And the looking-glass in her hands!



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COME, LITTLE LEAVES

GEORGE COOPER

"COME, little leaves," said the wind one day.
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know."

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

Across the Fields

ANATOLE FRANCE

AFTER breakfast Catherine goes out into the meadows with her little brother Jack. When they start out the day is as young and fresh as they are. The sky is not exactly blue; it is rather a gray, but a gray that is softer than all the blues in the world. Catherine's eyes are the very same

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gray, and seem made out of a piece of the morning sky.

Catherine and Jack go quite alone into the meadows. Their mother is a farmer's wife and has work to do at the farm. They have no nurse to take them out, but then they don't need one. They know the way; they know the woods and the fields and the hills equally well. Catherine can even tell the time of day from seeing where the sun is in the sky, and she has knowledge of all kinds of nature's secrets that city children never dream of. Little Jack himself knows many things about the woods and ponds and mountains, for he has the soul of a true little country boy.

The meadows Catherine and Jack go through are full of flowers, and on the way Catherine picks a bouquet of the pretty blossoms. She gathers blue flowers and poppies and cowslips, as well as buttercups, or stew pans, as some call them. She gathers the dark spikes of the milk weed and storks' bills and lilies-of-the-valley, whose little bells give out such a delicious odor when stirred by the least bit of wind. Catherine loves the flowers because they are beautiful. She loves them, too, because they make such lovely ornaments. She is

only a simple little country girl, with her pretty hair hidden under a brown cap. Her cotton apron covers a plain little dress, and she wears wooden shoes. But there are things which little girls know from the day they are born. Catherine knows that flowers make fine trimmings, and that lovely ladies who put bouquets in their corsages look even lovelier for doing so. So she thinks she must be very fine indeed just now because she has a bouquet as big as her head. Her ideas are as fine and airy as her flowers. There are ideas that you can't put into words; there are no words good enough for them. They require tunes and songs, lively and sweet, and gay and gentle. So Catherine sings, while she gathers her flowers, bits from her nursery songs: "I'm going to the woods alone," or "My heart I give to him, my heart I give to him."

Little Jack is a different sort altogether. He has other ideas. He is a regular boy. He isn't out of petticoats yet, but his spirit is ahead of his years, and there's no spirit finer than that. Though he keeps a good hold on his sister's apron with one hand, for fear of falling, he lays his switch about him with the other hand with all the strength of

a sturdy boy. His father's head workman doesn't crack his whip any louder over his horses' heads when he leads them back from the river. Little Jack is not going to spend his time in soft sleep and dreams. He doesn't care anything about wild flowers. For his make-believes he thinks of hard work. He makes believe about carts stuck in the muddy roads and percheron horses tugging at their collars, as he shouts at them.

Catherine and Jack climb up above the fields on the slope of the hill to a little knoll where they can see all the fires of the village scattered through the foliage, and toward the horizon the steeples of six different parishes. It is a place which makes you

realize how great the world is. Catherine thinks she can understand better now the stories that have been told her about the dove and the ark and the people of Israel in the promised land, and of Jesus journeying from one village to another.

"Let's sit down here," she says.

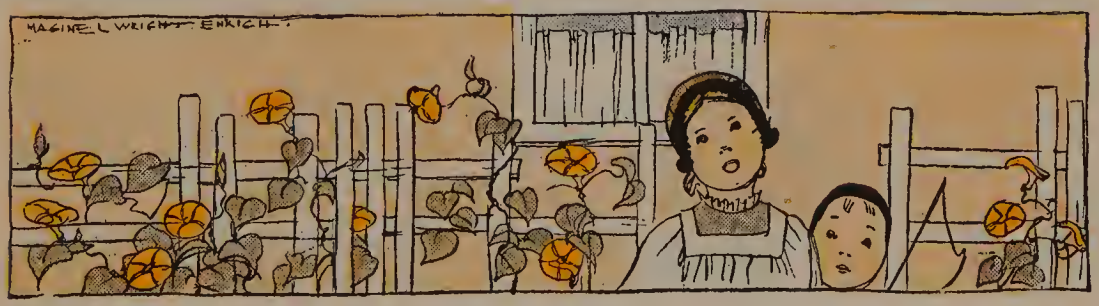
She seats herself, and, spreading her hands, scatters her flowery harvest round her. Her little body has been perfumed with them all, and in a moment the butterflies are circling round her. She picks and arranges the flowers, and makes garlands and crowns of them, and hangs little bells at her ears for ear-rings. Little Jack, occupied with his imaginary horses, catches sight of her thus dressed up, and at once is seized with admiration. A pious thought strikes his little soul. He stops, and the whip falls from his hands. He sees that she is beautiful. He would like to be beautiful too, and covered with flowers. He tries to express his wish in his pretty, obscure way, and though he feels that he tries in vain, Catherine understands. Little Catherine is a big sister, and a big sister is a little mother.

"Yes, deary," cries Catherine, "I'll make you a

beautiful crown and you will look like a king."

So here she is plaiting together blue and red and yellow flowers into a chaplet. She puts the crown of flowers on little Jack's head, and he turns red with joy. She puts her arms around him and lifts him off the ground and stands him, all covered with flowers, on a great stone near by. She admires him now because he is beautiful, and because it is she that has made him so.

Standing upright on his rustic pedestal little Jack understands that he is beautiful and the idea gives him a deep respect for himself. He realizes that he is sacred. Stiff, immovable, his eyes round, his lips shut tight, his arms hanging, his hands open and his fingers sticking out like the spokes of a wheel, he tastes a solemn joy. The sky is over his head, the woods and the fields are at his feet. He is in the middle of the world. He is only good, only beautiful.



OLD DUTCH NURSERY RHYMES

A BASKET FULL OF ALMONDS

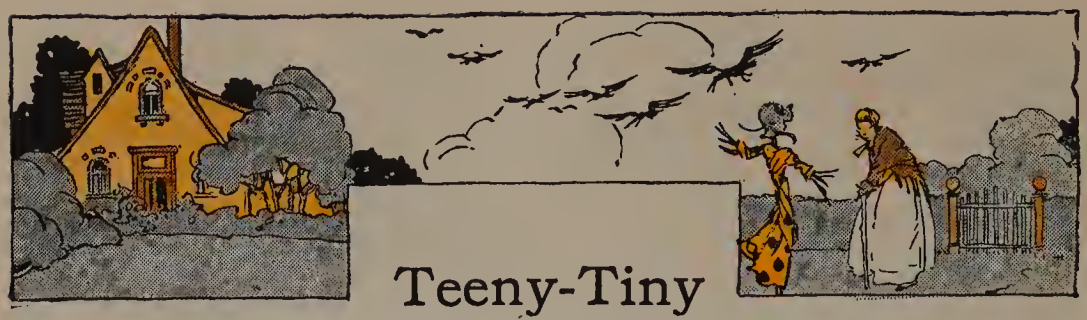
A basket full of almonds,
I got from Auntie Kee,
And as I go out walking,
My basket goes with me.

A WIND MILL

Four old, old women,
They never could catch each other;
Each ran as fast as the others ran,—
Guess, guess, if you can!

AMSTERDAM

AMSTERDAM, that great big town,
Is built on piles, they say;
And if that town should tumble down,
Who'd pay for it, I pray?



Teeny-Tiny

AN ENGLISH FOLK TALE

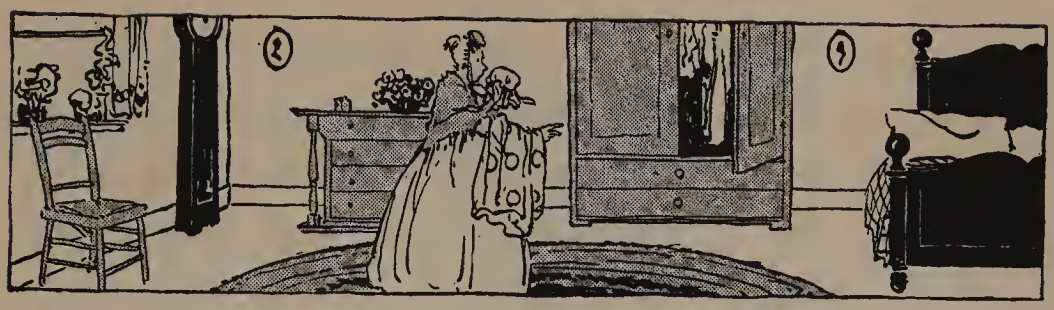
ONCE upon a time there was a teeny-tiny woman who lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village.

Now, one day, this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet, and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk.

And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way, she came to a teeny-tiny gate; so the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate, and went into a teeny-tiny garden.

And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny garden, she saw a teeny-tiny scare-crow, and the teeny-tiny scare-crow wore a teeny-tiny bonnet and a teeny-tiny dress. And the teeny-tiny woman said: "That teeny-tiny bonnet and that teeny-tiny dress will fit my teeny-tiny self."

So the teeny-tiny woman hung the teeny-tiny



dress and the teeny-tiny bonnet over her teeny-tiny arm, and then she went home to her teeny-tiny house.

Now when the teeny-tiny woman got home to her teeny-tiny house, she was a teeny-tiny bit tired; so she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and put the teeny-tiny dress and the teeny-tiny bonnet into a teeny-tiny closet. And when this teeny-tiny woman had been asleep a teeny-tiny time, she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny closet, which said:

"Give me my clothes!"

At this the teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit flustered; so she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny bed clothes and went to sleep again.

And when she had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice cried out from the teeny-tiny closet a teeny-tiny bit louder:

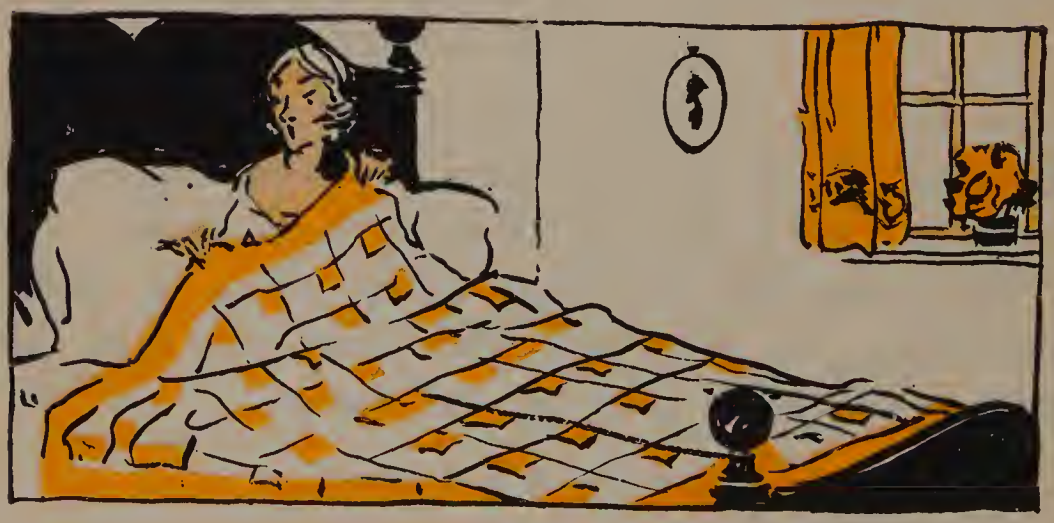
"Give me my clothes!"

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny bit more flustered; so she hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny bit further under the teeny-tiny bed clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard said again a teeny-tiny bit louder:

"Give me my clothes!"

Then this teeny-tiny woman put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny bed clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice:

"TAKE 'EM!"



Shingebiss

A Chippewa Indian Tale

IN his lodge on the shores of the great Lake Huron lived little brown duck, Shingebiss. When the fierce North Wind swept down from the white and glittering Land of Snow, four great logs for firewood had little brown duck, Shingebiss, one for each month of the winter.

Brave and cheery was Shingebiss, and no matter how the North Wind raged, he waddled out across the ice and found what food he needed. With his strong bill he pulled frozen rushes up from the pond, and dived down through the holes they left, to get his fish for supper. Then away to his lodge he went, dragging a string of fish behind him. By his blazing fire he cooked his supper and made himself warm and comfortable.

So at last the North Wind shrieked angrily:

"Woo-oo-oo! Woo-oo-oo! Who dares to brave Big Chief North Wind? All other creatures fear him. But little brown duck, Shingebiss, heeds Big Chief North Wind no more than Minnewawa, little, gently blowing squaw-breeze."

So the North Wind sent out cold, icy blasts, and made high drifts of snow, till not a bird or beast dared venture forth—save Shingebiss. Shingebiss went out the same as before and paid no heed to the weather. He got his fish every day and cooked his supper every night and warmed himself by his glowing fire.

"Ah!" raged the North Wind. "Little brown duck, Shingebiss, cares not for snow or ice or wind! Big Chief North Wind will freeze his holes, so he gets no food and then Big Chief will conquer him."

So he visited the holes in the ice where Shingebiss fished, breathed into them and froze them up tight; then he heaped up over the pond a mighty mound of snow.

But when Shingebiss came and found his holes all closed so he could not reach the water, he did not even murmur. He went cheerily on till he found a pond that was free of snow and had more rushes.

Then he pulled up the rushes and made new holes through which he could do his fishing.

North Wind grew angrier still.

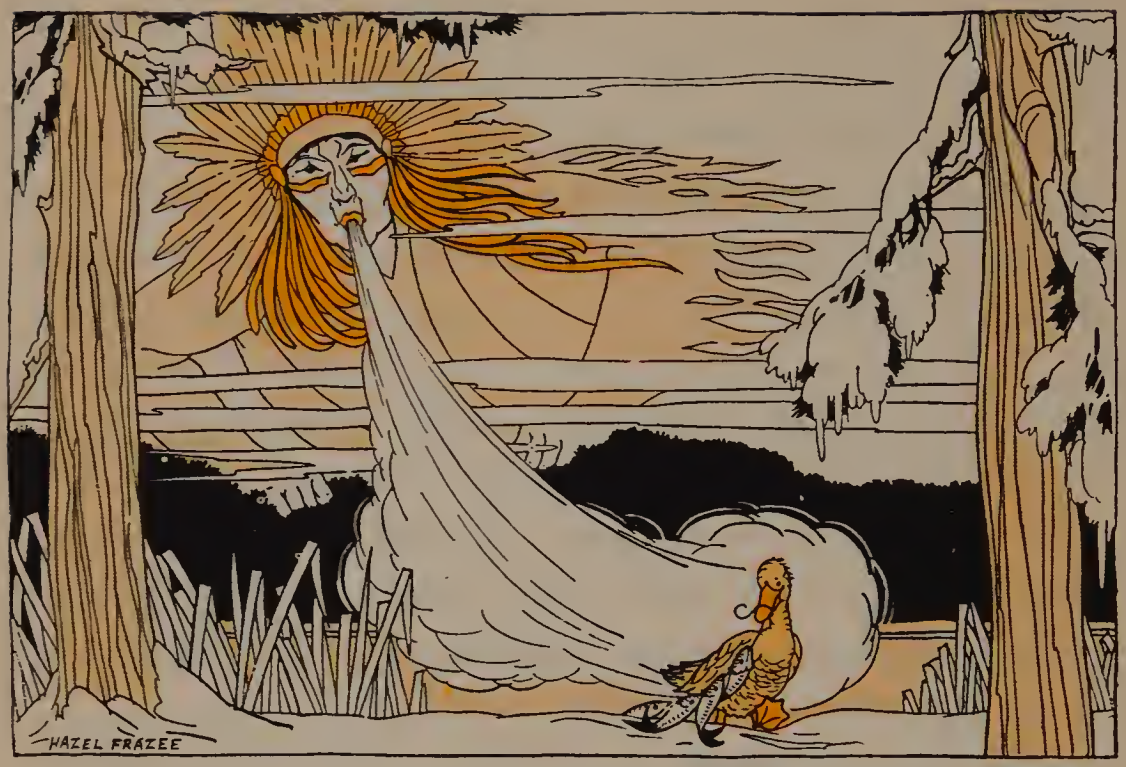
"Brown duck shall know who is Big Chief!" he howled, and for days he followed close on the little duck's footsteps, froze up his holes in the ice almost as soon as he made them and covered his ponds with snow. But Shingebiss walked fearlessly forth as before, and always managed to get a few fish before each hole was frozen, or found some other pond that was free and made new holes. So he still went cheerily home every night dragging his fish behind him.

At last the North Wind roared in a fury!

"Woo-oo-oo! Woo-oo-oo! Big Chief go to brown duck's lodge, blow in at his door, sit down beside him, and breathe icy breath till he freezes."

Now Shingebiss had just eaten his supper, his log was burning bright, and he sat cozily warming his little webbed feet by the blaze.

Carefully North Wind crept up to his door, holding his breath, so Shingebiss should not know he was coming. Quietly, quietly, he crept along over the snow. But Shingebiss felt the icy cold come in through the cracks of the door.



"I know who is there," he thought. And he began to sing sturdily:

"Ka neej,
Ka neej,
Bee in,
Bee in,
Bon in,
Bon in,
Ok ee, Ok ee,
Ka weya, Ka weya!"

Now the North Wind knew this was his way of saying:

"North Wind, North Wind,
Fierce in feature,
You are still my
fellow creature;
Blow your worst,
You can't freeze me;
I fear you not,
and so
I'm
FREE!"

Then North Wind was angrier than ever:

"Little brown duck to sing so boldly! Big Chief can bite him, sting him, freeze him!"

So North Wind crept in under the door, slipped up behind Shingebiss and sat down by the fire. Now Shingebiss knew he was there, but he paid no heed. He kept on singing louder than ever:

"Ka neej! ka neej!
Bee in, bee in."

"Big Chief stay here till he freezes," whistled

North Wind, and he tried to breathe more fiercely than ever. But at that moment Shingebiss stirred his fire till the sparks leaped up the smoke-flue and the log glowed ruddy gold. Then all at once North Wind's frosty hair began to drip, his icy beard began to drip, the tears ran down his cheeks, and his breath came puffing more and more faintly. Still Shingebiss warmed his little webbed feet by the blaze and sang:

"North Wind, North Wind,
Fierce in feature,
You are still my
fellow creature."

At length North Wind gave a shriek.

"Big Chief is melting!" And he rushed headlong through the doorway, fled out into the darkness, and fell upon a snowbank.

"Strange little brown duck, Shingebiss," he murmured weakly. "Big Chief North Wind can't starve him, can't freeze him, can't make him afraid! Ugh! Ugh! North Wind will let him alone. The Great Spirit is with him."

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

TEN little Indians standing in a line—
One went home and then there were nine.

Nine little Indians swinging on a gate—
One jumped off and then there were eight.

Eight little Indians staying at a tavern—
One went away and then there were seven.

Seven little Indians playing pretty tricks—
One went to ride and then there were six.

Six little Indians learning how to dive—
One swam away and then there were five.

Five little Indians peeped through the door—
One ran behind and then there were four.

Four little Indians climbed up a tree—
One slid down and then there were three.

Three little Indians out in a canoe—
One hopped on land and then there were two.

Two little Indians playing in the sun—
One fell asleep and then there was one.

One little Indian playing all alone—
He went in the house and then there was none.

The Shoemaker and the Elves

A German Folk Tale

ONCE upon a time there was a shoemaker who worked hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to keep himself and his wife. At last there came a day when all he had was gone except one piece of leather—just enough to make one pair of shoes. He cut out the shoes, ready to stitch and make up the next day, and left them on the bench, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. He lived a good, pure life; so his heart was light amidst all his troubles, and he went peacefully to bed, trusting that he could finish the shoes the next day and sell them. Leaving all his cares to heaven, he fell asleep.

Bright and early the next morning he arose, went to his work bench and, lo and behold, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table! They

were beautifully made, too; all was so neat and true; there was not one false stitch. Yet there was no sign of any one's having been there. The good man and his wife knew not what to say or think of this strange event. But the first customer that came in was so pleased with the beautiful shoes, that he bought them and paid so much for them that the shoemaker was able to buy leather enough to make two pairs of shoes.

In the evening he cut out the shoes, and went to bed early so as to get up early the next day and begin stitching. But he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning, there were two pairs of shoes on the bench, all finished and beautifully made, and once again no sign that any one had been there.

That day in came customers who paid the shoemaker handsomely for his goods, so that he was able now to buy leather for four pairs of shoes.

Once more he cut out the shoes and left them on

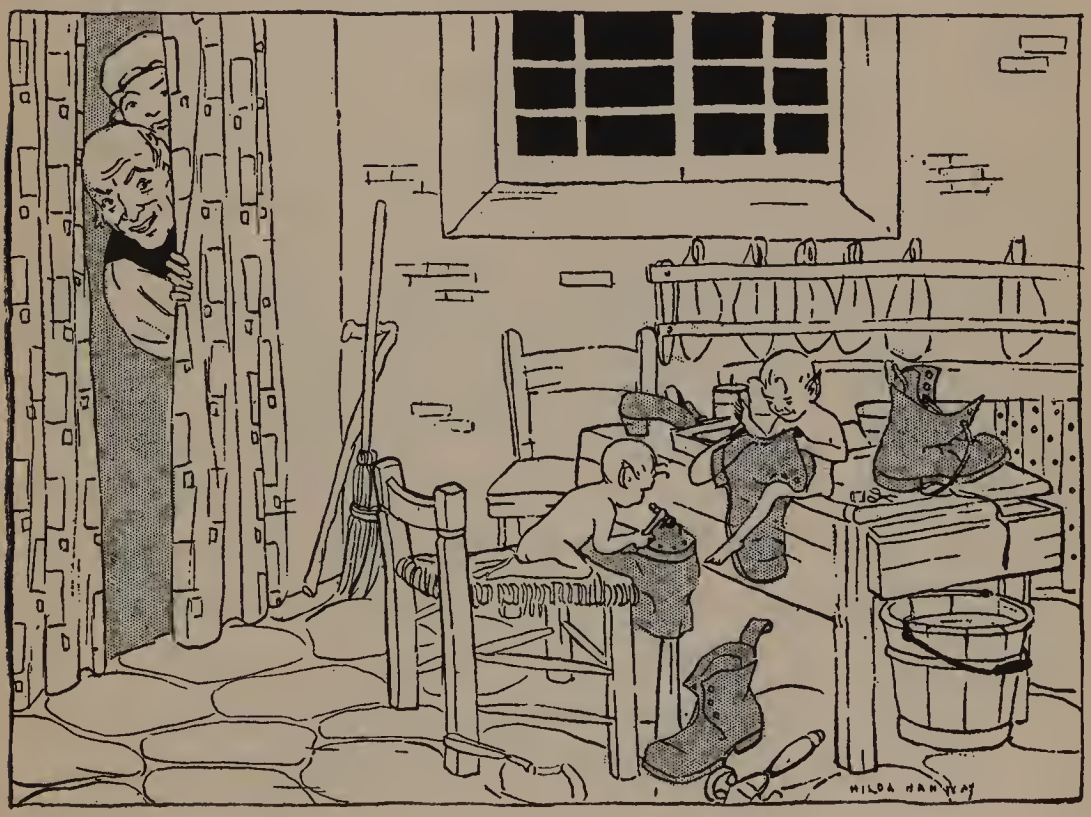
the bench, and in the morning all four pairs were made.

And so it went on for some time; what was got ready by evening was already done by daybreak, until the good man and his wife were thriving and prosperous. But they could not be satisfied to have so much done for them and not know to whom they should be grateful. One evening about Christmas time, as they were sitting over the fire and chatting together, the shoemaker said to his wife:

"I should like to sit up and watch tonight, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain, and waited to see what would happen.

Just as the clock struck twelve, two tiny elves came dancing into the room, hopped onto the bench, took up the work that was cut out, and began to ply their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping at such a rate that the shoemaker was amazed, and could not take his eyes off them. These little elves were quite naked, but they had wee little scissors and hammers and thread. Tap!

tap! went the little hammers; stitch! stitch! went the thread. No one ever worked so fast as they. On they went until the job was quite finished and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. Then the tiny elves took hold of each other's hands and danced around the shoes on the bench. The shoemaker and his wife had hard work not to laugh aloud at the sight. But at daybreak the little creatures danced away out of the windows and left the room as it was before.



The shoemaker and his wife looked at each other and said: "These little wights have made us rich and happy. How can we thank them and do them a good service in return?"

"I am sorry to see them run about as they do with nothing on their backs to keep off the cold. I should like to make them some pretty clothes, a coat, and a waistcoat and a pair of trousers into the bargain," said the wife.

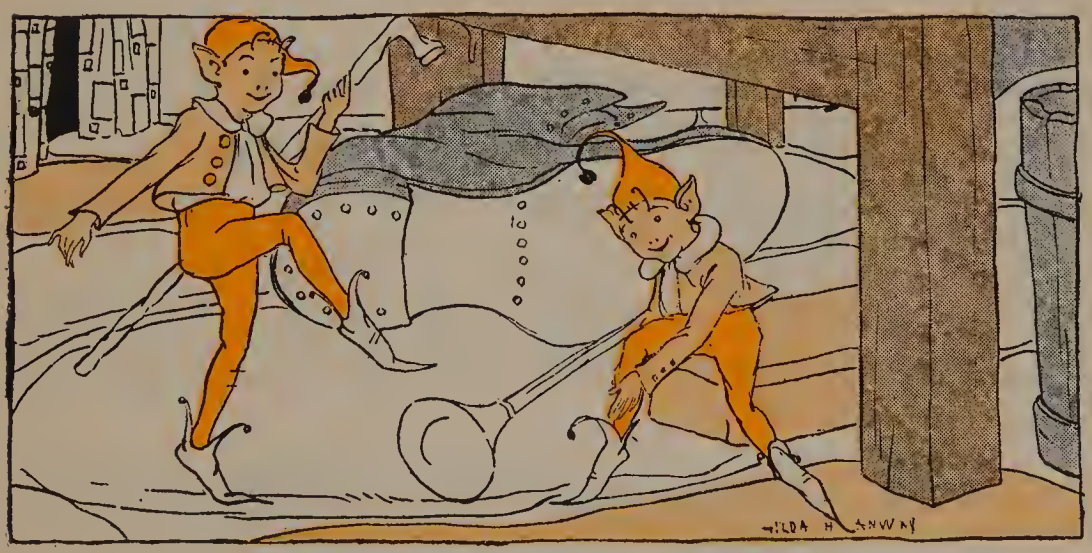
"And I will make each of them a little pair of shoes," said her husband.

That very day they set about it. The wife cut out two tiny coats of yellow, two weeny, weeny waistcoats of white, two little pairs of orange trousers, two bits of caps, bright orange (for every one knows the elves love bright colors), and her husband made two little pairs of shoes with long, pointed toes. They made the wee clothes as dainty as could be, with nice little stitches and pretty buttons; and by Christmas time, they were finished.

On Christmas eve, the shoemaker cleaned his bench, and on it instead of leather, he laid the two sets of gay little fairy-clothes. Then he and his wife hid away as before to see what the elves

would do. Promptly at midnight they came in and hopped upon the bench to do their work; but when they saw the little clothes they laughed and danced for joy. Each one caught up his clothes and put them on in the twinkling of an eye. Then they looked at each other and began to dance and caper and prance in a circle! But just as the sun rose, they danced out of the window, over the green and out of sight; and the shoemaker saw them no more.

From that day on, all went well with the shoemaker and his wife, and they never needed any more help. *—Adapted from Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm.*



A Hallowe'en Story

ELIZABETH THOMPSON DILLINGHAM

ONCE upon a time a big orange pumpkin was growing just outside a stone wall, far off in a field, all alone. The farmer had gathered all *his* pumpkins and stored them carefully in his great barn. But no one knew of the big orange pumpkin growing just outside the wall, all alone. The big orange pumpkin was lonely.

"I wish I belonged to some one," said he.

"Miew, miew! I do, too," cried a little black pussy cat, stretching herself and jumping down from the stone wall where she had been sleeping.

"It will soon be winter," said the big orange pumpkin. "Let's go find some one to belong to."

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat, eagerly. "I want to belong to a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes."

"And I," said the big orange pumpkin, "want to

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belong to a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works. Let's hurry right away to find them."

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat.

So off they started—the big orange pumpkin rolling and tumbling along, and chuckling to himself as he went, and the little black cat pitpatting along on her soft little cushions, purring because she was happy.

On and on they went, over the fields and through the woods. It began to grow cold, oh, so cold, and dark, too. The little black cat shivered as the wind whistled through the trees.

"See here," said the big orange pumpkin, "you can't sleep outdoors tonight. What shall we do?"

Just then they saw a man coming along the path with a bundle of wood on his back.

"Ho, Mr. Woodcutter!" cried the pumpkin. "Have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the merry woodsman. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut off a piece of my shell where the stem is, and scoop out some of my seeds, if you please," said the pumpkin.

No sooner said than done.

"There, my little black pussy cat," said the pumpkin, "when you wish to sleep tonight, you may curl inside and be as warm as a sunbeam."

"But will you not come home with me?" asked the woodsman.

"Have you a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes?" asked the little black pussy cat.

"Have you a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works?" asked the big orange pumpkin.

"No, ah, no," said the woodsman, "but I have a pig and some hens."

"Then we'll go on," said the pumpkin, "but thank you kindly."

So on they went, and on, until the stars began to shine. Then the tired little pussy cat curled in her hollow nest, put on the cover, and went to sleep.

In the morning they went on again, but before

long it began to rain. The pussy cat's soft fur was soon very wet.

"You poor little thing," said the big orange pumpkin. "Curl inside your house and I will trundle you along."

"But it's so dark inside, and I couldn't see where we were going," cried the pussy cat, holding up a tiny, dripping paw.

"Windows!" cried the pumpkin. "Of course, windows! How stupid of me! Wait here under this fence, my little friend, until I come back."

Then off he hurried across the road to a carpenter's shop.

"Ho, Mr. Carpenter!" cried the pumpkin. "Have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the jolly carpenter. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut some windows for me, if you please."

So the carpenter took a sharp knife and cut four windows—just like a face he made them, two for eyes, one for a nose, and one for a mouth, and he laughed as he did it.

When he finished the mouth, the pumpkin laughed too.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried he. "What a relief to have a mouth to laugh with! Ha, ha, ha!" And he laughed all the way back in the rain to where the little shivering pussy cat was waiting.

And she laughed, too, and climbed inside her coach, and put on the cover. So on through the rain they went, and on and on. Just as dark was drawing near, they came to a wee, brown house by the side of the road. In the yard was a little boy picking up chips and putting them into a big basket. He whistled as he worked, and then he began to sing:

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride;
If turnips were watches, I'd wear one by my side."

Then the door opened, and a little girl with a

sweet face and shining eyes stood on the threshold.

"What *do* you wish, John?" she called.

"Oh," laughed the boy, as he came in with the chips. "I wish I had a pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern, for this is Hallowe'en."

"And I wish I had a pussy cat to love," said the little girl.

"This is the place for us!" whispered the big orange pumpkin; and he rolled up to the door, bumpity bump!

"Look, John!" cried the little girl, "here's your jack-o'-lantern! The fairies must have sent it. Isn't it a beauty?"

"There's something inside," said John, snatching off the cover, and out jumped a tiny black pussy cat, straight into the little girl's arms.

"Oh, oh!" they cried.

And when mother came home in the dark, a jolly jack-o'-lantern with a candle inside was shining out of the window at her, and close beside it sat a little black pussy cat.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

LO, the winter is past;
the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come.

—*The Bible.*

Oeyvind and Marit

(A Story of Norway)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

OEYVIND was his name. A low, rocky cliff overhung the house where he was born; fir and birch trees looked down upon the roof, and the wild cherry strewed flowers over it. On this roof lived a little goat belonging to Oeyvind; it was kept there that it might not wander away, and Oeyvind carried leaves and grass up to it. One fine day the goat leaped down and ran off to the cliff; it

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went straight up and soon stood where it had never been before. Oeyvind did not see the goat when he came out in the afternoon and thought at once of the fox. He grew hot all over, looked round about, and called:

"Here, goat! Here, goat! Here, goat!"

"Ba-a-a!" answered the goat from the top of the hill, putting its head on one side and looking down. At the side of the goat there was kneeling a little girl.

"Is this goat yours?" asked she.

Oeyvind opened wide his mouth and eyes, thrust both hands into his breeches and said: "Who are you?"

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, the elf in the house, granddaughter to Ola Nordistuen of the Heide farms, four years old in the autumn—I am!"

"Is that who you are?" cried he, drawing a long breath, for he had not dared to take one while she was speaking.

"Is this goat yours?" she asked again.

"Ye-es!" replied he.

"I like it so very much. Will you not give it to me?"

"No indeed, I will not."

She lay flat on the ground staring down at him, and soon she said: "But if I give you a twisted bun for the goat, may I have it then?"

Oeyvind was the son of poor people; he had tasted twisted bun only once in his life; that was when grandfather came to his house, and he had never eaten anything so good before or since. He fixed his eyes on the girl.

"Let me see the bun first," said he.

She was not long in showing him a large twisted bun that she held in her hand.

"Here it is!" cried she, and tossed it to him.

"Oh, it broke in pieces!" said the boy, picking up every bit with the greatest care. He could not help tasting of the very smallest morsel, and it was so good that he had to try another, till before he knew it, he had eaten up the whole bun.

"Now the goat belongs to me," said the girl.

The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth; the girl lay there laughing, and the goat stood by her side, with its white breast and shining brown hair, looking sideways down.

"Could you not wait a while?" begged the boy, his heart beginning to beat fast. The girl laughed

more than ever and quickly got up on her knees.

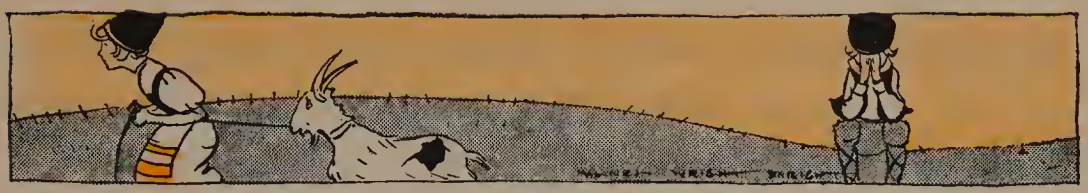
"No, the goat is mine," said she and threw her arms about it. Then, loosening one of her garters, she fastened it about its neck. Oeyvind watched her. She rose to her feet and began to tug at the goat; it would not go along with her, and stretched its neck over the edge of the cliff toward Oeyvind.

"Ba-a-a-a!" said the goat.

Then the little girl took hold of its hair with one hand, pulled at the garter with the other, and said prettily: "Come now, goat, you shall go into the sitting room and eat from mother's dish and my apron." And then she sang:

"Come, boy's pretty goatie,
Come, calf, my delight,
Come here, mewing pussie,
In shoes snowy white.
Yellow ducks from your shelter,
Come forth, helter skelter.
Come, doves ever beaming,
With soft feathers gleaming!"

There the boy stood. He had taken care of the



goat ever since winter, when it was born, and he had never dreamed that he could lose it; but now it was gone in a moment and he would never see it again.

His mother came up humming from the beach, with some wooden pails she had been scouring; she saw the boy sitting on the grass, with his legs crossed under him, crying, and she went to him.

"What makes you cry?"

"Oh, my goat—my goat!"

"Why, where is the goat?" asked the mother, looking up at the roof.

"It will never come back any more," said the boy.

"Dear me! how can that be?"

Oeyvind would not tell what he had done at first.

"Has the fox carried it off?"

"Oh, I wish it were the fox."

"Then, what has become of it?" cried the mother.

"Oh—oh—oh! I happened to—to—to sell it for a twisted bun!"

As soon as he spoke, the boy understood what he had done, to sell his pet goat for a bun; he had not

thought about it before. The mother said: "What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you, when you were willing to sell it for a twisted bun?"

The boy thought this over and felt perfectly sure that he could never be happy again. He was so sorry for what he had done, that he promised himself he would never do anything wrong again—neither cut the cord of the spinning wheel, nor let the sheep loose, nor go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep lying there and dreamed about his goat. Then something wet was thrust right against his ear and he started up. "Ba-a-a-a!" he heard, and it was the goat that had returned to him.

"What! Have you come back again?" He sprang up, seized it by the two forelegs, and danced about with it as if it were a brother. He pulled it by the beard and was on the point of going in to his mother with it, when he heard someone behind him, and saw the little girl sitting on the grass beside him. Now he understood why the goat had come back and he let go of it.

"Is it you who have brought the goat?"

She sat tearing up the grass with her hands and said, "I was not allowed to keep it; grandfather is up there waiting."

While the boy stood staring at her, a sharp voice from the road above called, "Well!"

Then she remembered what she had been told to do; she rose, walked up to Oeyvind, thrust one of her dirt-covered hands into his, and turning her face away said, "I beg your pardon!" But then her courage was all gone; she flung her arms about the goat and burst into tears.

"I believe you had better keep the goat," stammered Oeyvind, looking the other way.

"Make haste now!" called her grandfather from the hill, so Marit turned and walked slowly toward him.

"You have forgotten your garter," Oeyvind shouted after her. She turned and looked at him, then she answered in a choked voice, "You may keep it." He walked up to her, took her hand and said, "I thank you."

"Oh, it's nothing to thank for," she answered, but she still sobbed as she walked away.

Oeyvind sat down on the grass again, the goat roaming about near him, but he was no longer as happy with it as before.

The goat was fastened near the house, but Oeyvind wandered away, with his eyes fixed on the cliff. His

mother came and sat down beside him; he asked her to tell him stories about things that were far away, for now the goat no longer satisfied him. So his mother told him how once everything could talk; the mountain talked to the brook, the brook to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky; the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the beasts, the beasts to the children, and the children to grown people. So it went on and on, and round in a circle. As she talked Oeyvind looked at the cliff, the trees, the sea and the sky, and it seemed to him he had never truly seen them before. The cat came out just then, and stretched itself on the doorstep in the sunshine.

"What does the cat say?" asked Oeyvind. The mother sang:

"Evening sunshine softly is dying,
On the doorstep lazy puss is lying.
'Well filled am I and sleek,
I'm very lazy and meek,'
Says the pussie."

Then the cock came strutting up with all his hens. "What does the cock say?" asked Oeyvind,

clapping his hands. His mother sang:

"Mother-hen, her wings now are sinking,
Rooster on one leg stands thinking.
'Seek your shelter, hens, I pray,
Gone is the sun to his rest for today,'
Says the Cock."

Thus Oeyvind learned what all were saying, even to the ant crawling in the moss and the worm working in the bark of the trees.

The same summer his mother began to teach him to read. Then one day she said to him: "Tomorrow school begins again and you are going."

Oeyvind had heard that school was a place where boys played together and he was greatly pleased. He walked faster than his mother up the hillside, so eager was he. When they came to the schoolhouse a loud buzzing like that from the mill at home met them and he asked his mother what it was.

"It is the children reading," answered she.

On entering, he saw many children around a table; others sat on their dinner pails along the wall, some stood in little groups around a large printed card covered with numbers; the schoolmaster, an old gray-haired man, was sitting on a stool by the chimney corner. They all looked up

as Oeyvind and his mother came in and the mill-hum ceased as if the water had been suddenly turned off. The mother bowed to the schoolmaster, who returned her greeting.

"I have come here to bring a little boy who wants to learn to read," said the mother.

"What is his name?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Oeyvind. He knows his letters and he can spell."

"You don't say so," said the schoolmaster. "Come here, little Whitehead."

Oeyvind went over to him; the schoolmaster took him on his lap and raised his cap.

"What a nice little boy!" said he and stroked his hair. Oeyvind looked up into his eyes and laughed.

"Is it at me you are laughing?" asked the schoolmaster with a frown.

"Yes, it is," answered Oeyvind, and roared with laughter. At that the schoolmaster laughed; Oeyvind's mother laughed; the children understood that they also were allowed to laugh, and so they all laughed together.

When Oeyvind was to take his seat, all the scholars wished to make room for him. He on his part, looked about for a long time. Then he spied near

the hearthstone, close beside him, sitting on a little red-painted box, Marit with the many names. She had hidden her face behind both hands and sat peeping out at him.

"I will sit here!" cried Oeyvind at once, and, seizing a lunch-box, he seated himself at her side. Now she raised the arm nearest him a little and peered at him from under her elbow; forthwith he, too, covered his face with both hands and looked at her from under his elbow. Thus they sat cutting up capers until the reading began again! The children read aloud, each from his book, high little voices piping up and lower voices drumming, while here and there one chimed in to be heard above all the rest. In his whole life Oeyvind had never had such fun.

"Is it always like this here?" he whispered to Marit.

"Yes, always," said she.

Later, they too had to go forward to the schoolmaster to read; then they were allowed to sit quietly down again.

"I have a goat now myself," said Marit.

"Have you?" cried Oeyvind; and that was the very best thing he learned on his first day at school.

LITTLE PICTURES FROM FAR JAPAN

SNOW

The snow fell in the night,
And people rouse each other up
To see the lovely sight.
—*Ransetsu* (1654-1707)

OFF WE'LL GO

Off we'll go
To see the snow,
Till we take a tumble!
—*Basho* (1643-1694)

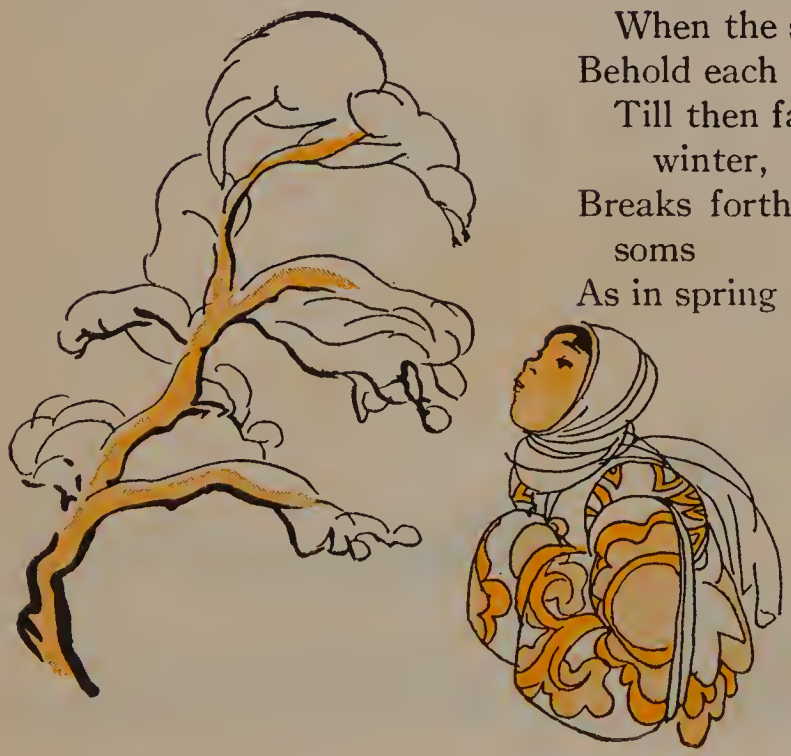
WILLOWS IN THE SNOW

The willows hanging low,
Shake from their long and trailing skirts
The freshly fallen snow.

—*Tsuru*

SNOW BLOSSOMS

When the snow falls,
Behold each bush and tree
Till then fast bound by winter,
Breaks forth into such blossoms
As in spring we never see.



The Boy Who Cried Wolf

ADAPTED FROM AESOP

THERE was a young Shepherd Boy who tended his sheep at the foot of a mountain near a deep forest. It was rather lonely for him there all day; so he thought of a plan by which he could cause some excitement and get some companions to join him.

He rushed down toward the village, calling out, "Wolf! Wolf!" and the villagers, thinking his flock had been attacked by a wolf, hurried out to help him. Even when they found there was no wolf there, some of them stayed with him for a long time.

This pleased the Boy so much that a few days afterward, he tried the same trick again, and the villagers once more came to his help.

But shortly after this, a Wolf really did come out

from the forest and began to worry the sheep. The Boy of course cried out, "Wolf! Wolf!" still louder than before. But this time, though he shouted with all his might, the villagers who had been fooled twice before, thought the boy was again playing a trick on them, and nobody stirred to come to his help.

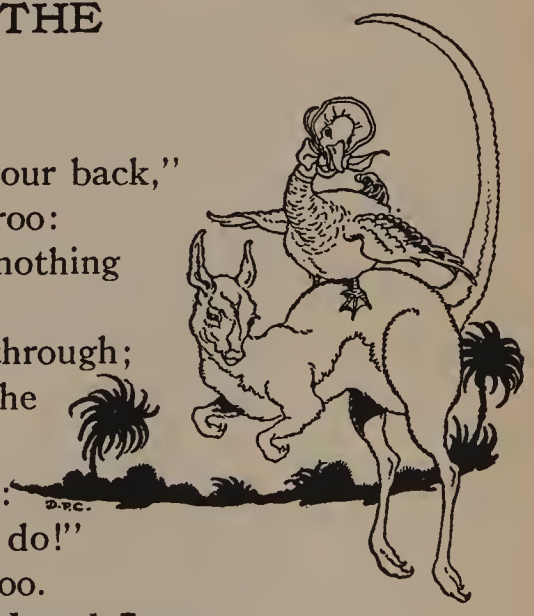
So the Wolf made off with a large part of the flock, and when the boy complained of what had happened to him, the Wise Man of the Village said:

"He who tells what is untrue, will not be believed even when he speaks the truth."

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

EDWARD LEAR

"PLEASE give me a ride on your back,"
Said the duck to the kangaroo:
"I would sit quite still and say nothing
but 'Quack'!
The whole of the long day through;
And we'd go to the Dee, and the
Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea:
Please take me a ride! Oh, do!"
Said the duck to the kangaroo.



—*Edward Lear.*

THE STAR

JANE TAYLOR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world, so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark!
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Peter Rabbit Decides to Change His Name

THORNTON W. BURGESS

"PETER RABBIT! Peter Rabbit! I don't see what Mother Nature ever gave me such a common sounding name as that for. People laugh at me, but if I had a fine sounding name they wouldn't laugh. Some folks say that a name doesn't amount to anything, but it does. If I should do some wonderful thing, nobody would think anything of it. No, Sir, nobody would think anything of it at all just because —why just because it was done by Peter Rabbit."

From *The Adventures of Peter Cottontail.* Used by special arrangement with the author and publishers, Little, Brown & Company.

Peter was talking out loud, but he was talking to himself. He sat in the dear Old Briar-patch with an ugly scowl on his usually happy face. The sun was shining, the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were dancing over the Green Meadows, the birds were singing, and happiness, the glad, joyous happiness of springtime, was everywhere but in Peter Rabbit's heart. There, there seemed to be no room for anything but discontent. And such foolish discontent—discontent with his name! And yet do you know, there are lots of little people just as foolish as Peter Rabbit.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

The voice made Peter jump and turn around hastily. There was Jimmy Skunk poking his head in at the opening of one of Peter's private little paths. He was grinning, and Peter knew by that grin that Jimmy had heard what he had said. Peter didn't know what to say. He hung his head in a very shame-faced way.

"You've got something to learn," said Jimmy Skunk.

"What is it?" asked Peter.

"It's just this," replied Jimmy.

"There's nothing in a name except
Just what we choose to make it.
It lies with us and no one else
How other folks shall take it.
It's what we do and what we say
And how we live each passing day
That makes it big or makes it small
Or even worse than none at all.
A name just stands for what we are;
It's what we choose to make it.
And that's the way and only way
That other folks will take it."

Peter Rabbit made a face at Jimmy Skunk. "I don't like being preached to."

"I'm not preaching; I'm just telling you what you ought to know without being told," replied Jimmy Skunk. "If you don't like your name, why don't you change it?"

"What's that?" cried Peter sharply.

"If you don't like your name, why don't you change it?" repeated Jimmy.

Peter sat up and the disagreeable frown had left his face. "I—I—hadn't thought of that," he said slowly. "Do you suppose I could, Jimmy Skunk?"

"Easiest thing in the world," replied Jimmy Skunk. "Just decide what name you like and then ask all your friends to call you by it."

"I believe I will!" cried Peter Rabbit.

"Well, let me know what it is when you have decided," said Jimmy, as he started for home. And all the way up the Crooked Little Path, Jimmy chuckled to himself as he thought of Foolish Peter Rabbit trying to change his name.

PETER FINDS A NAME

Peter Rabbit had quite lost his appetite. When Peter forgets to eat you may make up your mind that Peter has something very important to think about. At least he has something on his mind that he thinks is important. The fact is, Peter had fully made up his mind to change his name. He thought Peter Rabbit too common a name. But when he tried to think of a better one, he found that no name that he could think of really pleased him any more. So he thought, and he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

Now Jimmy Skunk was the only one to whom

Peter had told how discontented he was with his name, and it was Jimmy who had suggested to Peter that he change it. Jimmy thought it a great joke, and he straightway passed the word along among all the little meadow and forest people that Peter Rabbit was going to change his name. Everybody laughed and chuckled over the thought of Peter Rabbit's foolishness, and they planned to have a great deal of fun with Peter as soon as he should tell them his new name.

Peter was sitting on the edge of the Old Briar-patch one morning when Ol' Mistah Buzzard passed, flying low. "Good mo'ning, Brer Cottontail," said Ol' Mistah Buzzard, with a twinkle in his eye.

At first Peter didn't understand that Ol' Mistah Buzzard was speaking to him, and by the time he did it was too late to reply, for Ol' Mistah Buzzard was way, way up in the blue, blue sky. "Cotton-tail, Cottontail," said Peter over and over to himself,

and began to smile. Every time he said it he liked it better.

"Cottontail, Peter Cottontail! How much better sounding that is than Peter Rabbit! That sounds as if I really was somebody. Yes, Sir, that's the very name I want. Now I must send word to all my friends that hereafter I am no longer Peter Rabbit, but Peter Cottontail."

Peter kicked up his heels in just the funny way he always does when he is pleased. Suddenly he remembered that such a fine, long, high-sounding name as Peter Cottontail demanded dignity. So he stopped kicking up his heels and began to practice putting on airs. But first he called to the Merry Little Breezes and told them about his change of name and asked them to tell all his friends that in the future he would not answer to the name of Peter Rabbit, but only to the name of Peter Cottontail. He was very grave, and earnest, and important, as he explained it to the Merry Little Breezes. The Merry Little Breezes kept their faces straight while he was talking, but as soon as they had left him to carry his message they burst out laughing. It was such a joke!

And they giggled as they delivered his message to each of the little forest and meadow people:

"Peter Rabbit's changed his name.
In future without fail
You must call him, if you please,
Mr. Peter Cottontail."

While they were doing this, Peter was back in the Old Briar-patch practicing new airs and trying to look very high and mighty and important, as became one with such a fine sounding name as Peter Cottontail.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE OLD NAME AFTER ALL

Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk had their heads together. Now when these two put their heads together, you may make up your mind that they are planning mischief. Yes, Sir, there is sure to be mischief afoot when Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk put their heads together as they were doing now. Had Peter Rabbit seen them, he might not have felt so easy in his mind as he did. But Peter didn't see them. He was too much taken up with trying to look as important as his new name sounded. He was putting on airs and holding his head very high as he went down to the Smiling Pool to call

on Jerry Muskrat. Whenever any one called him by his first name, Peter pretended not to hear. He pretended that he had never heard that name and didn't know that he was being spoken to. Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk thought it a great joke and they made up their minds that they would have some fun with Peter and perhaps make him see how foolish he was. Yes, Sir, they planned to teach Peter a lesson. Bobby Coon hurried away to find Reddy Fox and tell him that Peter had gone down to the Smiling Pool, and that if he hid beside the path, he might catch Peter on the way back.

Jimmy Skunk hunted up Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay and told them of his plan and what he

wanted them to do. Of course they promised that they would. Then he went to Ol' Mistah Buzzard and told him. Ol' Mistah Buzzard grinned and promised that he would do his share. Then Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk hid where they could see all that would happen.

Peter reached the Smiling Pool and now sat on the bank admiring his own reflection in the water and talking to Jerry Muskrat. He had just told Jerry that when his old name was called out he didn't hear it any more, when along came Blacky the Crow.

"Hello, Peter Rabbit! You're just the fellow I am looking for; I've a very important message for you," shouted Blacky.

Peter kept right on talking with Jerry Muskrat, just as if he didn't hear, although he was burn-

ing with curiosity to know what the message was.

"I say, Peter Rabbit, are you deaf?" shouted Blacky the Crow. Jerry Muskrat looked up at Blacky and winked. "Peter Rabbit isn't here," said he. "This is Peter Cottontail."

"Oh!" said Blacky, "my message is for Peter Rabbit, and it's something he really ought to know. I'm sorry he isn't here." And with that, away flew Blacky the Crow, chuckling to himself.

Peter looked quite as uncomfortable as he felt, but of course he couldn't say a word after boasting that he didn't hear people who called him Peter Rabbit. Pretty soon along came Sammy Jay. Sammy seemed very much excited.

"Oh, Peter Rabbit, I'm so glad I've found you!" he cried. "I've some very important news for you!"

Peter had all he could do to sit still and pretend not to hear, but he did.

"This is Peter Cottontail," said Jerry Muskrat, winking at Sammy Jay.

"Oh," replied Sammy, "my news is for Peter Rabbit," and off he flew, chuckling to himself.

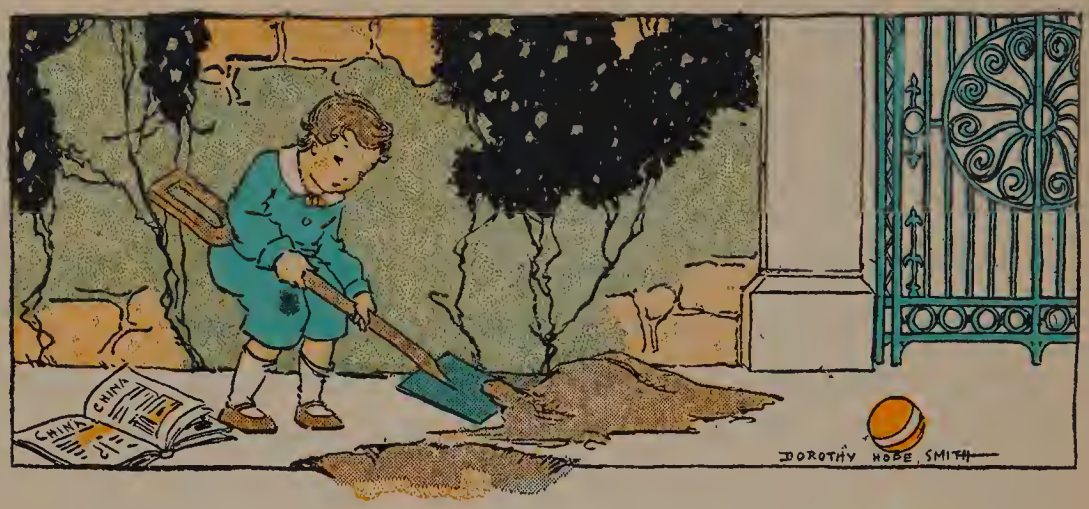
Peter looked and felt more uncomfortable than ever. He bade Jerry Muskrat good-day and started

for the dear Old Briar-patch to think things over. When he was half way there, Ol' Mistah Buzzard came sailing down out of the sky.

"Brer Cottontail," said he, "if yo' see anything of Brer Rabbit, yo' tell him that Brer Fox am hiding behind the big bunch of grass just ahead."

Peter stopped short, and his heart gave a great leap. There, behind the clump of grass, was something red, sure enough. Peter didn't wait to see more. He started for a hiding place he knew of in the Green Forest as fast as he could go, and behind him raced Reddy Fox. As he ran, he heard Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay laughing, and then he knew that this was the news that they had had for him.

"I—I—guess that Peter Rabbit is a good enough name, after all," he panted.



THE ROAD TO CHINA

OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

I LEARNED today the world is round
Like my big rubber ball,
With China on the other side,
Down there below us all.

And so I went and dug a hole—
I started in at eight—
And dug and dug and dug and dug,
Beside the garden gate.

And oh, I thought, what fun 'twill be
To get a ladder tall,
And climb right down to China through
The hole behind the wall!

IN THE NURSERY

What fun to walk through little streets
All lit with lanterns queer!
Each man will have a pig-tail, and
How strange the talk I'll hear!

To think the road to China lies
Just by our garden wall!
Then Daddy came and said, "Ho! Ho!
That's not the way at all!

"To get to China, you must sail
For days across the sea!"—
Why there's no short cut through the earth
Seems very queer to me!

And still I sit beside my hole
And dream and dream away,
Of that strange far-off country where
They've night time in our day!

The Boy Who Wanted the Impossible

MARY HAYES DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG

TSING-CHING (Pure Gold) was four years old when his parents sent him to a "baby school" for the first time and told him that the teacher could tell him everything he would like to know.

When he saw a queer bird flying around he asked his teacher, "What kind of a thing is that in the air?" His teacher told him, "A bird," and that to be a bird meant to fly around and sing in every place, and make music for the people.

The boy said, "Can I not do it?" His teacher said, "Yes, you can sing music for the people, but you can not fly unless you get wings."

Tsing-Ching replied, "Yes, I can do that, too."

Just then the servant girl, that his mother had sent, came to fetch him home from school.

When they reached the park by his home, Tsing-

From *Davis and Chow-Leung's Chinese Fables and Folk Stories.* Copyright, 1908, by American Book Company. Used by special permission.

Ching said, "Lau-Mai, I want that long ladder and a long stick." The nurse-girl did not know what he would do with them, but she finally had to give him both to keep him from crying. She was afraid his mother would hear him cry, and that she would come out and scold her for not taking better care of the child.

As he took the long ladder he said, "Now I am going to be a bird." His nurse said, "You can not be a bird, Tsing-Ching. Birds fly. You can not fly. Why are you trying to climb up the ladder? That is not the way to be a bird."

Lau-Mai helped him up two or three steps, when his mother called her to come in, and she left him there for a little time.

He climbed up, up, nine steps by himself—and fell down. But he was not hurt, nor did he cry; he had no fear—he thought of but one thing—he was going to be a bird.

Suddenly his mother came and saw him again trying to climb up the ladder and asked, "What are you doing, Tsing-Ching?"

He answered, "I want to be a bird; wait, I will try again. I know that birds fly in the air, not on the ground. I can not fly on earth. If I get up high in

the air, then I know I can fly." His mother thought he wanted to climb up and get a bird; she looked all around and said, "There is no bird up there now."

"But, Ah-Ma, I want to be a bird."

The servant, Lau-Mai, came just then and explained to his mother. His mother said he was a foolish boy, and gave him food and sent him to school again.

In two hours the teacher sent all the boys out to play. They ran to the pond where the gold-fish were, for they liked to watch them swim in the water.

After exercise, they all went into the schoolroom and Tsing-Ching told his teacher, "I saw many gold-fish swimming in the pond. Did you know that, teacher? A man fed them rice and they all came out for him. They seemed so happy; they shook their tails and waved their fins and swam up and down and all around in the cool water. Oh, I should like to be a fish."

His teacher said, "Learn lessons now." But Tsing-Ching could not study; he could only think, think about the fish.

Soon he asked that he might go out to drink. Then

he went to the pond and took off his clothes, but the gardener saw him and asked, "What are you doing, boy? This is school-time."

"I want to be a fish," said Tsing-Ching.

The gardener thought he wanted to catch the fish and said, "The fish are for your eyes and not for your hands. Do not disturb them."

Tsing-Ching sat down and waited until the gardener went away. Then he stepped into the water and talked to the fish.

"I am going to be one of you now," he said. "Come to me and show me how to swim with you." But they all hurried away.

For half an hour he splashed in the shallow water, trying to swim, until the teacher thought, "Where is Tsing-Ching?" and sent a boy to see. He found him in the pond and asked him to come into the schoolroom, saying the teacher would punish him if he did not.

"No," said Tsing-Ching, "I shall be a fish; I told the teacher I was going to be a fish." And so the boy went back and told the teacher, who hardly knew what to think.

Finally he went out with a stick and asked, "Tsing-Ching, what are you doing here? Do you know this is school time? Do you know that you were allowed only to go out for a drink and not to stay here and play? You have done wrong."

"Why, teacher, I told you that I wanted to be a fish," said Tsing-Ching. "I do not want books or exercises. I am going to be a fish and I will not go to school. Mother said you teach everything; now teach me to be a fish."

His teacher said, "How foolish you are, Tsing-Ching; you are a boy, a man. You can learn many things better than to be a fish. Come with me now."

That night when Tsing-Ching was walking with his mother and nurse out by the water, he saw the summer moon shining in the lake.

"How strange, Ah-Ma, the moon is under the lake! See,

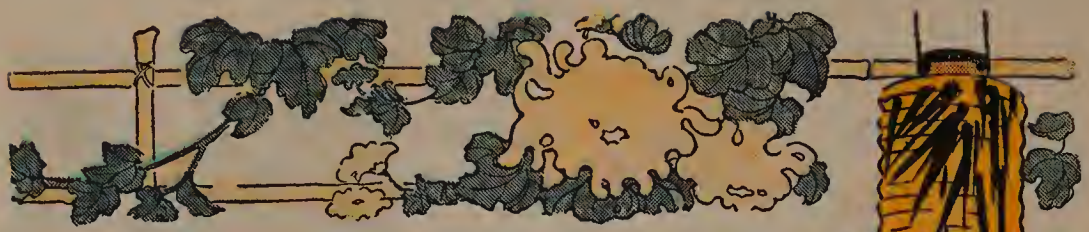
it raises the lake and shakes it all the time. I want it. What kind of a white ball is it?"

Then his mother told him that the moon was in the sky, not in the lake, and she explained and showed him. And when he saw the moon in the sky, he said, "I know that it is not the moon in the lake, for it shakes. It is not quiet like that one in the sky. It is a silver ball, I know."

He asked so many questions that his mother grew tired of answering and let him ask unnoticed. Then he wandered away a little distance and threw stones in the water. And the waters waved and the white ball danced so prettily that he wanted it very much. He waded into the lake, deeper, deeper, until he fell down. He screamed and swallowed the water, and it took a long time to make him alive again, after his mother took him out of the lake.

When the neighbors heard about it, they said, "Foolish boy, not satisfied to do the things he can—he is always wanting things he can not have."

Many people in this world are like Tsing-Ching.



Chinese Nursery Rhymes

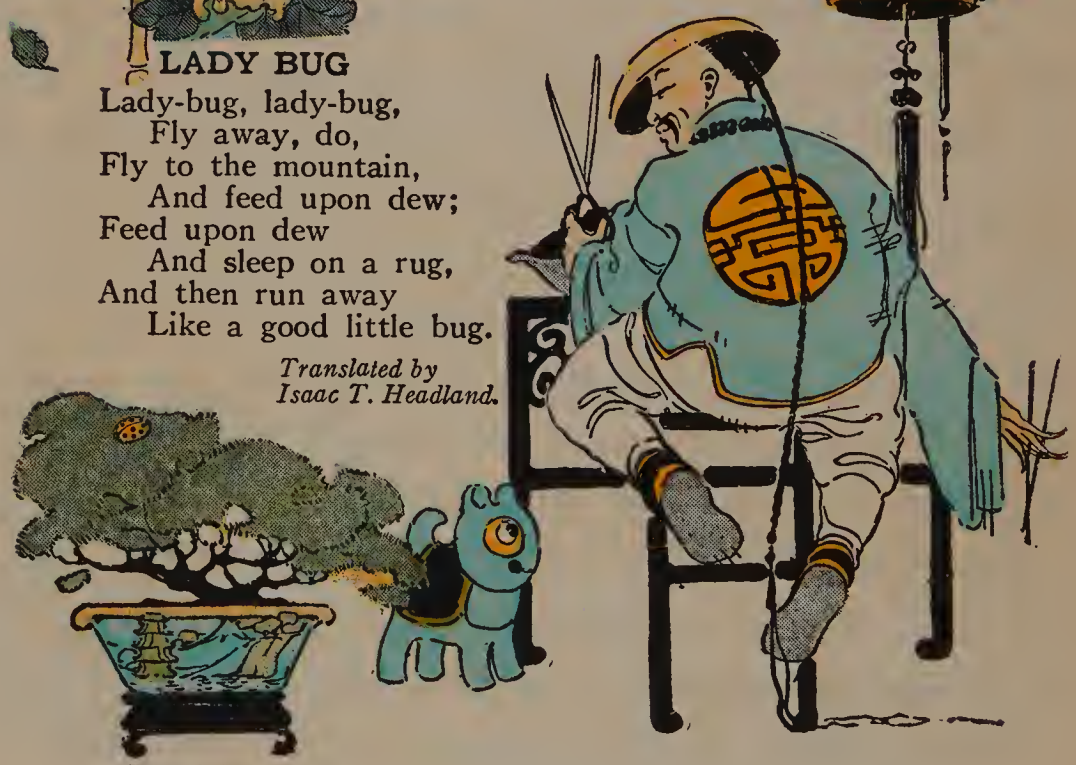
OLD MR. CHANG

Old Mr. Chang, I've oft heard it said,
You wear a basket upon your head;
You've two pairs of scissors to cut your meat,
And two pairs of chopsticks with which you eat.

LADY BUG

Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away, do,
Fly to the mountain,
And feed upon dew;
Feed upon dew
And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
Like a good little bug.

Translated by
Isaac T. Headland.



From *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes*, published by Fleming H. Revell Company.

THE RICE SELLER

Someone is knocking loud at the door,
The dog is making great uproar;
Now, I inquire, who can it be?
'Tis only a donkey-man, I see,
Calling out at the top of his voice:
"Here's the place to get your rice,
Coarse rice or fine,
Just to your mind;
Rice in the husk,
Or cleaned by the wind."

A Happy Day in the City

OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

NED and his mother stood on the corner by the florist's shop waiting for the trolley car. Soon it came jangling up the track. Ned waved his hand to the motorman and the big wheels squealed like a dozen little pigs as the car slowed down and stopped.

Ned had the money for their fare held tightly in his hand—he always gave it to the conductor himself. He and Mother stepped aboard, and, as the car started up with a jerk, they stumbled inside and made their way unsteadily to the only seat that was not already filled.

Oh, but Ned was happy! He loved to go downtown on the trolley car. He loved the bumping

and the jiggling and all the wonderful sights. Today he was especially happy because he was going to meet his cousin, Ruth, and her mother, who lived in the country, and they were to have a long, beautiful day together in the city. He did not know what they were going to do to have a jolly time. Mother had kept that a secret, but he had seen Father slip out of the front door very quickly and mysteriously that morning as if he were carrying something, and he guessed—but then, never mind what he guessed—it was all a secret.

As Ned looked out of the window, he saw a long row of stores with the gaily decorated front of a moving picture theatre among them, and then they whizzed past a row of tall apartment buildings, three and four stories high, where people made their homes all on a floor, one family above another. It was on the top floor of just such a building that Ned and his father and mother lived. Apartment houses and then stores, and then more apartment houses and more stores. That was what he saw all the way down town.

"When I grow up," cried Ned, as their motorman clanged his bell loudly, "I'm going to be a motorman!"

"Oh," said his mother, "I thought you said yesterday you wanted to be a hurdy-gurdy man and have a street piano and a monkey."

"No," announced Ned positively, "I'm going to be a motorman, and then you'll see how I'll bang my foot down on the bell and make a big noise, clang, clang! Clang, clang! And all the people will run to get out of the way of my car!"

So they went on for almost an hour, sometimes whizzing, sometimes jogging, sometimes crawling in a crowd behind some slow-moving delivery wagon that could not get off the tracks. At last they crossed the river and reached the market place of the city, where all the fruit and vegetables came in. There the delivery wagons, with their backs to the sidewalk, were crowded so closely together that the horses stood straight out into the street, their noses up to the very trolley tracks.

"Oh, Mother, we almost nipped that horse's nose!" squealed Ned, as they passed.

Shortly after that, Mother pressed a button beside their seat to let the conductor know they wanted to get off. The car stopped and they stepped down on a crowded crossing, among automobiles and

IN THE NURSERY

wagons, right under the tall iron framework where an elevated train was rushing by with a roaring, rumbling noise overhead.

All the buildings they passed, as they walked along downtown, seemed turned a soft pearly gray by the city smoke; everything was gray except the brightly colored sign boards that stood out strikingly, and the gay red, yellow, and purple in a fruit stall here and there.

Mother would not let Ned linger today to look at anything; for they must surely be on time to meet Ruth. Inside the great station, they crossed the clean, marble-paved floor and went up the broad stairs to the place where the trains came in. A great iron fence shut off the tracks from the rest of the station, but a guard in blue uniform was already opening the gate to the platform where Ruth's train was pulling in, and a number of people were crowding about to meet friends whom they were expecting.

"Oh, I see her! I see her!" piped Ned. "And there's Aunt Frances too!" Sure enough! There they were, coming along in the midst of the crowd. Soon everybody was kissing everybody else, and Ruth was telling Ned about her new kittens, and the garden

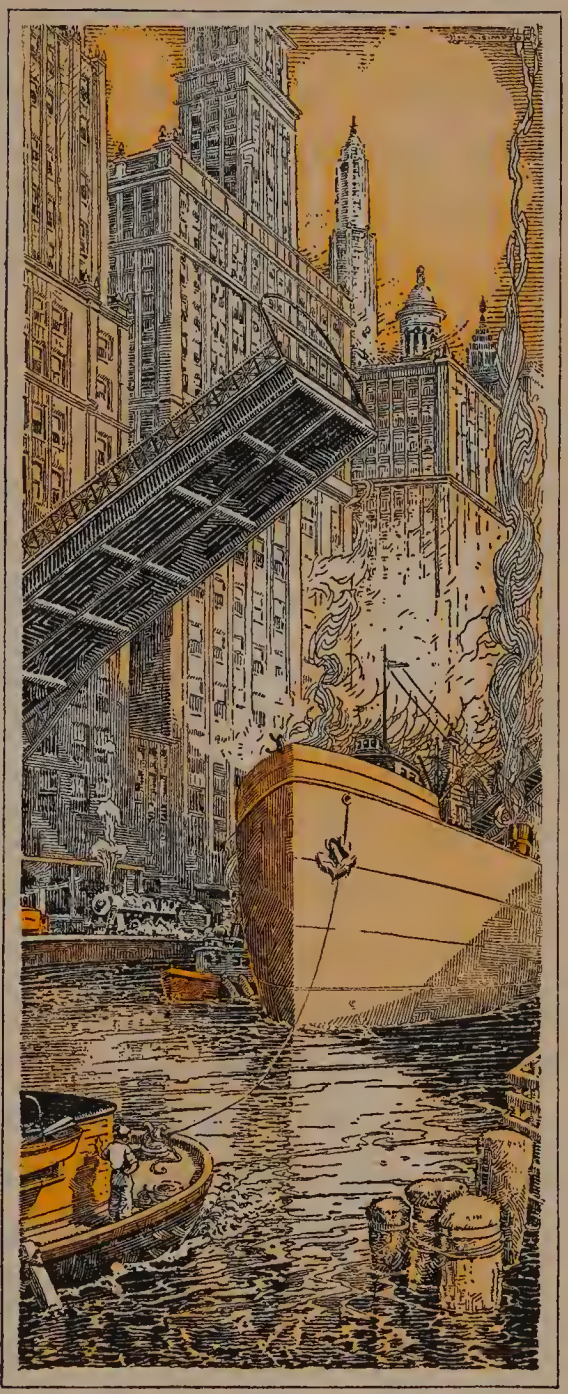
she had made, and how she could read in her primer, all at once. Mother and Aunt Frances started on ahead, talking, with the children following behind them.

"Where are we going today?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, that's going to be a s'prise for all of you. You mustn't ask," said Ned.

"But I want to know," insisted Ruth, who never could wait for surprises.

"Well, this morning I saw Father slip out the front door, and I'm almost sure he was carrying—!" But there Ned stopped, smiled mysteriously, and would not say a single word more.



PART TWO

Mother and Aunt Frances went down a long flight of stairs and out of doors to a place where they all climbed up into a queer, old fashioned bus, that was drawn by horses, and ran from the station to the great stores. When the bus was filled with people, the driver climbed up into his seat in front, cried "Gedap!" to the horses, and they started off. But they had gone jiggling and joggling only a short distance over the cobble-stone pavement, when they heard the great noise of an alarm bell ringing, and the bus stopped. Ruth and Ned turned around and looked excitedly out of the window.

They had just come to the bridge over the river, and, as the bell kept on ringing, people were hurrying and scurrying to get across. No sooner was the bridge empty than a chain was stretched over the approach to it, and a big policeman took his place there to prevent anyone else from stepping on it. Then the huge structure parted in the middle and the two sides were raised straight up in the air by machinery from a little house on shore.

Next, a great steamer with tall funnels, too tall

to have passed under the bridge when it was down, was pulled by a little puffing, smoking tug slowly past the crossing; and the little tug whistled shrilly for the next bridge up river to open out of its way.

"Oh, Ned," cried Ruth, as she watched all this with breathless interest, "I wonder how it would be if anybody would just hang on to the bridge and swing right up with it into the air?"

"Well," laughed Mother, "unless anybody was a fly, I think anybody would not hang on very long."

"Splash! He'd go into the water!" said Ned. "And we'd have to fish him out."

When the bridge was down again, the bus went jiggling and joggling on, till it came to a great store where everybody got out. The store took up a whole block and was at least fifteen stories high. All about were buildings so tall that, as they lifted their uneven outlines against the sky, the street seemed but a narrow slit between them. The bigness of it all made Ruth feel small and lonely; so she came nearer to Ned and took fast hold of his hand. But that wasn't the way the big buildings made Ned feel at all.

"When I get big," he cried, "I'm going to be a

builder, and build way, way, way up till I can touch the sky!" As he looked up to think how very high he was going to build, he stubbed his toe and fell flat on the sidewalk, pulling Ruth half way down with him.

"My dear little boy," laughed his mother as she helped him up and brushed him off, "before you can build to the sky, you will have to learn to look where you take your next step!"

Inside the building there were many people, but the store was so large it did not seem crowded. There were any number of counters about, covered with lace, and ribbons, and gloves, and handkerchiefs and many other things; and in one place there was an opening in the ceiling, four or five stories high. Way, way up, so far it almost took your breath away to look, the roof of the great opening was a dome all made of tiny bits of colored glass that shone like jewels. "Just like the castles in fairy land," said Ruth.

They passed under a great archway draped with American flags and then Mother and Aunt Frances stopped at the button counter. Ned was stooping down looking in the lower part of the glass show-

case, and thinking what fine wheels for his trains some of the big buttons would make, when all of a sudden Ruth disappeared. They all three turned around toward the aisle at the same time, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Aunt Frances called her, but she did not answer; not one of the saleswomen or the floorwalker had noticed where she went. So Mother, Ned, and Aunt Frances hunted and hunted, and at last they found her a long way off, looking longingly at a pile of little girls' parasols, and half covered up by a pink one that she had opened over her head.

"Why, Ruth Maxwell Martin," said her mother,

"we've been hunting fifteen minutes for you. You're a big enough little girl to know you must not wander away."

Ruth hung her head and looked foolish, for she was indeed big enough to know. But after Aunt Frances had made her understand how much trouble she had given them all, Mother bought her the little pink parasol to have for her own. Then Aunt Frances said:

"Most of our shopping isn't very interesting to the children. Let us leave them for an hour in the playroom."

So they all crossed over to a row of elevators, got into one, with a great crowd of other people, and went up to the fourth floor. Then they passed through the beautiful toy section and saw all the dolls, and the dolls' houses, and dolls' furniture, and dolls' clothes, and toy animals, and toy villages, and toy automobiles, and toy aeroplanes; and toy trains, that would really run by electricity; and toy stoves, that would really cook by electricity; and oh, such a number of other things, that Ruth sighed with delight:

"I wish I could *live* in a place like this!"

"Well, you can live here for an hour," laughed her mother, as they went on into the playroom. A great number of children were there, laughing and chattering, playing in sand-boxes, sliding down wooden slides, rocking back and forth on great horses as big as life, riding on little merry-go-rounds, or swinging in the swings. Ned and Ruth had time to try everything that was fun in the whole place before their mothers came back again.

When they all started out once more, the hands of the big clock above the elevators pointed to twelve o'clock; so they went into the nice, clean, marble wash room and got ready for lunch. Then they went up to the restaurant. The room where they found themselves was one of five or six lunchrooms that covered the whole seventh floor of the building. It was very gaily painted, and had a number of little tables about. In the center of the room was a beautiful fountain with a statue in the middle and gold fish swimming in it. Ned and Ruth could hardly bear to leave the little darting gold fish, even to order lunch.

But when Aunt Frances called them, they went and sat down at a table with a white cloth on it,

and a candle-stick with a pretty pink shade, in the centre. Then a neat young woman in black, with a white apron, came and brought them each a card that had a list of all the good things they might have to eat.

Mother and Aunt Frances told the waitress what to bring; so she went off and came back soon with her big tray loaded. There was some orange and banana salad in a pretty nest of lettuce for each of them. There were some buns covered with sugar and currants, and four little bottles of milk. For dessert they each had chocolate ice cream. It was then that Ruth said:

"Oh, I'm having such a happy time, but I do wish I knew where we are going this afternoon."

"Well," said Mother, "suppose we all go home and take a nap!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" shrieked both children.

But that was all that Mother would say to them.

PART THREE

After lunch they left the big store, and came out on the crowded street. Such a number of people as there were, all busily hurrying somewhere. There

wasn't any lingering here. Everybody had something to do, and was keeping right about his business of getting there to do it. In the street there seemed a tangled mass of automobiles and wagons and trolley cars. But there were two policemen on the corner, and when Ruth and Ned reached there, they could see that what had seemed such a tangled mass, was very orderly after all. When the policeman whistled once and held up his hand, all the automobiles and wagons and trolley cars went in one direction, while the others waited, and when he blew his whistle twice, they all went in the other direction; so they never interfered with each other.

"When I grow up, I'm surely going to be a big policeman," said Ned.

"Then you'll hold up your hand and make all the wagons wait while I cross the street, won't you?" said Ruth.

Soon they came to the wide boulevard where were all the finest small shops in the city. On the farther side of the street was a pretty strip of green park with shrubbery, flowers, and statues, that stretched all the way up the avenue, and beyond that strip sparkled the blue waters of the lake. But Ned, Ruth, Mother, and Aunt Frances were chiefly interested in the windows of the shops on their own side of the street, as they walked along. Ned stopped in front of the electrical shop, where were washing machines and fans and all sorts of things running by electricity. Ruth lingered by the big waxen figures of beautiful ladies like great wax dolls, dressed in such beautiful clothes they made the little girl think of the princesses in her fairy tales. Mother and Aunt Frances looked in at the linen and jewelry, and they all stopped together to peep at the candy and the flowers.

"I know where we're going," whispered Ned to Ruth. "To Father's office."

Sure enough. They went into a large office building, rode up in the elevator, and walked down a long hall into Father's office. There was Father working busily at his desk.

"Well, hello!" he cried, as he whirled round in his chair, kissed Ruth, put his arm around Ned, shook hands with Aunt Frances, and smiled at Mother.

"Oh, Uncle," cried Ruth, "please tell me, where are we going this afternoon?"

But Father wouldn't tell either. He just smiled, got up, and left the room. While they were waiting for him to come back, the children went over to the window and looked out. They were up very high and the people and automobiles in the street below looked very small. Near by, on the other side of the street, was a great stone building with two fine bronze lions on either side of the broad steps, guarding the entrance. In the carved border about the top, where Ruth and Ned could see them clearly, a number of pigeons roosted, while others flew circling about in the air or dropped down into the park below, to bathe and play in the waters of the fountain. Farther on, beyond the green stretch of parkway, they could just see the tops of trains

on a track down below the level of the ground. From the engines rose little, cottony, white and gray curls of smoke, that floated away and melted into the soft haze hanging over the lake beyond. Sometimes the sunlight pierced the haze and flashed back brightly from the water, from the white sail of a boat, or the wing of a great white bird. It was all very soft and bright and lovely.

In a few moments back came Father, and there, as he stood in the doorway, the children saw he had the big picnic basket over his arm.

"Oh, we're going to have a picnic, that's what we're going to do! I thought so!" piped Ned. "Where are we going?"

"How would Lincoln Park do?" asked Father. "I brought the basket down this morning and it's been in Mr. Smith's ice box ever since."

"Oh, goody! Goody!" cried the children.

PART FOUR

They waited on the corner for the motor bus. The bus ran just like an automobile and, besides the inside seats, it had seats on its roof. Ned and Father let the ladies go up first, so the bus had started before they and the picnic basket got to the top,

and it was the queerest, wobbliest feeling to stagger up, clutching hold of the rail, and tumble into a seat.

Up there one could see everything. The bus made a loop around the main streets downtown; then it started out toward the park. Soon it was running along the smooth, black pavement of a wide boulevard, past beautiful homes and under fine old trees. Oh, but it was jolly to be right up in the treetops!

At last they came into the fresh green park and passed a little harbor, where a number of pretty launches were anchored. They went over a stone

bridge, past beds of beautiful flowers, by a marble bandstand, and beneath a great towering statue of General Grant on horseback. Then they all got off at a pretty knoll with a fine view over the lake. There in the shade of a tree, Mother and Aunt Frances sat on a bench to rest. Father, after he had put down the lunch basket, started with the two children to see the animals and birds.

In the birdhouse there was such a screeching they could hardly hear themselves think, and in the cages round about, there was every kind of gay or sober-colored bird from all the corners of the world. In the center of the room was a pond filled with water birds. Some of these were very long-legged, some were very short-legged, and some were very queer indeed, especially one important old white pelican, who strutted about and seemed to think he owned the pond.

"When you grow up, Ned, how would you like to be a pelican?" asked Father, with a twinkle in his eye, but just then Ruth covered her ears with her hands and said, "Oh, it's too noisy here. Let's go on."

So they walked on past the zebras, the llamas, the deer, the camels, and the buffaloes. Then they came back over some steps and by the pits of the bears,

the foxes, and wolves. They saw the giraffes eating hay out of a high trough, and the elephant swinging his trunk and flapping his ears beneath a canvas canopy. They spent a long time laughing at the ridiculous antics of the monkeys, and, last of all, they visited the great house where the lions, tigers, and leopards are kept.

"I'd like to see a real wild tiger prowling around in the jungle," said Ned, as they were returning. "That's what I should!"

"Oh, dear! I shouldn't," said Ruth. "What would you do, Ned, if you did see one?"

"I think," answered Father very solemnly, "that Ned would run after the lion like a brave man and sprinkle salt on his tail!"

By the time they got back to Mother and Aunt Frances, they were ready to sit down on the soft grass beneath the tree and rest. But even here there was plenty of interest to watch. Nearby a party of children were having a picnic, laughing and playing pretty games, while strings of Japanese lanterns had been strung up around them through the trees. On the sandy beach of the lake, a number of other children were wading or bathing, and every

now and then, farther out beyond them, a boat of some kind passed.

It was all so pleasant, the time seemed to fly on wings. Before they knew it, supper was all spread out on the grass. It was growing dusk, and the little Japanese lanterns were lit and twinkling among the trees, when Aunt Frances said:

"Now, girlie, we must start for home, or you'll never be able to keep your eyes open till we get on the train."

So Ned and Ruth kissed each other good-bye. Father hailed the south-bound bus and helped Ruth and Aunt Frances aboard. Then, as they rode away, Ned and Ruth waved their hands to each other and cried: "Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye! We'll have another happy day like this next year!"

CITY SMOKE

OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

From
tall
black
chimneys
leaps the
smoke;
Climbs high
the drifting
ladder
of the
wind;
Leaves far behind
the chasing flames
that mount the sky to catch it;
Laughs out its joy in
soft white puffs;
Then slowly fades to pearl and purple,
And, settling to the earth,
Outspreads o'er all the city
Its brooding, dove-gray wings!

NIGHT AND DAY

MARY MAPES DODGE

WHEN I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near—
God sees.

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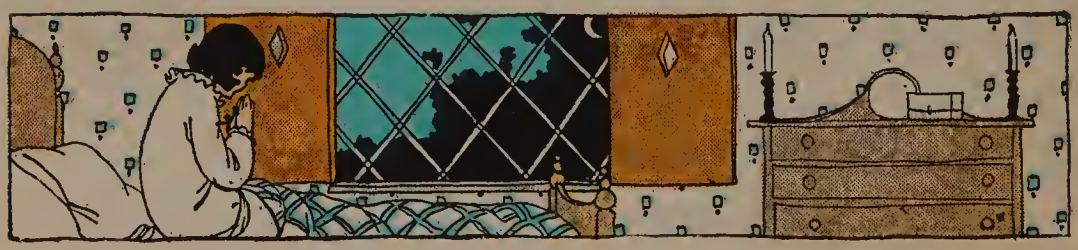
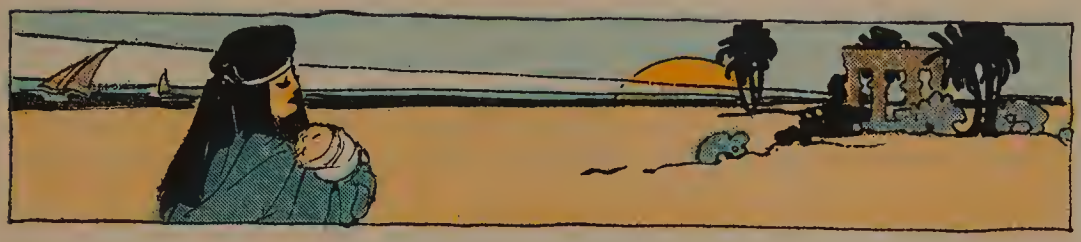




The Babe Moses

There rose a King over Egypt who knew nothing of God. Therefore he thought no good in his heart. And he said: "There live in the midst of our land the Children of Israel. They are not of our people; yet they are more in numbers than we. I fear lest they have too many babes that grow up to be strong men and stand against us. Come on then; let us throw into the river every boy babe that is born unto them."

Now there was at this time in Egypt a certain man and his wife of the Children of Israel, and there was born unto them a boy babe, even such a one as Pharaoh, the King, had commanded should be thrown into the river. But he was a goodly child, and his mother loved him and held him close to her heart and cherished him. And she kept him hid three months that Pharaoh's servants might not find him and throw him into the river.

And when she could no longer hide him, she

gathered bulrushes from the river bank and made of them a little ark. And she daubed the ark with mud and pitch and put her babe therein, and laid him in the rushes by the river.

Then she bade his sister stand afar off and watch what would be done to him. And she kissed the little one and went back to her home; for her trust was in God, and she knew that God was with the child to save him.

And it came to pass that the daughter of Pharaoh, the King, came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side. When she saw the ark among the rushes, she sent her maid to get it. And when she had laid back the coverings, she saw the little babe, and behold, he was crying!

Then Pharaoh's daughter was filled with pity for the child, and she took him to her and said, "This is a babe of the Children of Israel, even such a one as my father has commanded should be thrown into the river."

But, as she held the little one in her arms and saw how he wept, God touched her heart, and she thought within herself to save the child, for she

IN THE NURSERY

knew that the King, her father, would grant unto her whatsoever she asked of him. So she cried out to her maids and said, "I will ask of the King, my father, that I may keep this little one. He shall be as my own son."

Then came the sister of the babe, who had been watching, and said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the women of Israel that she may care for the child for thee?"

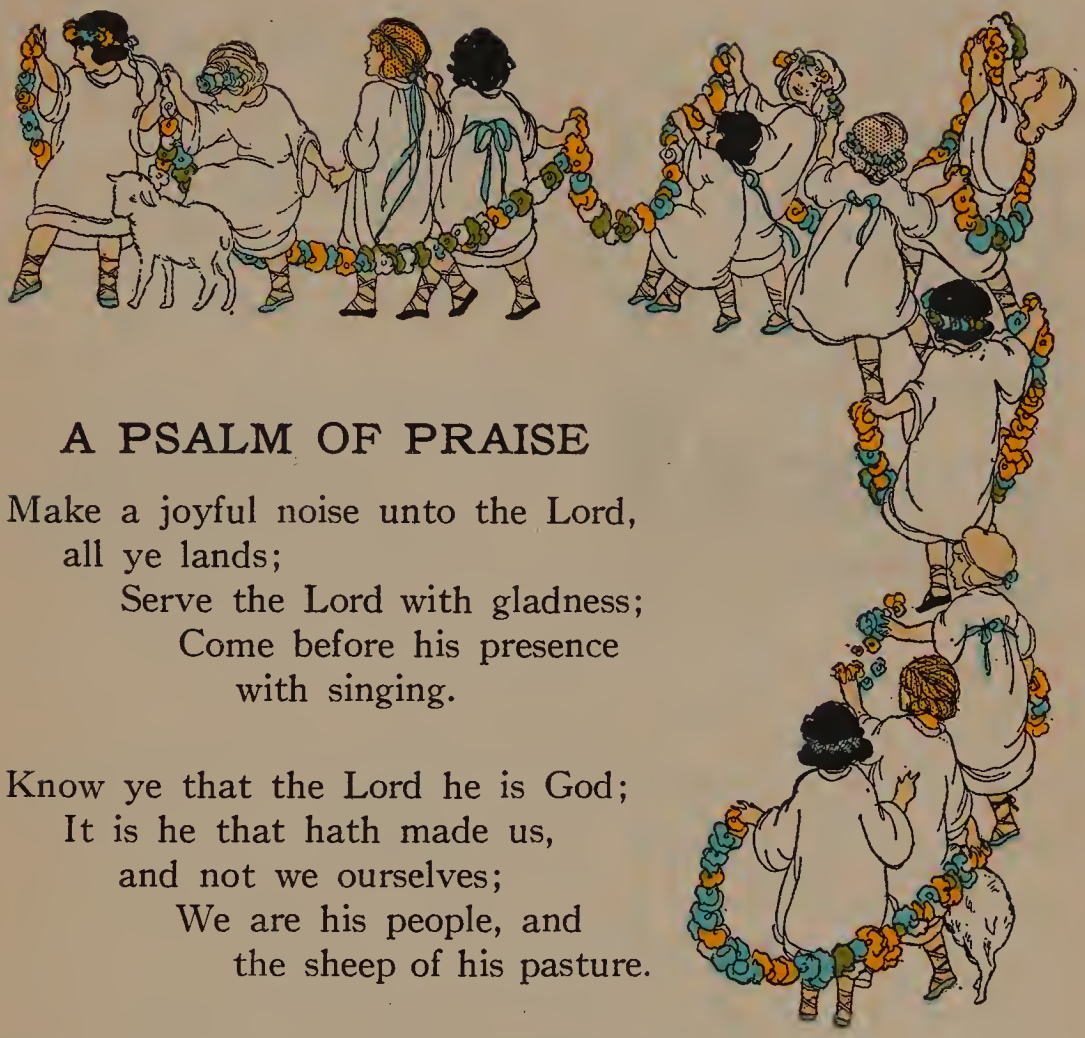
And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go."

And the maid went and called the child's own mother.

And Pharaoh's daughter said unto the child's mother, "Take this child away and nurse him for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

And the mother took her little babe, and held him close, and rejoiced, and gave thanks in her heart that God had saved him.

And she nursed the child and he grew, and when he was no more a babe, she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter in the house of the King, and Pharaoh's daughter kept him as her own son.

And she called his name, Moses. "Because," she said, "I drew him out of the water."

A PSALM OF PRAISE

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,
all ye lands;
Serve the Lord with gladness;
Come before his presence
with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God;
It is he that hath made us,
and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and
the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise;
Be thankful unto him and bless his name.

For the Lord is good;
His mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

—Psalm 100

LITTLE BLUE APRON

"Little Blue Apron,
How do you do?
Never a stocking
And never a shoe!"

Little Blue Apron
She answered me,
"You don't wear stockings
And shoes by the sea."

"Little Blue Apron—
Never a hat?
How do you manage
To go out like that?"

"Why, what is the use
Of a hat?" said she,
"You never wear hats
When you're by the sea."

"Why, little Blue Apron, it seems to me
Very delightful to live by the sea;
But what would hatters and shoemakers do
If every one lived by the sea like you?"

The Doll Under the Briar Rosebush

JORGEN MOE

Translated from the Norwegian by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen

THERE was once a little girl, and her name was Beate. She was only five years old, but a bright and good little girl she was.

On her birthday her father had given her a beautiful straw hat. There were red ribbons around it; I can't tell you how pretty it was. Her mother had given her a pair of yellow shoes and the daintest white dress. But her old aunt had given her the very best present of all; it was a doll, with a sweet pretty face and dark brown curls. She was a perfect beauty in every respect. There was nothing the matter with her except that the left eyebrow was painted a tiny bit too high up.

"It looks as if she were frowning a little. I wonder if she is not quite pleased?" asked Beate, when she held her in her arms.

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"Oh, yes," answered her aunt, "but she doesn't know you yet. It is a habit she has of always lifting her eyebrow a little when she looks closely at anyone. She only wants to find out if you are a good little girl."

"Yes, yes, and now she knows, for now that eyebrow is just like the other one," said Beate.

Oh, how Beate grew to love that doll, almost more than she loved Marie and Louise, and they were her best friends.

One day Beate was walking in the yard with her doll in her arms. The doll had a new name now, and they had become fast friends. She had called her Beate, her own name, and the name of her old aunt who had given her the doll.

It was early in the spring. There was a beautiful green spot, with fine, soft grass in one corner of the yard around the old well. There stood a big willow tree with a low trunk, and it was covered

with the little yellow blossoms that children call goslings.

They looked like goslings, too, for each little tassel was soft, soft yellow down, and they can swim in the water, but walk? No, that they cannot do.

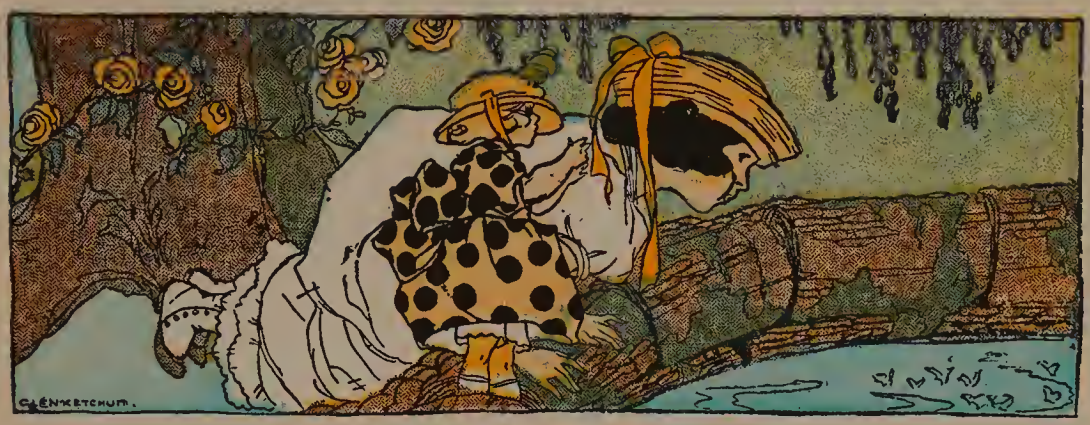
Now Big Beate—she wasn't more than five years old, but she was ever so much bigger than the other one—and Little Beate, soon agreed that they would pick goslings from the tree and throw them into the well, so that they might have just as good a time as the goslings that were swimming about in the pond. It was really Big Beate who thought of this first, but Little Beate agreed immediately; you can't imagine how good she always was.

Now Big Beate climbed up into the willow and picked many pretty yellow goslings into her white apron, and when she counted them and had counted to twenty, twice, she said that now they had enough, and Little Beate thought so too.

So she began to climb down, but that was not easy, for she had to hold her apron together with one hand and climb with the other. She thought Little Beate called up to her to throw the goslings down first, but she didn't dare to do that; she was afraid they might fall and hurt themselves.

Now both of them ran over to the well, and Big Beate helped her little friend to get her legs firmly fixed between the logs that were around the well, so that they might sit in comfort and watch the little goslings swim about on the water. Then gosling after gosling was dropped down, and as soon as each one reached the water, it seemed to become alive and it moved about. Oh, what fun! Big Beate clapped her hands to the pretty little downy birds, and, when she helped Little Beate a bit, she too could clap her hands.

But after a while the little goslings would not swim any longer but lay quite still. That was



no fun at all; so Big Beate asked her namesake if she didn't think she might lean a little over the edge of the well and blow on them, for then she thought they might come to life again. Little Beate didn't answer, but she raised her left eyebrow a good deal and moved her right arm in the air as if she were saying, "Please don't do that, dear Big Beate! Don't you remember Mother has told us how dark it is down there in the well? Think, if you should fall in!"

"Oh, nonsense; just see how easy it is," said Big Beate, for she thought the goslings were stupid when they didn't want to swim about. She leaned out over the well and blew on the nearest ones. Yes, it helped—the goslings began to swim again. But those that were farthest away didn't move at all.

"What stupid little things!" said Beate, and she leaned far, far out over the edge of the well. Then her little hands slipped on the smooth log and—splash! In she fell deep down in the water. It was so cold, so icy cold, and it closed over her head and took the straw hat, which she had got on her birthday, off her hair. She hadn't time to hear if Little Beate screamed, but I'm sure she did.

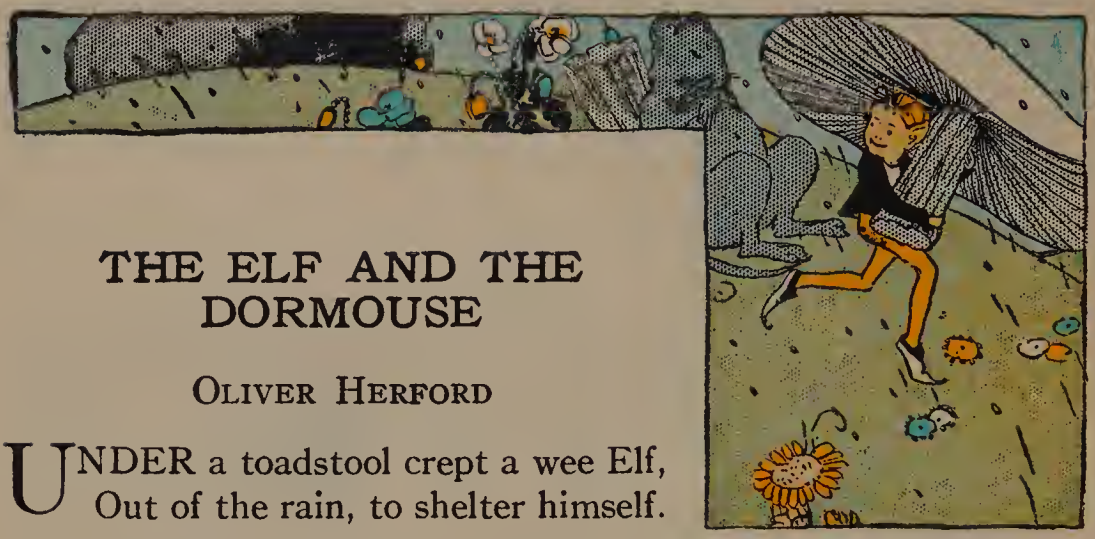
When Beate's head came over the water again she grasped the round log with both her hands, but the hands were too small and the log so wide and slippery, she couldn't hold on. Then she saw her dear friend, Little Beate, standing stiff and staring at her with her right arm stretched out to her. Big Beate hurriedly caught hold of her and Little Beate made herself as stiff as she could, and stiffer still, and stood there between the logs holding her dear friend out of the water.

Now Beate screamed so loudly that her father and mother heard her and came running as fast as they could, and pulled her out. She was dripping wet and so cold that her teeth chattered.

The father ran to the house with her, but she

begged him for heaven's sake not to leave Little Beate, for she might fall into the well, "And it's she who has saved me."

Now they put Beate to bed and Little Beate had to sleep with her. When she had said her prayers, she hugged her little friend and said, "Never, never can I thank you enough, because you saved me from that deep well, dear Little Beate. Of course, I know that our Lord helped you to stand firm between the logs, and to make yourself so strong and stiff, but it was you, and no one else, who stretched your hand out to me."



THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

OLIVER HERFORD

UNDER a toadstool crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain, to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.
Holding it over him, gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—"Good gracious me!"

"Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented,
And that's how umbrellas first were invented.

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